THE

European Magazine,

AND

LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE; By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of *LONDON*;

For NOVEMBER, 1786.

[Embellished with, 1. A Striking Likeness of the late JOHN HOWARD, Esq.: And 2. A Perspective View of the RUINS of the PALACE of GAZIPOUR, in the EAST-INDIES.]

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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

We have attentively conſidered the Letter ſent us by *A. D.* incloſing one ſigned *Anti-Diabolus*, and cannot be of opinion that the continuation of a controverſy begun in another Magazine, can be either intelligible or entertaining to the majority of our readers. We have apprehenſions alſo, that the acrimony which runs through the whole would lead us into a controverſy which we have not room for, and feel the leſs inclination to admit, from the circumſtance of the Letter's appearing to be the production of a volunteer, not the principal in the controverſy.

H. Ruſticus, *Infelix*, *Trenobius*, *S. B.* *C. T. O.* *F. F.* *W. P.* and three without ſignatures, are received.

Cauſidicus will find his favour inſerted in our next.

C. T. O. need not apprehend any neglect of his favours.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Nov. 13, to Nov. 18, 1786.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	4	5	3	1	2	11	2	2	4	9
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middleſex	4	4	0	2	9	2	2	3	10	
Surry	4	6	3	1	2	11	2	4	4	5
Hertford	4	5	3	0	2	10	2	3	4	3
Bedford	4	1	2	11	2	6	2	1	3	8
Cambridge	4	1	3	0	2	7	1	10	3	7
Huntingdon	4	2	0	0	2	7	1	9	3	8
Northampton	4	3	2	4	2	4	1	11	3	5
Rutland	4	7	0	0	2	9	2	1	4	3
Leiceſter	4	10	3	0	2	8	2	1	4	6
Nottingham	4	9	3	0	2	10	2	4	4	4
Derby	5	7	0	0	3	3	2	5	4	7
Stafford	5	2	0	0	2	11	2	1	4	11
Salop	5	0	3	7	3	0	2	1	5	1
Hereford	4	2	0	0	3	2	2	0	4	10
Worceſter	5	1	0	0	3	0	2	2	4	5
Warwick	4	5	0	0	2	9	2	1	3	11
Glouceſter	4	4	0	0	2	7	2	5	4	6
Wilts	4	9	0	0	2	10	2	5	4	10
Berks	4	5	0	0	2	8	2	4	4	0
Oxford	4	2	0	0	2	8	2	3	3	11
Bucks	4	0	0	0	2	7	2	1	3	8

COUNTIES upon the COAST.	Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans
Eſſex	4 1	0 0	2 9	2 0	3 1
Suffolk	4 1	2 11	2 8	2 0	3 1
Norfolk	4 2	2 10	2 6	2 0	0 0
Lincoln	4 5	2 8	2 6	1 10	3 4
York	4 11	3 4	3 1	2 2	4 8
Durham	4 11	3 8	3 4	2 0	4 0
Northumberl.	4 7	3 5	2 8	1 11	4 1
Cumberland	5 8	3 7	2 8	2 0	4 8
Weſtmorld.	6 0	3 10	2 10	2 0	4 5
Lancaſhire	5 8	0 0	3 1	2 2	4 3
Cheſhire	5 7	0 0	3 0	2 0	0 0
Monmouth	5 4	0 0	3 0	1 9	0 0
Somerſet	5 2	3 7	2 11	2 1	4 2
Devon	5 6	0 0	2 7	1 5	0 0
Cornwall	4 10	0 0	2 7	1 7	0 0
Dorſet	5 0	0 0	2 10	2 1	4 7
Hants	4 4	0 0	2 8	2 2	4 3
Suſſex	4 4	0 0	2 10	2 1	3 0
Kent	4 3	0 0	2 10	2 2	3 1
WALES, Nov. 6, to Nov. 11, 1786.					
North Wales	5 3	4 4	2 11	1 8	4 2
South Wales	4 11	3 9	2 10	1 6	4 5

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

OCTOBER.

Barometer.	Thermom.	Wind.
29—30 — 29	37 5	N.N.E.
30—30 — 22	42	N.
31—30 — 26	39 —	E.

NOVEMBER.

1—30 — 20	40 5	N.
2—30 — 17	38 —	E.N.E.
3—30 — 08	40 —	E.
4—30 — 00	38 —	N.
5—30 — 07	41 —	E.N.E.
6—30 — 13	38 —	N.
7—30 — 20	35 —	N.N.E.
8—30 — 15	39 —	N.N.E.
9—30 — 01	40 5	N.
10—30 — 20	40 —	N.
11—30 — 05	39 —	N.
12—30 — 00	39 —	E.
13—30 — 15	32 —	E.
14—30 — 05	37 —	N.
15—29 — 56	40 —	E.N.E.
16—29 — 12	39 —	E.
17—29 — 00	43 —	E.
18—29 — 38	39 —	E.N.E.
19—29 — 20	40 —	E.
20—29 — 30	35 —	E.
21—29 — 80	37 —	N.
22—29 — 96	37 —	E.
23—29 — 87	39 —	N.
24—30 — 00	37 —	E.
25—30 — 00	38 —	E.N.E.
26—29 — 60	42 —	N.
27—29 — 84	49 —	S.S.E.
28—29 — 45	51 —	S.

PRICE of STOCKS, Nov. 28, 1786.

Bank Stock, 146

New 4 per Cent. 1777, 92 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{8}$

5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 112 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{8}$

3 per Cent. red. 73 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{8}$

3 per Cent Conſ. 74 $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ 1-half

3 per Cent. 1726, —

3 per Cent. 1751, —

South Sea Stock, —

Old S. S. An. —

New S. S. Ann. —

India Stock, —

3 per Ct. Ind. Ann.

India Bonds, 90s. pr.

New Navy and Vict. Bills —

Long Ann. 22 a 21 15-16ths

10 years Short Ann. 1777, —

30 years Ann. 1778, 13 1-half

Exchequer Bills,

Lot. Tick. 15l. os. 6d.

Conſols for Jan. 76 $\frac{1}{8}$

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW;

For NOVEMBER, 1786.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of JOHN HOWARD, Esq.

[With a STRIKING LIKENESS of HIM.]

TO soothe affliction, to diffuse comfort even through the mansions of despair, and provide remedies for the miseries of our fellow-creatures, are acts highly honourable to man, and worthy his nature. But how few of those who are endowed with the means ever think of exercising the power. Still fewer are there who seek for opportunities to promote the welfare of society; and scarce any who will hazard danger without the immediate prospect of reward.

When one of those superior beings who delight to devote their lives and fortunes to the service of their country appears in any nation, it is incumbent on every rank and order of people to do honour to his virtues. His name should be mentioned with universal applause, his actions should be marked out for general imitation. The rising generation should be taught to revere his memory when gone, and his cotemporaries to respect and honour him during his existence amongst them. Virtue claims this retribution here; but the final and complete reward can only be bestowed hereafter.

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. is of a gentleman's family in the county of Bedford. His fortune is ample, his education liberal. Modest and unassuming in his manners, steady, diligent, and active in his pursuits, in the year 1756 he had the fortune to experience some of the evils which have lately been the business of his life to redress. He embarked that year in a Lisbon packet, the *Hanover*, in order to make the tour of Portugal, when it was taken by a French privateer. "Before we reached Brest (says he), I suffered the extremity of thirst, not having for above forty hours one drop of water, nor hardly a morsel of food. In the castle at Brest, I lay six nights upon straw; and observing how cruelly my countrymen were used there, and at Morlaix, whither I was carried next, during the two months I was at Carhaix upon parole, I corresponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinnan: at the last of those towns were several of our ship's crew, and my servant. I had sufficient evidence of their being treated with such barbarity, that many hundreds had perished; and that thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinnan in one day. When I came to England, still on parole, I made known to the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen the sundry particulars, which gained their attention and thanks. Remonstrance was made to the French Court: our sailors had redress; and those that were in the three prisons mentioned above, were brought home in the first cartel ships *.—Perhaps (adds Mr. Howard) what I suffered on this occasion encreased my sympathy with the unhappy people whose case is the subject of this book."

The experience he had acquired of the miseries to which prisoners were subjected by this adventure, he had no opportunity of rendering further useful, until several years had elapsed. In 1773, he was named High-Sheriff of Bedfordshire, where the distress of which there are few who have not some imperfect idea, came more

* Howard on Prisons, 4to. 1784, p. 11.

immediately under his notice. The circumſtance which excited him to activity was, by ſeeing ſome who by the verdict of juries were declared not guilty—ſome, on whom the Grand Jury did not find ſuch an appearance of guilt as ſubjected them to trial—and ſome, whoſe proſecutors did not appear againſt them—after having been confined for months, dragged back to gaol, and locked up again till they ſhould pay ſundry fees to the gaoler, the clerk of aſſize, &c.

In order to remedy this hardſhip, he applied to the Juſtices of the county for a ſalary to the gaoler in lieu of fees; but this he was unable to obtain, for want of a precedent; which occaſioned his journeying into ſeveral neighbouring counties in ſearch of one, where the ſcenes of calamity he beheld, he grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate. To gain a more perfect knowledge, he viſited moſt of the county gaols in England. After which he purſued his enquiries through the houſes of correction, city and town gaols, where ſuch ſcenes of miſery and abuſes of power exhibited themſelves to his view, as rendered him more anxious to procure redreſs for them *.

In March 1774, he was examined in the Houſe of Commons, and had the honour to receive their thanks for the pains he had taken. Soon afterwards two acts of parliament paſſed; one, for the relief of priſoners who ſhould be acquitted reſpecting their fees; the other, for preſerving the health of priſoners, and preventing the gaol diſtemper. Having ſo far ſucceeded in his efforts, he, in 1775, made a progreſs through Ireland and Scotland, and deſigned to publiſh the reſult of his enquiries in that year; but conjecturing that ſomething uſeful to his purpoſe might be collected abroad, he laid aſide his papers, and travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany. Flattering himſelf that his labour was not fruitleſs, he repeated his viſit to theſe countries, and went alſo to Switzerland in 1776. In 1777 he publiſhed "The State of the Priſons in England and Wales; with Preliminary Obſervations on the Account of ſome foreign Priſons." 4to. And in 1778 he took a third journey through the Pruſſian and Auſtrian dominions, and the free cities of Germany, and likewiſe extended his tour through Italy, and reviſited ſome of the countries he had before ſeen. The obſervations he made in this tour were publiſhed in a ſecond edition in 1780. But before the publication of another edition, wiſhing to acquire ſome further knowledge on the ſubject, he, in 1781, again reviſited Holland and ſome cities in Germany. He viſited alſo the capitals of Denmark, Sweden, Ruſſia, and Poland; and in 1783, ſome cities in Portugal and Spain, and returned through France, Flanders, and Holland. The ſubſtance of all theſe travels was afterwards thrown into one narrative, of which a third edition was publiſhed in 1784. He alſo publiſhed a curious account of the Baſtile, in 8vo.

In the courſe of theſe journeys, particular cities and communities were not unmindful to pay him proper reſpect. At Dublin, he was created by the univerſity a Doctor of Laws; and the city of Glaſgow and the town of Liverpool did honour to themſelves by enrolling him among their members. His ardour in purſuit of the object of his wiſh was ſtill unſatisfied. He lately undertook to viſit the Lazarettoes in Naples and at Malta; and from thence has been at Conſtantinople. It was during his abſence that the deſign of erecting a ſtatue in honour of him was introduced; and the ſum of money which has been raiſed ſufficiently ſpeaks the ſentiments of the majority of the public. With a modeſty, however, always attendant on merit, he has declined the honours intended to be conferred on him.

"I cannot name this gentleman (ſays Mr. Burke †) without remarking, that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has viſited all Europe—not to ſurvey the ſumptuouſneſs of palaces, or the ſtateline ſs of temples; not to make accurate meaſurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a ſcale of the curioſity of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collect manuſcripts; but to dive into the depth of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hoſpitals; to ſurvey the manſions of ſorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimenſions of miſery, depreſſion, and contempt; to remember the for-

* "I have been frequently (ſays Mr. Howard) aſked what precautions I uſe to preſerve myſelf from infection in the priſons and hoſpitals which I viſit. I here anſwer, Next to the free goodneſs and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanlineſs are my preſervatives. Trufting in Divine Providence, and believing myſelf in the way of my duty, I viſit the moſt noxious cells; and while thus employed, *I fear no evil*. I never enter an hoſpital or priſon before breakfaſt; and in an offenſive room, I ſeldom draw my breath deeply."

† Speech at the Guildhall in Briſtol, 1780.

gotten;

gotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so foreſtalled and monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter."

No picture of Mr. Howard having ever been painted, a gentleman has undertook to draw one from memory, which we have been obliged with the use of, and do not doubt but it will recal to the recollection of his friends the remembrance of one who has been truly ſtiled

"A friend of every clime! a patriot of the world!

POLITICAL STATE of the NATION, and of EUROPE, for NOV. 1786. No. XXXIII.

THIS gloomy month, as might be expected, has been productive of very little political matter, excepting the long-expected publication by authority of the commercial treaty between his Britannic and his Moſt Chriſtian majeſty; a *phenomenon* which, like Aaron's rod, ſwallows up every other ſmall object of public conſideration. If we may judge by what we ſee and hear all around us, the public, as a collective body, ſeems to be ſtunned; as the human body, comparatively ſpeaking, is numbed by a ſudden ſtroke or wound, before the patient feels his ſores. --Every man aſks his friend, neighbour, and acquaintance, what he thinks of the new French commercial treaty, and is generally anſwered, by returning the queſtion with equal earneſtneſs, and with equal ſucceſs and ſatisfaction. All the different bodies of men, merchants, mariners, manufacturers, artiſts, mechanicks, and huſbandmen, ſtand mute; as if looking at one another, waiting one another's motions, or to have their opinions conveyed through ſome public document or advertiſement for convoking their members in general aſſembly, for the purpoſe of conſultation, deliberation, and deciding on the important ſubject.

In this general ſtagnation of thought and incertitude of public opinion, it would ill become us to take the lead in paſſing judgment on a matter of ſuch magnitude and importance to the welfare of multitudes, of individuals, and even to the very exiſtence of our commonwealth, as a commercial and maritime nation. Thoſe who are like to be moſt affected by the ſeveral regulations therein contained, ought to be beſt able to point out the good and bad conſequences likely to reſult from this very extraordinary compact between two rival (almoſt perpetually) hoſtile nations. Not but that we could give an unequivocal decided opinion of it, at the moment of writing; which we would moſt willingly do, if the conciſe limits which we preſcribe to ourſelves in theſe monthly eſſays, would permit us to go through a regular inveſtigation of a production conſiſting of ſeven-and-forty articles, ſome of them of conſiderable length, ſo as to aſſign to ſome articles their merit, to other articles their demerit, and to draw a general concluſion amounting to a rational, candid, well-founded judgment, to ſtake our political reputation upon.

However, that we may not wholly diſappoint our kind readers of ſeeing ſome faint traces of our opinion on this very weighty affair, we ſcruple not to ſay, that, upon very mature and ſerious conſideration of the whole and every part of the commercial treaty with France, we conſider it much in the ſame light as the old Trojan ſage conſidered the wooden horſe drawn by the Grecian commanders into the midſt of *Troy*; as a pledge of peace and eternal friendſhip, which ſoon, very ſoon, lighted up the flames of final deſtruction to that devoted city.—*Timeo Danaos & dona ferentes*, ſaid that venerable Trojan counſellor and patriot! —Woe be to England, when ſhe muſt draw her peace and proſperity from the permanent ſtability of the friendſhip and amity of the French nation—king, miniſters, and people !!!—If our opinion thus concitely communicated, ſhould be cenſured or impeached, we are able and willing to aſſign ſolid ſubſtantial reaſons for it, at any time, when we can ſpare room: but we hope ſome other able authors, whoſe province it more peculiarly belongs to, will render that talk unneceſſary

ceſſary for us to perform in this or a future Magazine.

This month, or the laſt day of the preceding, has been made remarkable by the death of an aged princeſs, the laſt branch of the immediate deſcendants of the late king George II. The bulk of the fortune left by this deceaſed lady is ſaid to be deſtined for Germany, and confined to one ſpot there, and one family or pair of brothers, her nephews, to the prejudice of all the other relations of equal or more remote degree of kin.—Whatever might be the motives of this predilection, partiality, and prejudice, one ſorrowful truth reſults from it,—that our money goes as if by inſtinct to Germany, in great abundance! What a prodigious drain has that country been to draw off the money from this iſland in various ways, and almoſt all directions! It were to be wiſhed ſome embargo might be laid upon this continual efflux of Britiſh wealth to the continent, the interior part of it, with which we can have no natural beneficial connection; and from whence no good profitable returns are ever made.

Whether it be owing to the deceaſe of the Princeſs Amelia, and her deviſing her great property in the funds into foreign hands, or to ſome other cauſes co-operating with that event, the ſtocks have had a conſiderable, precipitate and permanent depreſſion of current value, in defiance of the Miniſter's ſcheme of paying the national debt, and all the other efforts uſed to bolſter up that myſterious property, incomprehenſible in all its ways almoſt to its moſt intimate friends, acquaintances and ſupporters.

The project (for we cannot properly call it a ſcheme) of peopling Botany-Bay with our felons, their wives, concubines, and other volunteer female attendants, has, it would ſeem, ſuffered ſeveral ſhocks in and out of the Cabinet.——We continue in our original opinion, that it is too romantic and wild to be ever carried into execution at all, without ſhame, diſgrace and diſappointment to the projectors, adopters, and executors of it. At all events, we think miniſters in their right ſenſes will not be hardy enough to attempt to complete it without having the ſenſe, approbation and authority of parliament.

Politicians have been diverting themſelves and one another with a report of our miniſters recommencing a commercial treaty with Ireland; ſome aſſerting, and ſome ſtoutly denying it; ſome approving, and others condemning ſuch a meaſure; while ſome people hint at a National Union between Great Britain and Ireland, ſimilar to that between England and Scotland, being on the tapis. This report ſhares the ſame fate as the former; ſome believing and approving, others believing and diſapproving, and others neither believing nor approving of the ſcheme. We who are not in the ſecrets of either party, the miniſters or the leading opponents, conſequently know nothing of the nature of either plan, can ſay nothing deciſive on either ſide of the queſtion in its preſent ſtate; but from the buſtle that ſeems to take place between Britiſh miniſters and Iriſh chiefs or leaders of parties, we think ſomething conſequential is on the carpet of ſome kind or other, of which we muſt ſuſpend our judgment, until it makes its public authentic appearance. One thing appears to us to be incumbent on his majeſty's miniſters, both in England and Ireland, that is, to join their united ſtrenuous efforts to enforce the ſovereign's juſt authority towards making Ireland an united kingdom in itſelf, previous to their uniting Ireland with Great Britain: otherwiſe it would be uniting harmony with diſcord, order with diſorder, and a very diſjointed kingdom with one united in itſelf, harmonious, regular, uniform, and conſiſtent! This would be a very improper, if not impracticable ſcheme, to anſwer any good purpoſe whatever.

Conſidering the French treaty already concluded, the Ruſſian and Portugueſe treaties now in agitation, and the Iriſh treaty above-mentioned *in embrio*, there ſeems to be abundance of work cut out for the conſideration and deliberation of parliament, meeting at ſuch a late period as it muſt neceſſarily do Yet our ſpeculative politicians promiſe us a ſhort ſeſſion.—What authority they have for it we know not; but if it turn out ſo, either a great part of the buſineſs muſt be left undone, or, what is worſe, be ill done;—or our long-winded ſpeech-makers of three or four hours length muſt agree by mutual conſent to wave that privilege of ſpeaking without limitation.—If theſe are continued in their full length, one whole ſeſſion will be taken to inveſtigate the French commercial treaty alone, and to ſettle the terms thereof in a deſirable manner for the future welfare and proſperity of England.

Our neighbours the Dutch appeared

to be in no ſmall confuſion at the beginning of the month, to be becalmed about the middle, and to be re-immerſed in the ſame ſtate of confuſion towards the latter end of it. But for theſe things we do not vouch, and muſt therefore leave them to be developed by time, the conſtant friend of truth. Whatever the internal bickerings of the Dutch may be among themſelves, they do not appear negligent of their external concerns, nor to ſlacken their diligence in guarding againſt foreign intruſions.

The advanced ſeaſon of the year promiſes to the European powers a temporary tranquillity until the return of ſpring; although ſundry parties may in the mean time be ſilently and ſecretly preparing to ſtrike ſome ſudden blow as ſoon as the weather will permit.—Of theſe, we apprehend the King of Pruſſia will be firſt ready to ſtart, in ſupport of the cauſe of his brother-in-law againſt the democratic party in Holland. What the conſequence of this movement would be, every common politician can eaſily ſee.—The Comte de Vergennes muſt either huſh his partiſans into a temporary artificial ſilence, or draw the ſword in their vindication; which he will be very loth to do, unleſs it be with a ſecret view to ſecure in his own hands all their ſtrong places, and ſeize upon their dominions for his maſter's uſe and benefit.

Not this month only, but for many months, nay ſome years, have the Turks and Ruſſians looked at one another with angry menacing countenances, as if both ready for action, yet each unwilling to be the aggreſſor by ſtriking the firſt blow. Common report now ſays, they are very near coming to blows, which are daily expected to take place. We do not give full credit to theſe rumours, knowing that the preſent head of the Ottoman empire is very averſe to war and bloodſhed, and that there is ſufficient employment for his arms within the circumference of his own extenſive dominions; and alſo, conſidering the preſent ſituation of the empreſs of Ruſſia, reſpecting her new ſubjects, and the intermediate tribes inhabiting the regions between theſe two great rival potentates. We can plainly ſee that as the Grand Seignior raiſes his creſt, looks big, and frowns upon her remonſtrances, ſhe lowers her tone, takes breath, and looks about her for friends and allies to back her remonſtrances, or to ſupport her with their whole force, in the caſe of her being neceſſitated to take up arms, and once more try the fortune of a bloody war.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

[From Doctor MOORE's "Medical Sketches," lately publiſhed.]

THAT part of the human body called the nervous ſyſtem, conſiſts, firſt, of a large pulpy maſs called the brain, which fills the cavity of the ſkull; and in a man is larger, in proportion to the body, than in any other animal.

The brain itſelf appears ſuch a groſs inert maſs of matter, that perhaps there is no organ of the human body that we ſhould have leſs ſuſpected of being connected with thought. But, although we can form no idea how this connection ſubſiſts, or by what means the nerves are the organs of ſenſation and motion, yet we cannot have any doubt of this being both. The circumſtances which lead us to this opinion, and confirm us in it, are curious in themſelves; and the knowledge of them is uſeful in the practice of medicine. We are led to conclude that the brain is the ſeat of thought,

Firſt, from a feeling, we all have, that imagination, memory, judgment, and all the faculties of the mind are exerciſed within the head; the cavity of which is completely filled with brain.

Secondly, becauſe a long exertion of thought is apt to create a head-ach, as an exceſſive exertion of the arms or legs is, to produce uneaſineſs in thoſe members.

Thirdly, becauſe the nerves, which ſerve four of our five ſenſes; the ſmell, the taſte, the ſight, and the hearing; take their origin *directly* from the brain; and thoſe which do not, take it *indirectly*, by the intervention of the ſpinal marrow.

Fourthly, becauſe whatever deſtroys the nerves belonging to any organ, effectually deprives us of the uſe of that organ. An obſtruction in the optic nerve, for example, produces complete blindneſs, although the viſible parts of the eyes remain perfectly ſound.

Finding that when the nerves going from the brain or ſpinal marrow to any part of the body are deſtroyed, the ſenſation

tion and powers of that part are alſo deſtroyed; we might naturally infer, that when the ſubſtance of the brain itſelf is injured, its function would be impaired. And this in fact is the caſe; for the functions of the brain are impaired in proportion to the injury.

A wound or diſeaſe which eſſentially deſtroys the organization of the brain, immediately deſtroys thought and ſenſation; the perſon inſtantly dies. Whatever confines or injures the brain deſtroys thought.

A blow on the head has rendered a man of great acuteneſs ſtupid during the remainder of his life.

A bad conformation of the ſkull, or ſome diſeaſe in the ſubſtance of the brain, are among the cauſes of ideotiſm. The brains of madmen are generally found of an unnatural hardneſs or weight.

A ſmall preſſure of the brain diminiſhes, a ſtronger deſtroys the ſenſibility of the whole body.

There was ſome years ſince a beggar at Paris, part of whoſe ſkull had been removed, without injuring the brain, in conſequence of a wound. This being healed, he wore a plate upon the part where the ſkull was wanting, to prevent the brain from being hurt by every accidental touch. For a ſmall piece of money this poor creature took off the plate, and allowed the brain to be gently preſſed, by laying a handkerchief, or ſome ſuch ſoft ſubſtance upon it: this immediately occaſioned dimneſs of ſight and drowſineſs: the preſſure being ſomewhat augmented, he became quite inſenſible, with high breathing, and every ſymptom of a perſon in an apoplexy; from which ſtate he never failed ſoon to recover, upon the preſſure being removed. As this experiment was attended with no pain, it was often repeated, and always with the ſame effect.

AN ACCOUNT OF GAZIPOUR.

[With a VIEW of the RUINS of a PALACE there.]

THE province of Gazipour was compoſed of a number of ſeparate Zemindaries. The late Nabob of Oud, Sujah ul Dowlah, to whom it was ſubject, entruſted the government to Fyz Ally Cawn, who was himſelf alſo Zemindar of a part of it. He was a man of magnificent taſte: ſeveral edifices which were erected by him, ſtill remain; and amongſt thoſe is the ſtately palace which ſtands in the town of Gazipour, on the banks of the Ganges, twenty miles below the city of Benares.

Fyz Ally having incurred the diſpleaſure of Sujah ul Dowlah, Beny Behadour was ſent with an army to diſpoſſeſs him of his government. Beny Behadour was joined on this ſervice by Bulwant Sing, who had, at that time, the government of a neighbouring province; and, on the expulſion of Fyz Ally Cawn, the ſervices of Bulwant Sing were thought worthy of reward, and the government of Gazipour was added to his former government.

Bulwant Sing afterwards, by degrees, diſpoſſeſſed moſt of the old Zemindars: from ſome he purchaſed their rights; but the greater part of them he removed by oppreſſion.

After the reduction of Fyz Ally, his palace at Gazipour was ſequeſtered by the Nabob Sujah ul Dowlah, and long continued unoccupied. In the year 1781, the deſcendants of Fyz Ally having made application to the Governor-general of Bengal, who was then at Benares, he re-inſtated them in their zemindary rights, and reſtored to them the palace of their anceſtors, which was gradually falling into ruins.

The tombs at Gazipour were erected by Fyz Ally Cawn as family-ſepulchres.

The following SPECIMEN of EGYPTIAN POETRY is extracted from Mr. SAVARY's entertaining LETTERS ON EGYPT, (juſt publiſhed), and forms the concluſion of a *Moal*, or elegiac Hymn, ſung by OMMIA on the ſide of a trench into which her Nephews had been thrown after the Defeat of Beder.

HAVE I not ſufficiently wept over the noble ſons of the princes of Mecca?

At the ſight of their broken bones, like to a turtle concealed in the depth of the foreſt, I have filled the air with my lamentations.

Unfortunate mothers! your foreheads bowed down to the earth, mix your ſighs with my tears.

And ye, ye women who follow the proceſſions, chaunt your funeral hymns interrupted with long ſighs.

To what have the princes of the people the chief men of the tribes been reduced at Beder?

The old and the young warriors are laid there naked, and without life.

How Mecca hath changed her appearance!

Theſe deſolated plains, the ſavage deſarts themſelves ſeem to ſhare my ſorrow."

If the following letter is thought worthy of insertion in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, it is much at the service of the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

C—— T——O.

On CRUELTY TOWARDS ANIMALS.

Die and endow a college or a cat.

POPE'S EPISTLE TO LORD BATHURST.

TO entertain and inculcate sentiments detrimental to the dignity of our nature (if such dignity belongs to it) I should be most unwilling; but when I see my fellow creatures forfeiting their title to humanity, and trampling upon the rights of the inferior orders of the creation, I am almost ready to consider the bequest of the good Duchess who is here alluded to by Pope, in a serious light, as not misapplied. In a country and in an age like this, which boasts of its refinement in every social virtue; which teems with sentiment, and justly prides itself on its acts of public charity; it is singular that our treatment of that part of the creation which Providence has subjected to our will, should share so little of our attention. Our streets hourly present us with objects that must shock every feeling breast, and our newspapers, among other records equally disgraceful, contain accounts that call aloud for correction and amendment. Whatever tends to exalt the moral character, even in the remotest degree, can hardly be beneath our notice. It is unaccountable that so strange a deficiency in the treatment of brutes should so universally prevail in England, justly famous for its exalted sense of generosity and honour, which it seldom refuses extending even to our enemies. Our national character is certainly injured by our tyranny over *dumb* animals. I use the epithet *dumb*, as highly expressive of the helplessness of their condition, as corresponding with the "*mutum* et turpe pecus" of Ovid, and as containing in it every thing that should awaken our compassion, conciliate our regard, and excite our protection. It has, with the greatest truth and most distinguished benevolence, been remarked by a man, whose feelings on such subjects are best expressed in his own vigorous and pathetic language, "that "he who can look with rapture upon "the agonies of an unoffending and "unresisting animal, will soon learn to "view the sufferings of a fellow-crea-"ture with indifference; and in time "he will acquire the power of viewing "them with triumph, if that fellow-"creature should become the victim of "his resentment, be it just or unjust."—See Dr. Parr on Education, p. 15. That persecution with which animals are pursued by the common people, does not frequently result from a sudden and hasty excess of passion, but a cool, habitual, and rooted malignity, from a mixture of badness of heart and weakness of mind. In cruelty of this kind, though I have mentioned the lower class more particularly as the instruments, yet I cannot help considering their superiors as in a great measure accountable for a very large share of the guilt. A poor man is told neither by his education (for perhaps he has had none), nor by the laws of his country, for they are silent, that the deed is wrong. From the narrowness of his moral affections, together with the influence of custom, he perhaps has never thought of asking himself the question, or consulting his own heart upon the occasion. On acts of this nature were the law to interfere, they would soon learn their duty, and an amendment would soon take place; compulsion would soon be succeeded by readiness, and afterwards a pleasure in obeying. The subject makes its appeal so home to the breast, that there would be neither room nor necessity for argument. There are some subjects which the dominion of custom has taught us to view in a ridiculous light only, and which unfortunately carry with them so many absurd associations, that it becomes extremely difficult to give them a serious and impartial examination. Let us for once make the effort, and buffoonery, I should hope, will be found but a very fallacious test of truth. Every species of diversion which is founded in a wanton distortion of nature, which partakes of cruelty, and answers no good end whatever, is certainly culpable; I cannot, therefore, but seriously condemn all exhibitions of dancing dogs, bears, horses, the extravagances of Astley's and Hughes's, &c. &c. The "equum domitor" was esteemed as an essential part of the hero, and justly so by the ancients; but when we cease

to rule, and begin to tyrannize; when we drop the master and assume the tormentor; in short, when we consult our caprices and not our real wants; when we trample upon the rights of the creation, and make the noblest animals our playthings; I cannot but think we are cherishing the worst part of our nature, extinguishing our finer feelings, and reducing ourselves to as low a state as the animals we take so much pains to abuse. There are few of us but have been witnesses to the undeserved misery, the pain, the stripes, and punishments of every kind that are lavished upon asses: the great utility these animals are of to the lower orders of mankind, the harmlessness and patience which so strongly distinguishes them, surely deserves better at our hands. I have seen such specimens of brutality in the treatment of this unoffending part of the creation, that I almost shudder at the recollection, and have too much regard for the shame of my own species to make mention of them; but I cannot help exclaiming with Lear,

"Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?"

I cannot but observe, that if there is any law existing which notices enormities of this kind, it would be much to the credit of those in power to have it immediately put in execution; if there is not, it is high time that there should be one, which might either by fine, imprisonment, or corporal punishment, put a stop to such a national disgrace. There are few circumstances that gratify the curiosity of an inquisitive observer more than to remark in the history of mankind, the different appearances and acceptations the same subject puts on, or is liable to, at different periods. I have already sufficiently, I hope, noted the deficiency of the laws of this country on the subject of the treatment of animals. The legislature of the ancients, instead of neglecting the subject entirely, as we have done, by not proportioning the punishment to the guilt, instead of making their laws severe only, have made them odious and terrible: but excess in every thing was the characteristic of those days; extreme virtue borders so near upon injustice, that the boisterous spirits of those times gave themselves no trouble in examining the hairbreadth division. Some of the most beautiful passages in all antiquity are those in which the animal creation is mentioned. Few readers have escaped tears at the affectionate address of Mezentius to his horse, 10 Æn. 861. which is one of the most pathetic strokes in all Virgil. No part of Homer is more remarkable than the art with which that great poet prejudices the reader in favour of the horses of Achilles, in opposition even to poetical truth; yet such is the simplicity of the expression, and such the beauty of the sentiments (not to omit the peculiar circumstances and situation of the horses after the loss of their master) that the cold truth and frigid propriety of fact is lost and forgotten in the magic of the poetry. In Jacob Guther de Jure Manium, published in 1671, and very scarce, there are some curious instances to be found of the fondness which the ancients had for their animals, and which they carried to a most ridiculous excess. I shall conclude my letter with some instances extracted, which I hope will be amusing to some of your readers. Alexander the Great had funeral rites performed at the death of his horse Bucephalus. See Pliny, lib. viii. cap. 42. Augustus erected a tomb to the memory of a favourite horse. At Athens, those horses which had thrice conquered at the Olympic Games, were always buried with those that had fallen in battle. Ælian, lib. xii. Lucius Verus erected a golden statue of a favourite speedy horse, during his life, and on his death made a tomb for him in the Vatican. Capitolin. in Vero. Adrian was so fond of horses and dogs, that he erected tombs for them. The following is an epitaph, which Guther has quoted; it is supposed to have been written by C. P. Crassus, on his mule; but it betrays too many marks of a forgery, as Guther confesses: it is, however, curious, and worth preserving.

DIS. PEDIB. SAXUM
CIVCIÆ. DORSIFERÆ. ET. CLUNIFERÆ
UT. INSULTARE. ET. DESULTARE
COMMODETUR. PUB. CRASSUS.
MULÆ
SUÆ. CRASSÆ. BENEFERENTI
SUPPEDANEUM. HOC. CUM. RISU. POS.
VIX. ANN. XI.

After mentioning the sepulchres to dogs, Guther quotes the following elegant epigram:

De

De CATELLA.

Quod potui poſui tibi ſida Catel'a ſepulchrum,
Digna magis cœli munere quam tumuli,
Candenti ex lapide, hæc tibi convenit urna, fuiſti
Candida tota fide, candida tota pilo.
Si cœlum ut quondam, canibus patet haud tua terras,
Incendet, ſed ver ſtella perenne dabit.

Norwich, October 4th. C—— T——O.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

Looking lately over a pamphlet publiſhed by Aaron Hill, in the year 1715, entitled, "An Account of the Riſe and Progreſs of the Beech Oil Invention, and all the Steps which have been taken in that Affair, from the firſt Diſcovery to the preſent Time. As alſo what is further deſigned in that Undertaking. 8vo." I found the following narrative, which appeared to me too curious to be loſt. Perhaps ſome of your correſpondents can inform me of the names of the parties mentioned in it. I am, &c.

CIVIS.

The ORIGIN of the STOCKING-LOOM.

"IT is not out of ſome men's remembrance, that a young gentleman of no fortune, a ſtudent at Oxford, fell in love with an inn-keeper's daughter of that town, whoſe circumſtances were very narrow. He had philoſophy enough to deſpiſe ſuperfluous wealth, and judgment to foreſee the neceſſity of a competence; but love was headſtrong, and too hard for reaſon; ſo that, after a year or two's ineffectual delay, they bid defiance to their ſtars, and had courage enough to marry! The ſcholar gained a wife, and loſt a fellowſhip, the only ſmall ſubſiſtence he before depended on.

"Our inn-keeper often upbraided the bridegroom with the barren effects of his learning, and thought it very ſtrange, as he well might, that while everybody told him his ſon-in-law was a great ſcholar, his whole ſtock of knowledge could not help him to one penny of his own getting.

"Six or ſeven months after this marriage, the father-in-law dies, miſerably poor, and the credit which his induſtry maintained in his life-time, dying with him, the goods he left behind were ſeized on by his creditors, and the ſtudent and his young wife turned out of doors, to eat the bread of Fortune where they could find it.

"The wife had a relation in town unable to contribute any great aſſiſtance; ſhe took them, however, into a garret of her houſe, where the man could only waſte his hours between books and ſighs, while the partner of his ſorrows made hard ſhift to pick up a ſupport by knitting ſtockings at a certain common price for every pair.

"At laſt, by a growing belly, their cares at once became more weighty, and their patience leſs fortified. The only ſubject of their converſation now was their melancholy dread of what would become of the poor infant, who was to be born a beggar.

"But ſitting conſtantly together from morning to night, the ſcholar often fixed his eyes, with ſtedfaſt obſervation, on the motion of his wife's fingers, in the dexterous management of her needles; he took it into his imagination, that it was not impoſſible to contrive a little loom which might do the work with much more expedition.

"This thought he communicated to his wife, and joining his head to her hands, the endeavour ſucceeded to their wiſh. Thus the ingenious ſtocking-loom, which is ſo common now, was firſt invented, by which he did not only make himſelf and his family happy, but has left his nation indebted to him for a benefit which enables us to export ſilk ſtockings in great quantities, and to a vaſt advantage, to thoſe very countries from whence before we uſed to bring them at conſiderable loſs in the balance of our traffick."

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

The diſputes in Holland have now become ſo intereſting to all Europe, that I am convinced many of your readers will not be diſpleaſed to ſee an account of the office of Stadtholder (little underſtood), and his ſeveral powers and claims. If the following will afford any information, you are at liberty to give it to the public. I am

A WELL-WISHER TO YOUR WORK.

THE Seven Provinces of the Low Countries, formerly fiefs of the German empire, but ſince become confederates by the famous alliance in Utrecht, in 1579, and known, for two hundred years paſt, by the name of the United Provinces, were long governed by princes inveſted with the ſovereignty, though limited in their powers, and under various titles; as Counts of Holland, Dukes of Guelder, Biſhops of Utrecht, &c.

When theſe countries fell to the princes of the houſe of Burgundy, and ſince to thoſe of Auſtria, who had many other dominions, the abſence of the ſovereign was ſupplied by a STADTHOLDER, or governor, to whom the ſovereigns were obliged to give very ample powers.

Theſe Stadtholders, or lieutenants, had the adminiſtration of the government, and preſided in the courts of juſtice, whoſe juriſdiction was not at that time confined merely to the trial of cauſes, but extended to affairs of ſtate, in which the ſtates themſelves had very little ſhare under the laſt counts, who only conſulted them upon matters relating to navigation, or the fiſheries, and when it was neceſſary to lay taxes (in Dutch *beden*, or prayers) upon the people, for theſe or for ſome other purpoſes. The Stadtholders ſwore allegiance to the princes at their inauguration, jointly with the ſtates of the provinces they governed. They likewiſe took an oath to the ſtates, by which they promiſed to maintain their fundamental laws and privileges.

It was upon this foot that William the Firſt, prince of Orange, was made governor * and lieutenant-general of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht, by Philip the Second, upon his leaving the Low Countries to go into Spain. The troubles beginning ſoon after, this prince found means to bring about an union in 1576, between Holland and Zeeland; the ſtates of which two provinces put into his hands, as far as was in their power, the ſovereign authority *(for ſo long time as they ſhould remain in war and under arms)* upon the ſame footing as Holland had intruſted him with in the year before.

In 1581 the ſame authority was again renewed to him by Holland, as it was ſoon after by Zeeland likewiſe; and in 1584, being already elected count of Holland, upon certain conditions, he would have been formally inveſted with the ſovereignty, had not a wretch, hired and employed by the court of Spain, put an end to his life by a horrid aſſaſſination.

In the preamble of the inſtruments by which the ſtates in 1581 confer the ſovereign authority upon prince William the Firſt, we find theſe remarkable words, which are there ſet down as fundamental rules: "That all republics and communities ought to preſerve, maintain, "and fortify themſelves by unanimity; "which being impoſſible to be kept up "always among ſo many members, often differing in inclinations and ſentiments, it is conſequently neceſſary, "that the government ſhould be placed "in the hands of one ſingle chief magiſtrate."

Many good politicians, and the greateſt part of the inhabitants of theſe provinces, have, ſince the eſtabliſhment of the republic, looked upon the Stadtholderian government as an eſſential part of her conſtitution; nor has ſhe been without a Stadtholder but twice, that is to ſay, from the end of 1650 to 1672, and again from March 1702, till April 1747.

The provinces of Frieſland and Groningen, with Ommelands, have always had a Stadtholder without interruption: their inſtructions, which are now no

* His commiſſion was dated 9th Auguſt, 1559. Holland was the firſt which, in 1575, gave him more extenſive powers; but we find no where that the ſtates ever declared him Stadtholder in their name; ſo that his ſon Maurice ought to be looked upon as the firſt governor and ſtadtholder of their creation.

longer

longer in force, may be seen in Aitzema and elsewhere; but formerly the powers of the Stadtholder of these provinces were confined within narrower bounds, and till William the Fourth there was no Stadtholder of the seven provinces together.

The stadtholderate likewise, and the office of captain and admiral-general of each of the seven provinces, of the county of Drent, and of the generality, are at present hereditary, not only in the male line, but also in the female.

The Stadtholder cannot declare war nor make peace, but he has, in quality of captain-general of the Union, the command in chief of all the forces of the state *; and military persons are obliged to obey him in every thing that concerns the service. He is not limited by instructions, but he has the important power of giving out orders for the march of troops, and the disposition of all matters relative to them. He not only directs their marches, but provides for the garrisons, and changes them at pleasure. All military edicts and regulations come from him alone; he constitutes and authorizes the high council of war of the United Provinces, and, as captain-general of every province, disposes of all military offices, as far as the rank of colonel inclusively. The higher posts, such as those of velt-marshals, generals, lieutenant-generals, major-generals, are given by the states-general, who choose the persons recommended by his highness. He makes the governors, commandants, &c. of towns and strong places of the republic, and of the barrier. The persons nominated present their instruments of appointment to their high mightinesses, who provide them with commissions. The states-general have likewise great regard to the recommendation of the Prince Stadtholder in the disposition of those civil employments which are in their gift.

The power of the Stadtholder as high-admiral extends to every thing that concerns the naval force of the republic, and to all the other affairs that are here within the jurisdiction of the admiralty. He presides at these boards either in person or by his representatives; and as chief of them all in general, and of every one in particular, he has power to make their orders and instructions be observed by themselves and others. He bestows the posts of lieutenant-admiral, vice-admiral, and rear-admiral, who command under him; and he makes likewise post-captains.

The Stadtholder grants likewise letters of grace, pardon, and abolition, as well for the crime called Communia Delicta, as for military offences. In Holland and Zeeland these letters are made out for crimes of the first sort in the name of the states, with the advice of his highness. In military offences he consults the high council of war, and upon the communia delicta he takes the advice of the courts of justice, of the counsellors, committees of the provinces, of the council of state, and the tribunals of justice in the respective towns, according to the nature of the case.

In the provinces of Holland and Zeeland, the Stadtholder elects the magistrates of the town annually, out of a double number that are returned to him by the towns themselves.

When any of those offices become vacant, which, at the time there was no governor, were in the disposal of the states of Holland, or as formerly in that of the Chamber of Accounts, the Stadtholder has his choice of two, or, in some cases, of three candidates named by their noble and great mightinesses. He chooses likewise the counsellors, inspectors of the dykes (in Dutch, Hoog Heem Reeden) of Rynland, Delfland, and Scheeland, out of three persons presented to him by the boards of the counsellors inspectors; which boards are of very ancient establishment in Holland.

His highness presides in the courts of Holland, and in the courts of justice of the other provinces; and his name is placed at the head of their proclamations and acts, called in Dutch Mandamenten, or Provisien van Justitie.

In Overyssell and in the province of Utrecht, the possessors of fiefs hold of the Prince Stadtholder. He is supreme curator of the universities of Guelder,

* In times of war, however, the states have always named deputies for the army, to accompany the Stadtholders in the field, and to serve them as counsellors in all their enterprizes, particularly in the most important affairs, such as giving battle, or undertaking a siege, &c. This was always practised till the accession of king William the Third to the crown of Great Britain, and after his death was continued with regard to the general in chief of the army of the republic. In 1747 and 1748 there were likewise deputies at the army, but with more limited power.

Friesland,

Friesland, and Groningen; grand forester and grand veneur in Guelder, in Holland, and elsewhere. In the province of Utrecht his highness, by virtue of the regulation of 1674, disposes of the provostships and other benefices which remain to the chapters, as also of the canonical prebends that fall in the months which were formerly the papal months.

By the first article of the council of state of the United Provinces, the Stadtholder is the first member of it, and has a right of voting there, with an appointment of 25000 guilders a year.

He assists also as often as he thinks it for the service of the state, at the deliberations of the states-general, to make propositions to them, and sometimes also at the conferences that their high mightinesses' deputies hold in their different committees, in consequence of their standing orders. He likewise assists at the assemblies of the states of each particular province, and at that of the counsellors committees.

In Guelder, Holland, and Utrecht, his highness has a share of the sovereignty, as chief or president of the body of nobles; and in Zeeland, where he possesses the marquisate of Veer, and Flushing, as first noble, and representing the whole nobility. In his absence he has in Zeeland his representatives, who have the first place, and the first voice, in all the councils, and the first of whom is always first deputy from the province to the assembly of their high mightinesses.

In 1749 the Prince Stadtholder was created, by the states general, governor-general and supreme director of the East and West India companies; dignities which give him a great deal of authority and power, and which had never been conferred upon any of his predecessors, nor have they hitherto been made hereditary. He has his representatives in the several chambers of the company, and chooses their directors out of a nomination of three qualified persons. The Prince enjoyed this prerogative in Zeeland from the time of his elevation to the stadtholderate.

The revenues of the stadtholderate of the seven United Provinces, of the county of Drent, and of the territory of the generality, are reckoned (including the 25000 guilders which the Prince enjoys annually as the first member of the council of state, and what he has from the India company's dividends) to amount to 300,000 guilders a year. The Stadtholder pays neither imposts nor taxes, except what is called in the province of Holland *Ordinaries Verponding*, a tax upon land and houses. His serene highness's life-guards and aid-de-camps are maintained at the expence of the Union: Holland alone pays the company of the *Cent Suisses*, and the rent of the houses which his highness hires at the Hague, as well as some of the chief officers of his household, who enjoy likewise exemption from excises. Upon some occasions the *counsellors committee of Holland and West Friesland* allow, at the Prince's motion, or the pensionary's, (on the part of the Prince) certain sums without account, as necessary for the service of the state, and by warrant from that board, they are passed in the accounts of the receiver-general of the province.

As captain-general of the Union, his serene highness has 120,000 guilders appointments per annum, besides 24,000 from Friesland, and 12,000 from Groningen, in quality of captain-general of those provinces.

In times of war the state allows extraordinary sums to the captain-general for the expence of every campaign.

L'EPITAPHE inscrit sur le MONUMENT de les infortunez Aëronautes Messrs. PILATRE DE ROSIER et ROMAIN.

DANS ce cimétiere sont inhumés François Pilâtre de Rosier et Pierre Ange Romain, qui voulant passer en Angleterre dans un aërostat, où ils avoient réuni le procédé de feu à l'air inflamable, par un accident, dont on ignorera toujours la veritable cause, le feu auroit pris à la partie supérieure du balon, ils tomberent de la hauteur de plus de cinq mille pieds, entre Wimereux et la mer. L'on a place une inscription au pieds de l'aiguille de l'endroit de leur chûte, un seconde sur le mur extérieur de l'egliſe.

Una Latina fuit collocata in tergo hujus monumenti, in gratiam viatorum extranearumqui linguam Gallicam ignorant.

Messrs. les Maire et Echevins de Boulogne ont fait elever un monument sur l'esplanade de leur ville, d'ou etoient

partis

partis ces infortunes Aëronautes le 15 Juin, 1785.

Paſſants, plaignez leur ſort, et priez Dieu pour le repos de leur ames.

L'Eſtime, La Douleur, et L'Amitié Leur ont élevé ce Monument en l'Année 1786.

Ardent ami des arts et de la verité,
Au printemps de ſes jours par un noble courage,
Le premier dans les airs il ſouvrit un paſſage,
Et perit au chemin de l'immortalité.
Le matin dans les airs comblé de la gloire,
Le ſoir ne reſte d'eux que la memoire,
Montrant de l'homme au même inſtant,
Et la grandeur et le néant.

La face de derriere.

F. P. de Roſier, et P. A. Romain, Bolonia profecti die 15 Juini, An. 1785, plus 5 mil. pedibus altiores, præcipiti caſu prope turrim Croaitiam, extincti ſunt, et hic ambo conſepulti. Diſcite, mortales, hæc vos brevis edocet hora quàm ſit magnanimus quàm fragilis homo.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

EPITAPH inſcribed on the MONUMENT of the unfortunate Aëronauts, Meſſrs. PILATRE DE ROSIER and ROMAIN.

IN the church-yard are interred the remains of Francis Pilatre de Roſier and Peter Angelo Romain, who endeavoured to make a voyage to England in an aeroſtat, when having united fire to the inflammable air, by an accident, the real cauſe of which we ſhall ever remain ignorant of, the fire having caught the upper part of the balloon, they fell from the height of 5000 feet, between Wimereux and the ſea. An inſcription is placed on the ſpot where they fell, and another on the outward wall of the church.

On the back part of this monument is a Latin inſcription, for the information of thoſe travellers who do not underſtand the French language.

The mayor and aldermen of Boulogne have raiſed a monument on the eſplanade of that town, where the unfortunate Aeronauts aſcended the 15th of June, 1785.

Paſſengers, pity their fate, and pray the Omnipotent Being for the repoſe of their ſouls.

Eſteem, Grief, and Friendſhip, Cauſed this monument to be raiſed in the year 1786.

Juſt in the ſpring of life, and bloom of youth,
Ardent of fame, of ſcience, and of truth,
Pilatre, firſt of mortals, daring ſoar'd,
And a ſafe paſſage thro' the air explor'd.
On ſafety too ſecure, theſe venturous pair
Again aſcend, and floating tempt the air;
But the ſame ſun which ſaw them dauntleſs riſe,
Witneſs'd their fall before it left the ſkies.
Learn hence, preſumptuous man, each tow'ring ſcheme
Of vain ambition's but an idle dream.

On the back of the Monument.

F. P. de Roſier and P. A. Romain took their aerial flight from Boulogne the 15th of June, 1785; when they were above 5000 feet high they fell and periſhed, near the tower of Croui, and here their remains are interred.

This quick and dreadful cataſtrophe proves to us the ambition and frailty of human nature.

A Deſcription of the Monument.

It is a ſquare pedeſtal of about eight feet high, at the top of which is a balloon in the action of burſting.

The balloon is made of a kind of freeſtone, of a whitiſh colour; the parts where the inſcriptions are are black, in imitation of marble. The letters are done in gold. I cannot ſufficiently expatiate on the clumſineſs of the whole; the balloon looks like a cauliflower, and muſt ſeem to a ſtranger as if the monument was raiſed to the memory of ſome favourite *gardener*, inſtead of an *aeronaut*. It coſt the *vaſt ſum* of 1000 livres, equal to about 50l. ſterling.

N. B. The monument mentioned to be erected to the memory of the unfortunate aeronauts on the eſplanade, is not yet raiſed.

The monument is placed in Wymill church-yard, about three miles from Boulogne, in the road to Calais.

I am,

Boulogne ſur Mer, Nov. 8, 1786. Yours, &c. J. D.

On

On the WITTY SAYINGS of the ANCIENTS; and of ROMAN ACTORS.

By R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Singula lætus
Exquiritque, auditque, virûm monumenta priorum. VIRGIL.

OF all our dealers in second-hand wares, few bring their goods to so bad a market, as those humble wits who retail other people's worn-out jokes. A man's good sayings are so personally his own, and depend so much upon manner and circumstances, that they make a poor figure in other people's mouths, and suffer even more by printing than they do by repeating. It is also a very difficult thing to pen a witticism; for by the time we have adjusted all the descriptive arrangements of *this man said*, and *t'other man replied*, we have miserably blunted the edge of the repartee. These difficulties however have been happily overcome by Mr. Joseph Miller, and other facetious compilers, whose works are in general circulation, and may be heard of in most clubs and companies where gentlemen meet, who love to say a good thing without the trouble of inventing it. We are also in a fair train of knowing every thing that a *late celebrated author* said, as well as wrote, without an exception even of his most secret ejaculations. We may judge how valuable these diaries will be to posterity, when we reflect how much we should now be edified, had any of the ancients given us as minute a *collectanea* of their illustrious contemporaries.

We have, it is true, a few of Cicero's table jokes; but how delightful would it be to know what he said, when nobody heard him! how piously he reproached himself when he laid in bed too late in a morning, or eat too heartily at Hortensius's or Cæsar's table. We are told indeed that Cato the Censor loved his jest, but we should have been doubly glad to have partaken of it. What a pity it is that nobody thought it worth their while to record some pleasanter specimen than Macrobius has given us of his retort upon Q. Albidius, a glutton and a spendthrift, when his house was on fire—"What he could not eat, he has burnt," said Cato; where the point of the jest lies in the allusion to a particular kind of sacrifice, and the good humour of it with himself. It was better said by P. Syrus the actor, when he saw one Mucius, a malevolent fellow, in a very melancholy mood—"Either some ill fortune has befallen Mucius, or some good has happened to one of his acquaintance."

A man's fame shall be recorded to posterity by the trifling merit of a jest, when the great things he has done would else have been buried in oblivion. Who would now have known that L. Mallius was once the best painter in Rome, if it was not for his repartee to Servilius Geminus?—"You paint better than you model," says Geminus, pointing to Mallius's children, who were crooked and ill-favoured.—"Like enough," replied the artist; "I paint in the day-light, but I model, as you call it, in the dark."

Cicero, it is well known, was a great joker, and some of his good sayings have reached us; it does not appear as if his wit had been of the malicious sort, and yet Pompey, whose temper could not stand a jest, was so galled by him, that he is reported to have said with great bitterness—"Oh! that Cicero would go over to my enemies, for then he would be afraid of me."—If Cicero forgave this sarcasm, I should call him not only a better-tempered, but a braver man than Pompey.

But of all the ancient wits Augustus seems to have had most point, and he was as remarkable for taking a jest, as for giving it. A country fellow came to Rome, who was so like the emperor, that all the city ran after him. Augustus heard of it, and ordering the man into his presence—"Harkee, friend!" says he, "when was your mother in Rome?"—"Never, an please you," replied the countryman, "but my father has been here many a time and oft." The anecdote of the old soldier is still more to his credit. He solicited the emperor to defend him in a suit. Augustus sent his own advocate into court; the soldier was dissatisfied, and said to the emperor, "I did not fight for you by proxy at Actium."—Augustus felt the reproof, and condescended to his request in person. When Pacuvius Taurus greedily solicited a largess from the emperor, and to urge him to the greater liberality added, that all the world would have it, that he had made him a very bountiful donation—"But you know better," said Augustus, "than to believe the world"—and dismissed the sycophant without his errand. I shall mention one more case, where, by a very courtly evasion, he parried the solicitation of his captain of the guard, who had been cashiered,

ſhiered, and was petitioning the emperor to allow him his pay; telling him that he did not aſk that indulgence for the ſake of the money which might accrue to him, but that he might have it to ſay he had reſigned his commiſſion, and not been caſhiered—"If that be all your reaſon," ſays the emperor, "tell the world that you have received it, and I will not deny that I have paid it."

Vatinius, who was noted to a proverb as a common ſlanderer, and particularly obnoxious for his ſcurrility againſt Cicero, was pelted by the populace in the amphitheatre, whilſt he was giving them the gladiators. He complained to the Ædiles of the inſult, and got an edict forbidding the people to throw any thing into the area but apples. An arch fellow brought a furious large fir-apple to the famous lawyer Caſcellius, and demanded his opinion upon the edict. "I am of opinion, ſays Caſcellius, that your fir-apple is literally and legally an apple, with this proviſo however, that you intend to throw it at Vatinius's head."

As there is ſome danger in making too free with old jokes, I ſhall hold my hand for the preſent; but if theſe ſhould ſucceed in being acceptable to my readers, I ſhall not be afraid of meeting Mr. Joſeph Miller and his modern witticiſms with my ancients. In that caſe I ſhall not deſpair of being able to lay before the public a veritable Roman newſpaper, compounded of events in the days of Julius Cæſar. By what happy chance I traced this valuable relick, and with what pains I poſſeſſed myſelf of it, may be matter of future explanation: I have the ſatisfaction however to premiſe to the reader, that it is written with great freedom, and as well ſprinkled with private anecdotes as any of the preſent day, whoſe agreeable familiarity is ſo charming to every body but the parties concerned. It has alſo a good daſh of the dramatic: and as ſome faſtidious people have been inclined to treat our intelligencers and reviewers with a degree of neglect bordering upon contempt, I ſhall have pleaſure in ſhewing that they have claſſical authority for all their quirks and conceits, and that they are all written in the true quaint ſpirit of criticiſm. It is to be lamented that the Roman theatre furniſhes no ladies to match the heroines of our ſtage: but I can produce ſome encomiums upon Laberius, Roſcius, and the famous Publius Syrus, which would not be unapplicable to ſome of our preſent capital actors: I am ſorry to be obliged to confeſs, that they were not in the habit of ſpeaking epilogues in thoſe days; but I have a ſubſtitute in a prologue written and ſpoken by Decimus Laberius, which I am tempted to throw out as a lure to my newſpaper; but I muſt firſt explain upon what occaſion it was compoſed.

This Laberius was a Roman knight of good family, and a man withal of high ſpirit and pretenſions, but unfortunately he had a talent for the drama: he read his own plays better than any man then living could act them, for neither Garrick nor Henderſon were yet born. P. Clodius, the fine gentleman and rake of the age, had the indecorum to preſs Laberius to come forward on the public ſtage, and take the principal character in one of his own plays. Laberius was indignant, and Clodius proceeded to menaces.—"Do your worſt," ſays the Roman knight, "you can but ſend me to Dyrrachium and back again"—proudly intimating, that he would ſuffer the like baniſhment with Cicero rather than conſent to his demand; for acting was not then the amuſement of people of faſhion, and private theatres were not then thought of. Julius Cæſar was no leſs captivated with Laberius's talents than Clodius had been, and being a man not apt to be diſcouraged by common difficulties, took up the ſame ſolicitation, and aſſailed our Roman knight, who was now ſixty years of age, and felt his powers in their decline. Conſcious of this decline no leſs than of his own dignity, he reſiſted the degrading requeſt; he interceded, he implored of Cæſar to excuſe him: it was to no purpoſe, Cæſar had made it his point, and his point he would carry: the word of Cæſar was law, and Laberius, driven out of all his defences, was obliged to ſubmit and comply. Cæſar makes a grand ſpectacle for all Rome; bills are given out for a play of Laberius, and the principal part is announced to be performed by the author himſelf. The theatre is thronged with ſpectators; all Rome is preſent, and Decimus Laberius preſents himſelf on the ſtage, and addreſſes the audience in the following prologue:

Neceſſitas, cujus curſus tranſverſi impetum
Voluerunt multi effugere, pauci potuerunt,
Quo me detruſit pœne extremis ſenſibus?
Quem nulla ambitio, nulla unquam largitio,
Nullus timor, vis nulla, nulla auctoritas
Movere potuit in juventa de ſtatu;
Ecce in ſenecta ut facile labefecit loco
Viri excellentis mente clemente edita
Submiſſa placidè blandiloquens oratio!

Etenim ipſi Dii negare cui nihil potuerunt,
Hominem mè denegare quis poſſet pati?
Ergo bis tricenis annis actis ſine nota
Eques Romanus lare egreſſus meo
Domum revertas mimus: Nimirum hoc die
Uno plus vixi mihi quam vivendum fuit.
Fortuna, immoderata in bono æque atque in malo,
Si tibi erat libitum literarum laudibus
Floris cacumen noſtræ famæ frangere,
Cur cum vigebam membris præviridantibus,
Satisfaccre populo et tali cum poteram viro,
Non flexibilem me concurvaſti ut carperes?
Nunc me quo dejicis? quid ad ſcenam affero?
Decorem formæ, an dignitatem corporis,
Animi virtutem, an vocis jucundæ ſonum?
Ut hedera ſerpens vires arboreas necat,
Ita me vetuſtas amplexa annorum enecat:
Sepulchri ſimilis nihil niſi nomen retines.

O ſtrong Neceſſity! of whoſe ſwift courſe
So many feel, ſo few eſcape the force,
Whither, ah! whither, in thy prone career,
Haſt thou decreed this dying frame to bear?
Me in my better days nor foe, nor friend,
Nor threat, nor bribe, nor vanity cou'd bend;
Now lur'd by flattery in my weaker age,
I ſink my knighthood and aſcend the ſtage.
Yet muſe not therefore—How ſhall man gainſay
Him, whom the Deities themſelves obey?
Sixty long years I've liv'd without diſgrace
A Roman Knight; let dignity give place;
I'm Cæſar's actor now, and compaſs more
In one ſhort hour, than all my life before.
O fortune! fickle ſource of good and ill,
If here to place me 'twas thy ſovereign will,
Why, when I'd youth and faculties to pleaſe
So great a maſter and ſuch gueſts as theſe,
Why not compel me then, malicious power!
To the hard taſk of this degrading hour?
Where now, in what profound abyſs of ſhame,
Doſt thou conſpire with Fate to ſink my name?
Whence are my hopes? What voice can age ſupply
To charm the ear; what grace to pleaſe the eye?
Where is the action, energy, and art,
The look, that guides its paſſion to the heart?
Age creeps like ivy o'er my wither'd trunk,
Its bloom all blaſted, and its vigour ſhrunk;
A tomb, where nothing but a name remains
To tell the world whoſe aſhes it contains.

The play which this pathetic prologue was attached to was a comedy, in which Laberius took the character of a ſlave, and in the courſe of the plot (as uſual) was beaten by his maſter. In this condition, having marked his habit with counterfeited ſtripes, he runs upon the ſtage, and cries out amain—"Porro, Quirites! libertatem perdimus—In good faith, countrymen, there is an end of freedom." The indignant ſpectators ſent up a ſhout; it was, in the language of our preſent playhouſe bills, "a burſt of applauſe; a moſt violent burſt of applauſe from a moſt crowded and brilliant houſe, overflowing in all parts." Laberius, not yet content with this atonement to the manes of his knighthood, ſubjoins the following pointed alluſion: "Neceſſe eſt multos timeat, quem multi timent—The man whom many fear muſt needs fear many." All eyes were now turned upon Cæſar, and the degraded Laberius enjoyed a full revenge.

We may naturally ſuppoſe this conduct loſt him the favour of Cæſar, who immediately took up Publius Syrus, a Syrian ſlave, who had been manumitted for his ingenious talents, and was acting in the country theatres with much applauſe; Cæſar fetched him out of his obſcurity, as we bring up an actreſs from Bath or York, and pitted him againſt Laberius. It was the triumph of youth and vigour over age and decay, and Cæſar with malicious civility ſaid to Laberius, "Favente tibi me victus es, Labere, a Syro." —"You are ſurpaſſed by Syrus, in ſpite of my ſupport." As Laberius was going out of the theatre he was met by Syrus, who was inconſiderate enough to let an expreſſion eſcape him, which was very diſreſpectful to his veteran competitor; Laberius felt the unbecoming inſult, and, turning to Syrus, gave him this extemporary anſwer—

Non poſſunt primi eſſe omnes omni in tempore;
Summum ad gradum cum claritatis veneris,
Conſiſtes ægre; et quam deſcendes, decides:
Cecidi ego: Cadet qui ſequitur. Laus eſt publica.

"To ſtand the firſt is not the lot of all;
'Tis now your turn to mount, and mine to fall:
'Tis ſlippery ground: beware you keep your feet;
For public favour is a public cheat."

I need not remind the learned reader in what credit the ſayings of this Publius Syrus have been juſtly held by all the literati from Seneca to Scaliger, who turned them into Greek; and it is for the honour of the fraternity of the ſtage, that both he and Sophron, whoſe moral ſentences were found under Plato's pillow when he died, were actors by profeſſion.

Memoirs

An ACCOUNT of the late JONAS HANWAY, Esq.

(Concluded from Page 244.)

THE inceſſant application of Mr. Hanway to the ſervice of his country induced him to direct his attention to objects which would naturally eſcape the notice of perſons leſs ſolicitous to obſerve and provide a remedy for any apparent evil. In 1770 we find him publiſhing "Advice from a Farmer to his Daughter, in a Series of Diſcourſes calculated to promote the Welfare and true Intereſt of Servants: with Reflections of no leſs Importance to Maſters and Miſtreſſes, with Regard to Private Happineſs and Public Tranquillity. 3 vol. 12mo".—A work calculated for the uſe of a very uſeful body of domeſticks. In 1772 appeared "Obſervations on the Cauſes of the Diſſoluteneſs which reigns among the lower Claſſes of the People; the Propenſity of ſome to Petty Larceny; and the Danger of Gaming, Concubinage, and an exceſſive Fondneſs for Amuſement in High Life. 4to." In this year he alſo publiſhed two pamphlets relative to bread: one entitled, "The great Advantage of eating pure genuine Bread, comprehending the Heart of the Wheat, with all its Flour. 8vo." the other, "A Letter on Occaſion of the public Inquiry concerning the moſt fit and proper Bread to be aſſized for general Uſe. 12mo."

His next work merits every eulogium which can be beſtowed upon it. The condition of a ſet of unfortunate beings condemned almoſt from their birth to miſery claimed the notice of Mr Hanway. After much inquiry and conſideration he publiſhed in 1773, "The State of Chimney-ſweepers' Young Apprentices; ſhewing the wretched Condition of theſe diſtreſſed Boys; the ill Conduct of ſuch Maſters as do not obſerve the Obligation of Indentures; the Neceſſity of a ſtrict Inquiry in order to ſupport the civil and religious Rights of theſe Apprentices. 12mo." This ſmall pamphlet has already been productive of ſome advantage to the objects intended to be benefited by it. The ſucceeding year (1774) he enlarged and republiſhed his "Advice from a Farmer" under the title of "Virtue in humble Life: containing Reflections on the reciprocal Duties of the Wealthy and Indigent, the Maſter and the Servant. 2 vol. 8vo." a work deſerving the particular conſideration of every magiſtrate. This edition in a few months being ſold, he reprinted it in two quarto volumes, with a dedication to Mrs. Montague. And in 1775 he publiſhed "The Defects of the Police the Cauſe of Immorality and the Continual Robberies committed, particularly in and about the Metropolis. 4to."

In 1776 he produced "The Soldier's Faithful Friend; being moral and religious Advice to Soldiers: with an hiſtorical Abridgement of the Events of the laſt War. 12mo." and in 1777, "The Commemorative Sacrifice of our Lord's Supper conſidered as a Preſervative againſt ſuperſtitious Fears and immoral Practices. 12mo." dedicated to Lady Spencer. In that year alſo he publiſhed another very excellent tract entitled, "Solitude in Impriſonment with proper profitable Labour and a Spare Diet the moſt humane and effectual Means of bringing Malefactors, who have forfeited their Lives or are ſubject to Tranſportation, to a right Senſe of their Condition, 8vo." and in 1778, "The Sea Lad's Truſty Companion; being Inſtructions given to the Lads and Boys aſſembled at the Marine Society's Office in Biſhopſgate Street. 12mo." The Riots of the year 1780 gave occaſion for a republication of "The Defects of the Police" under the title of "The Citizen's Monitor; ſhewing the Neceſſity of a ſalutary Police executed by reſolute and judicious Magiſtrates, aſſiſted by the pious Labours of zealous Clergymen, for the Preſervation of the Lives and Properties of the People, and the happy Exiſtence of the State; with Obſervations on the late Tumults. 4to." and about the ſame time, "The Seaman's Chriſtian Friend; containing moral and religious Advice to Seamen. 8vo." In 1781, "Rules and Regulations of the Maritime School on the Banks of the Thames, near London, inſtituted in 1777 with a view to qualify Scholars to ſerve as Officers in the royal Navy. 12mo." and in 1782, "The Importance of our Lord's Supper, and the dangerous Conſequences of neglecting it, in ſixty-eight Letters. 12mo."

About October 1783, he resigned his post of Commissioner of the Victualling Office; but, though disposed to retirement, he did not cease to exert his abilities in the service of the public. In that year he published "Abstract of the Proposal for County Naval Free Schools to be built on waste Lands, giving such effectual Instructions to Poor Boys as may nurse them for the Sea Service. 12mo." In 1785, "The Neglect of the effectual Separation of Prisoners, and the Cause of the frequent Thefts and Violences committed. 8vo." and "A Sentimental History of Chimney-sweepers in London and Westminster; shewing the Necessity of putting them under Regulations, to prevent the grossest Inhumanity to the climbing Boys: with a Letter to a London Clergyman on Sunday Schools, calculated for the Preservation of the Children of the Poor. 12mo." and in 1786 he closed his literary labours with "A comprehensive View of Sunday Schools for the Use of the more indigent Inhabitants of Cities, Towns, and Villages, through England and Wales: with Reflections on the Causes of the Decay of our Morals, national Piety, and the Means of removing them. 12mo."

He had for several months preceding his decease been very evidently declining in his health, but not in so great a degree as to prevent his going abroad. He frequently saw his friends, and transacted his affairs as he had usually done. The period which he had so many years been preparing to meet at length arrived, Death claimed his prize, and Mr. Hanway submitted to fate the 5th of September 1786. On the 13th he was interred in the family vault at Hanwell, being attended to the grave by a numerous retinue of friends; and since his death the public regard to his virtues has been displayed by a subscription of several hundred pounds towards erecting a monument to perpetuate his memory.

The following stanzas on his death have been published by the author of the Triumph of Benevolence.

AND thou, blest Hanway! long thy country's prayer.
Exulting now in kindred worlds above,
Coheir of HOWARD! deign the muse to hear,
Tho' Angels greet thee with a brother's love.

Far tho' remov'd from this diminish'd earth,
A crown of glory beaming on thy brow,
The God who fix'd it there—to note thy worth,
Bids the rapt lyre with all thy spirit glow.

Warm in the way, behold what Myriads come,
While tears of extasy and anguish flow;
Their blended incense pouring on thy tomb,
To mark an Empire's joy, an Empire's woe.

Close to thy HOWARD—O congenial shade!
On the pure column shall *thy* bust be plac'd;
Though deep in ev'ry bosom is pourtray'd
Those holy records ne'er to be eras'd.

The generous plan that PUBLIC VIRTUE draws,
The fair design that CHARITY imparts,
The genius kindling in RELIGION'S cause,
Cherish their champion in our faithful hearts.

At HANWAY'S bust the MAGDALEN shall kneel,
A chasten'd vot'ry of Compassion's dome*,
With pious awe the holiest ardours feel,
And bless the Founder of her peaceful home.

And ah, Philanthropy! thy heaven-rear'd fane*
Shall oft avow the good man's zeal divine,
When bounty leads a poor and orphan train
To clasp their little arms round HANWAY'S shrine.

Transcendant energies of grace sublime,
Whose magic goodness works with double power,
Cradled the outcast babe who knew not crime,
And bade the sinner turn, and blush no more.

Ah, full of honours as of years, farewell!
Thus o'er thy ashes shall Britannia sigh;
Each age, each sex, thy excellence shall tell,
Which taught the young to live, the old to die!

* The Magdalen House and Foundling Hospital.

Memoirs

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Some REMARKS on "The HISTORY and ANTIQUITIES of BARNWELL-ABBEY, and of STURBRIDGE-FAIR, publiſhed in the BIBLIOTHECA TOPOGRAPHICA, No. xxxviii. 1786.

SIR,

THE above book being put into my hands by a learned friend, who wiſhed me to peruſe it, and give him my ſentiments upon it, I ſat down to read it with ſome degree of attention and curioſity, being upon a ſubject that I was not wholly unacquainted with: but never was I more ſurpriſed than, after the great hands it had paſſed through, announced in the preface, to find it abounding with errors in names of places, perſons, dates, &c. in almoſt every page. I knew well that Mr. Rutherforth, the father of the late learned doctor of that name, who had made theſe extracts from the Ledger-book of Barnwell, now in the Britiſh Muſæum, had been a conſiderable collector of antiquities; but from what I have ſeen and have of my own, I always looked upon him as a very inaccurate one. The late purchaſer of theſe collections therefore did not appear to me to have had any great bargain at the price he gave for them; nor would they probably have been ſuffered to paſs out of the county, had they been deemed of much intrinſic value. I was in hopes, however, that when this part of them had been ſubjected to the inſpection of the learned triumvirate, the acute Mr. Peak, the ſagacious Mr. Gough, and ſubmitted to the public by the eminent editor Mr. Nichols, the groſs errors therein might have been in ſome meaſure corrected, the bad tranſlation improved, and the whole digeſted according to the order of time, and not ſuffered to remain in the detached ſcraps it was found in Mr. R.'s common-place book. But whatever allowance may be made for want of accuracy in the hiſtorical part, there certainly can be none for the want of it in printing original inſtruments of not the leaſt value without it.

It would, I apprehend, be tedious and tireſome to the reader, to attempt pointing out the variety of errors in the above ſhort tract; I ſhall therefore only appriſe him of two or three by way of ſpecimen, and leave the reſt to his own obſervation. In page 38 the quotation concerning the tithes of Waterbeach is not intelligible as it now ſtands there; which, inſtead of *De incrementis animalium per priorem* ſhould be, *De incrementis animalium propriorum prædictorum religioſorum*, &c. and the fourth line cannot be conſtrued without proper ſtops after *venerint* inſtead of *evenerint* and *iiſdem*. And in the following quotation concerning the great tithes, the material word *percipiant* after *plene* is omitted. More blunders may be noted in the Latin quotation in p. 73, but moſt of all in p. 81. *Inter ſpiritualia prioris de Barnwell*, where *Porcio de Rampton* (the whole a very ſmall rectory) is valued at xlvi l. vii s. inſtead of xlvi s. viii. *Porcio de Landbeach*, xx l. inſtead of as many ſhillings; and Middelton lxvi l. viij s. whereas the greateſt living in the dioceſe of Ely was not eſtimated at half that ſum, when this aſſeſſment was made. Theſe miſtakes are continued through moſt part of the page; and that they are ſo appears evidently from the ſeveral ſums added together, amounting to much more than double the total there ſpecified. But I ſhall trouble him no further than with a reference to *Viſus Franci-Plagii* in App. 49, where unpardonable errors may be met with.

There are ſeveral priors after the year 1298, when this Ledger is conjectured to have been compiled, who are barely named in this Hiſtory; whereas the times of their election, or at leaſt their preſiding in the monaſtery, might have been aſcertained with ſome degree of preciſion, and various other particulars obtained concerning them from the biſhop of Ely's regiſters and other inſtruments ſtill preſerved in his offices at Cambridge and elſewhere. I doubt not but the editor might have been furniſhed with ſuch, if he would have taken the pains to inquire after them; which would have afforded much greater entertainment to every judicious reader than his modern tranſlation *adhuc ſub judice* of his two moſt reſpectable aldermen and their cows; or indeed than the fooliſh Reveries of the Tablets of Jacob Butler *, neither of which would ever have been thought worth publiſhing by any other than a ſingular adept in the trade of book-making.

How the editor has ſucceeded in the other

* What humour there may be in aſcribing to Rembrandt 1632 an etching made of him by the late ingenious Mich. Tyſon, is far above my comprehenſion.

parts

parts of his great work (*Bibliotheca Topographica*) I cannot take upon me to determine, having ſcarce ſeen any other part of it, but am certain they ought to be much more accurate than this to deſerve the leaſt attention from the public; and it would have been much better for them to have remained in their wonted obſcurity than to be ſent forth in ſo maimed a condition. I could eaſily have added many other obſervations upon this curious Hiſtory of *Barnwell*, but having been ſo long already detained in its precincts (in the times of its ſanctity it will I hope be remembered) I have *now* no leiſure to make ſuch additions, to take a view of Sturbridge-fair, to viſit the venerable Saxon chapel, in ſuch high eſtimation with all judicious antiquaries, or ſo much as to pay my reſpects to its religious and pious chaplain, whom the editor has much better paid for reſigning his charge than he ever was for attending it.

I am, Sir, yours,
CANTAB.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An Occaſional Correſpondent has ſent us the following letter in Defence of the Church of Scotland againſt the Reflections of Dr. Johnſon. He aſſures us it is written by a Scotch Clergyman, to whom he had applied for Information on the Subject, and that the Facts it contains may be depended on.

DEAR SIR,

THE many civilities I received from you when I was in London, can only be increaſed by giving me the pleaſure of doing you the ſmalleſt ſervice; and it is with particular ſatisfaction I undertake, according to my beſt abilities, the taſk with which you have favoured me. You deſire me to account for that barrenneſs, or rather that total want of literature, which Dr. Johnſon objected to Preſbyterianiſm, in its having produced no eminent divines; and you hint that you think it may be done, the fact acknowledged, and yet the point of the doctor's ſarcaſms entirely blunted, and the ſting of them repelled and ſtript of its venom. This taſk I do not think very difficult, and it is with pleaſure I enter upon a vindication of my mother-church againſt the precipitate cenſures of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnſon; a character whoſe errors ought to be diligently refuted, and whoſe ſlighteſt miſtakes, when they reſpect either civil or eccleſiaſtical affairs, require attention and correction. You know I highly venerate both the literary and moral character of Dr. Johnſon, but I am not, like a certain perſon, giddy with looking up to it; I can ſee other blemiſhes in it than gormandizing and ſhuddering at human bones, and other virtues than the wonderful heroiſm of parting a dog fray*. In all the doctor's diſguſt with Preſbyterianiſm he has never once hinted an objection to its doctrinal part: that he knew was the ſame with his beloved church of England. And however excuſable in a prieſt, how unworthy of an elevated philoſopher are thoſe bitter invectives which the doctor upon every occaſion, and on no occaſion, was continually pouring on the Preſbyterians. Church hiſtory relates that St. John one day on going to the bath was told that one, whoſe name I do not recollect, an arch heretic, was there before him; on which he immediately turned and would not go in. Here the apoſtle was right and prudent: he ſupported his character properly. The leaſt appearance of communion between an apoſtle and a heretic would have been of the worſt conſequences in the infant church. But who was Dr. Johnſon? Was he an apoſtle, that a Preſbyterian *kirk* was not to be honoured with his *ſacred* preſence? The very high importance which he gives himſelf on this head is truly ridiculous. But allowances are to be made for the doctor's prejudices; and obſtinate as he was, there are traits in his character which make me believe, that, had ſome facts, of which he ſeemed totally ignorant, reſpecting the church of Scotland, been properly laid before him, ſome of his ſarcaſms had been ſpared. Bold as it may ſeem, I really believe that his averſion to John Knox might have been greatly mitigated. To have aſſured him that John Knox was not a Preſbyterian, that he was in reality an epiſcopalian, would have worked like a charm

* An event moſt ſolemnly recorded by both Mr. Boſwell and Mrs. Piozzi; though the latter greatly leſſens the wonderful heroiſm of the exploit which appeared ſo important to the former.

upon

upon the good doctor: and in fact John Knox and all the firſt reformers in Scotland were epiſcopalians. John Knox himſelf compiled a liturgy which he and his followers uſed. The Scottiſh reformation did not aboliſh or militate againſt the office of biſhops. That order continued in Scotland by law till king William's time. But the Scottiſh biſhops in the times of queen Mary and James VI. were not on the ſame footing as the Engliſh. They had little power or authority, no regular form of ſervice or book of prayer, ſmall revenues, and the ſees were not regularly filled. All was little ſhort of anarchy in the church government. The bulk of the commons became clamorous, and greatly reſembled the Engliſh puritans. The good archbiſhop Spotſwood (the venerable church hiſtorian) was reviled becauſe when a youth he had played at football on a Sunday, though the caſe amounted to no ſuch charge*. It was the narrow policy of James VI. to keep the Scottiſh biſhops and church in an unſettled ſtate, by way of preſerving his own authority. But when he aſcended the throne of England, he altered his plan, and became zealous to eſtabliſh the power of the biſhops, and to reduce the clergy and people under their authority: but the bulk of the people and many of the clergy revolted at this as an innovation. While the authority of the biſhops had been of little or no force, the clergy had been governed by ſynods and aſſemblies of their own, which James himſelf had, in what he thought deep policy, often countenanced. Knox's liturgy had long fallen into diſuſe and was forgotten; and the book of common-prayer now ſet forth by king James was looked upon as a novelty and an impious innovation. It was called black popery, and the more James now endeavoured for uniformity the farther the people were from it. Charles I. followed his father's plan in eſtabliſhing the biſhops, and added compulſion; but the Preſbyterian or puritanical party (to ſpeak intelligibly to Engliſhmen) became more and more formidable under perſecution. Sharp and ſome other Preſbyterian clergymen were deputed to London to remonſtrate with the king and privy council in behalf of their communion: but they returned biſhops; and Sharp, gratified with the archiepiſcopal mitre of St. Andrew's, became a moſt violent perſecutor of the ſect, whoſe intereſt he had betrayed, and from which he had withdrawn himſelf. Under the cruel ſeverities of perſecution, Preſbyterianiſm became more and more reverenced by the multitude, and the temper of the great bulk of the nation was ſo determined againſt epiſcopacy, though favoured by moſt of the firſt families, that William III. though againſt his inclination, found it prudent to eſtabliſh preſbyterianiſm as the lawful worſhip of Scotland, Yet in doing this he was not without hope of ſeeing that party diſappointed in their wiſhes. For though bred a preſbyterian himſelf, and though his firſt hopes of the throne had been ſuggeſted by that ſect in Scotland, he was, when he became a king, jealous of their tenacious and uncompliable ſpirit. He took advantage therefore of the ſmall number of preſbyterian clergymen, regularly bred as ſuch, who then remained; and it was enacted, that if the preſbyterian party could not ſupply the churches of Scotland with ordained clergymen in the ſpace of a year, epiſcopacy, that the nation might not be without a legal form † of worſhip, was to be reſtored. From the

* The caſe was thus; a diſorderly rabble were playing at football one Sunday as Spotſwood and others were coming from church, and the ball happening to ſtrike Spotſwood on the leg, he kicked it from him and walked decently on. He had newly taken epiſcopal orders, and the puritanical party repreſented it as a moſt daring profanity. See Keith's Hiſt. Ch. Scotland.

† A late very ingenious writer and hiſtorian, Dr. Gilbert Stuart, has ſtood forth the avowed enemy of all religious eſtabliſhments. In his Hiſtory of Mary queen of Scotland, he reprobates, in giving the character of Knox, all legal forms of worſhip, and ſays every man ought to ſerve God in his own way. And his Hiſtory of the Reformation in Scotland ſeems written ſolely with the view to inculcate this ſentiment. But however well adapted to philoſophers of their own claſs ſuch latitude may be, the abettors of ſuch ſcheme diſcover little knowledge of the human mind, as it actuates the greater part of mankind. The great bulk of men in all ages and countries, *muſt* have and *will* have ſome religion or other; and it is the intereſt of the prince and government to watch over its tendency, and to give their ſanction to that mode which is moſt favourable to the intereſt of humanity and civil ſociety. Were this neglected by government either by inability or deſign, as has ſometimes been the caſe,

the acceſſion of James I. to the throne of England, the preſbyterian party had been depreſſed, and often ſeverely perſecuted, down to the Revolution in 1688, a ſpace of about 84 years: and though preſbyterianiſm gained great ground with the multitude during that long period, its clergy who had had a univerſity or any trace of a learned education, were reduced to a ſmall number. Only about forty preſbyterian clergymen, who had been regularly brought up for the pulpit, were to be found in Scotland, to the ſupply of about a thouſand churches. But the preſbyterian party ſaw the aim of government, and it may be truly ſaid beat up for volunteers to fill their pulpits; and reputation of zeal for preſbytery, and particularly for what they called the *gift of prayer*, i. e. extempore effuſions of enormous length, were the ſure paſſports to ordination and a *kirk*. Ignorant mechanics were not only admitted, but even the jails * were ranſacked for the gift of prayer. Ordination was conferred upon theſe people, and no wonder that the preſbyterian pulpits reſounded with nonſenſe and abſurdities, often indecent, and moſtly always in low and vulgar expreſſions, which many of the moſt popular of them affected on purpoſe to pleaſe the rabble. But that this torrent of ignorance ought to be aſcribed to the genius of preſbyterianiſm, as Dr. Johnſon's objection pointedly infers, by no means follows. Any church party, under the ſame *political* circumſtances, would fall into the very ſame predicament; and no ſooner did this ignorant and canting generation begin to die out, than their places were ſupplied from the Scottiſh univerſities with men of other characters. The writings of Addiſon and others of the Engliſh claſſics began, in the reign of queen Anne, to be univerſally admired in Scotland, and the ſermons of Tillotſon and other eminent divines of the church of England were peruſed with avidity by the riſing clergy. And though neither Dr. Johnſon, Lord Auchinleck, nor his ſon Mr. Boſwell, knew it, ſeveral elegant and reſpectable ſermons and religious controverſy were publiſhed by preſbyterians, in the reign of George II. Witneſs the tracts of Campbell and Wallace againſt David Hume, by whom they are both highly complimented. In the reign of George I. the rev. Mr. Wodrow wrote a Hiſtory of the Church of Scotland: a candid and very reſpectable work; greatly ſuperior in merit to the hiſtories of Echard, or of any of his competitors in England. The reputation of the Scottiſh clergy of the preſent reign for their literary abilities is too well known to be here ſpecified. The notoriety of their eminence affords an unanſwerable comment on the following quotation from Mr. Boſwell's Tour, *firſt edit. p.* 307:

"After ſupper, (ſays Mr. B.) I talked of the aſſiduity of the Scottiſh clergy, in viſiting and privately inſtructing their pariſhioners, and obſerved how much in this they excelled the Engliſh clergy. Dr. Johnſon would not let this paſs. He tried to turn it off by ſaying, "there are different ways of inſtructing.—Our clergy pray and preach."—M'Leod and I preſſed the ſubject; upon which he grew warm, and broke forth, "I do not believe your people are better inſtructed. If they are, it is the blind leading the blind; for your clergy are not inſtructed themſelves." Thinking he had gone a little too far, he checked himſelf and added, "when I talk of the ignorance of your clergy, I talk of them as a body; I do not mean that there are no individuals who are learned (looking at Mr. M'Queen)—I ſuppoſe there are ſuch among

caſe, the brutal multitude are ſure to divide into a thouſand different ſects, diſgraceful for the greateſt part to human reaſon and deſtructive of ſociety: Witneſs the Anabaptiſts in Holland, and many other ſects in every country, even among the Turks themſelves. It is a moſt ridiculous miſtake in many ingenious writers, that they will found their ſyſtems on what man *ought* to be, and not on what he really is. It is indeed aſtoniſhing that the philoſophers who aſſert in politics that man is king of himſelf, and in religion that he ought to deſpiſe and renounce that of his country, do not perceive that they are only making the groſs multitude an eaſy prey to the moſt unprincipled and deſigning villain, both in politics and religion.

* *Kirton*, who had been a *ſkipper*, that is maſter of a little trading ſhip, was taken from Borrowſtonneſs jail, where he was confined for debt, and tranſplanted to the pulpit of the *Tron Kirk*, one of the principal churches of Edinburgh. The abſurdities and blaſphemies from the pulpit of this illiterate character make no ſmall figure in that curious book "Scotch Preſbyterian Eloquence," written about 1700, by a Mr. Cadell, an exiled curate.

the

the clergy in Moſcovy. The clergy of England have produced the moſt valuable books in ſupport of religion, both in theory and practice. What have your clergy done, ſince you ſunk into preſbyterianiſm? Can you name one book of any value on a religious ſubject written by them?"—We were ſilent.—"I'll help you. Forbes wrote very well; but I believe he wrote before epiſcopacy was quite extinguiſhed."—And then pauſing a little, he ſaid, "Yes, you have Wiſhart againſt Repentance."——

The above rant of the good prejudiced doctor is not more inſolent than futile. The Scottiſh clergy never denied that thoſe of England "had produced the moſt valuable books in ſupport of religion." But that they have done ſo is no proof that the Scottiſh clergy are ignorant, which was the point the doctor meant to eſtabliſh. Many books of value on religious ſubjects written by Scottiſh clergy might eaſily be named. M'Knight's Harmony of the Goſpels was publiſhed before Dr. Johnſon ſaw Scotland; and the paucity of good writers among the Scottiſh clergy for many years after the Revolution has been accounted for above, in a manner which reflects little honour on the doctor's candour. Who that knows how the Barrows and Tillotſons and other dignified clergymen of England lived in high affluence and eaſe, while the preſbyterian clergy were cruelly perſecuted and hunted from place to place, without home or income, during the reigns of the two Charles's and James II. and who knows what an illiterate herd, from political neceſſity, crept into the preſbyterian pulpits at the Revolution; who knows theſe things, I ſay, but muſt be aſtoniſhed at the poverty of the doctor's triumph, on view of the writings of the Engliſh clergy, and the unfairneſs of his upbraiding the Scotch for not, as it were, *making bricks without ſtraw*. But, tho' eager and haſty to condemn, the doctor has not been able to conceal his great ignorance of Scottiſh affairs. Forbes, he believed, wrote "before epiſcopacy was quite extinguiſhed." What a vague expreſſion! Epiſcopacy is extinguiſhed in Scotland in the ſame manner as the diſſenters meetings are extinguiſhed in England. The doctor, talking of the Scotch clergy, evidently ſuppoſes Forbes to be one of them, though he does not know but he might have been an epiſcopalian. The truth is, the Scottiſh author of that name, who wrote ſome able treatiſes in ſupport of Chriſtianity, was an eminent lawyer, roſe to be one of the Scotch Judges, or Lords of Seſſion, of which court he died preſident ſo late as the year 1748*: and the mention of Dr. Wiſhart is perverſeneſs itſelf. That learned and reſpectable gentleman was Principal of the College of Edinburgh, and his ſermons will be admired while elegance of diction and ſolid reaſoning have power to gain applauſe. Sherlock's celebrated Treatiſe on Death is intended throughout to prove the inefficacy and danger of a death-bed repentance, and that *without holineſs of life no man ſhall ſee the Lord*; and to the ſame ſentiments Dr. Wiſhart adds ſome juſt tho' ſevere doubts of the ſincerity and reality of the repentance of thoſe criminals who end their days under the hands of the executioner. In Scotland, almoſt every criminal dies a great *Saint*, and is *a brand plucked out of the fire*. To make *holineſs, without which*, as the apoſtle aſſures us, *no man ſhall ſee the Lord*, ſo very eaſily attained, has a very bad effect on the morals of the vulgar; and a rational treatiſe, like that of Dr. Wiſhart, was much wanted in that country, and has not been without its good effect.

A few lines after the above citation, Mr. Boſwell tells us, he ſtill inſiſted on the ſuperior aſſiduity of the Scottiſh clergy (a fact which admits of no diſpute among thoſe who have reſided in the country parts of both England and Scotland); and that the Doctor replied to him, "I ſee you have not been well taught, for you have not charity.—" How deep is the blindneſs of prejudice! and with what accumulated force does not this charge of the want of charity recoil upon the doctor himſelf, and the whole tenor of his ſarcaſms on the Church of Scotland!

I am, &c.

* This truly patriotic character, of whom Dr. J. knew ſo little, was the patron of Thomſon, who has celebrated him in his Seaſons, and of polite literature. By the death of an elder brother he became a Highland chief, and was greatly inſtrumental in preventing ſeveral of the clans from joining the Pretender in 1745. It was upon his eſtate, and in ſight of his manſion, that the battle of Culloden was fought. His theological principles were Hutchinſonian.

THE LONDON REVIEW, AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

Quid ſit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

Hiſtory of the Voyages and Diſcoveries made in the North. Tranſlated from the German of John Reinhold Forſter, J. U. D. and illuſtrated by ſeveral new and original Maps. 4to. 1l. 1s. Robinſons. 1786.

(Continued from Page 250.)

DR. Forſter, in the firſt Book, gives a full and circumſtantial account of the voyages and diſcoveries of the ancients, particularly the Phœnicians, in the north. That they and the Egyptians more than once undertook and happily accompliſhed the circumnavigation of Africa, he affirms, is proved almoſt to a demonſtration. The celebrated voyages of the Phœnicians and Hebrews to *Ophir*, in Solomon's time, were nothing elſe; *Ophir* being, in the Doctor's opinion, the ſame as *Africa*. In defence of this opinion, he has added the following note, which, for the reader's ſatisfaction, and as a ſpecimen of the Doctor's etymological reaſoning, we have inſerted at length.

"The Phœnicians, ſent out for the purpoſe by the Egyptian king and conqueror Seſoſtris, and his father Phamaſis, or Amaſis I. gradually diſcovered, together with the Egyptians who were joined with them, the coaſts of all Africa: hence we meet with ſuch admirable, and in fact comprehenſive accounts of the natives of Africa, ſo early as in Moſes's time, in the tenth chapter of Geneſis. Now gold and other precious commodities being found in many parts of Africa, this newly-diſcovered country became *celebrated*, and got a great name; and this in the Egyptian language is Ου—φιρι, and with the addition of the word καζ, which ſignifies a *country*, Ου—φιρ—καζ (i. e. *the celebrated country*) *Ophiri* and *Ophirikah* (alias Africa). The third epocha of the circumnavigation of Africa fell in the time of Solomon, near 500 years later. Three hundred and eighty years after this, Necho gave orders for the circumnavigation of Africa to be performed: and in the reign of Ptolemy Euergetes II. one Eudoxus ſailed once more round Africa, which is 450 years later than the voyage of Necho: and yet in Strabo's time many people doubted the poſſibility of making the tour of Africa by ſea." On this note we ſhall make no comment, but leave it to the reader to determine, whether the author's credulity or his diſcernment be moſt conſpicuous.

In the ſecond chapter we find an account of the diſcoveries of the Grecians. The Phocean colony at Maſſilia having formed the deſign of partaking of the wealth which the Phœnicians and Carthaginians had acquired by their commerce, ſent out EUTHYMENES to ſearch for the way which Hanno had taken when he made his diſcoveries in the ſouth; and PYTHEAS was commiſſioned to follow the track of Himilco, and to make diſcoveries in the north. Of Euthymenes, little more than the name has reached us. Of Pytheas, who was a perſon of great natural knowledge, we have the following account, chiefly taken from Pliny:

"Pytheas, even before he ſet out on his journey, appears to have occupied himſelf in obſerving the heavens. Before his time, it was believed that the polar ſtar, or the outermoſt ſtar in the bear's tail, was next to the Pole; but he pointed out three more ſtars, with which the north ſtar formed a ſquare, and in this ſquare was the true place of the Pole. He likewiſe erected at Marſeilles, his birth-place, a pillar or gnomon; and from the proportion which the height of this gnomon bore to the length of the ſhadow caſt by it at the ſummer ſolſtice, he found, with great exactneſs and preciſion, the north latitude of the city of Marſeilles, or its diſtance from the equator. Hence Eratoſthenes and Hipparchus inferred very juſtly, that this latitude amounted to * 34 degrees 17 minutes; a preciſion which, in the then infant ſtate of aſtronomy, one could hardly ſuppoſe any perſon capable of. In fact, Wendelin prevailed upon Gaſſendi to correct this obſervation; who accordingly found that it

* This is a typographical error, ſome of which occur in almoſt every page of the work; Marſeilles being in lat. 43.

hardly differed a minute from the real latitude.

" It must be confessed, that Pytheas, with such extensive as well as solid acquisitions in science, was perfectly well qualified for the great enterprize to which he was appointed. He sailed out of the Streights along the coasts of Portugal, Spain, and Gaul, till he descried that of Britain; along which he likewise coasted till he came to the very northernmost point of it, and from thence sailed six days longer till he discovered *Thule*, where at the summer solstice the sun did not set for 24 hours. From this description of Thule some have imagined it to be Iceland. But if we consider, that in the manner of sailing used at that time, it was impossible to get from the northernmost point in Britain to Iceland in the space of six days, we shall rather be inclined to suppose, that it was the Shetland Islands that he reached. For though, in fact, it is only within the arctic circle, or in lat. 66½ degrees, that the day is 24 hours long at the summer solstice; yet it cannot be denied, but that by means of the refraction of the atmosphere, it is still so light at this period, even in the 60th degree of latitude, that one may read, write and transact any business whatever without any other light than that of the sun. And indeed, this great man's knowledge of astronomy enabled him to infer with great certainty the total elevation of the sun above the horizon; for at every place he came to he asked the inhabitants in what part of the heavens the sun rose and set. Now, these points he found approached each other in proportion as he went farther to the northward; whence he might easily conclude, that at about the 66th degree, the sun never set in the time of the summer solstice.

" Pliny says likewise, that Pytheas had seen the tide on the British coast rise to the height of 80 cubits, or 120 feet; but we know, that it is only in narrow seas, such as the British Channel, that the tide rises to any great height. The greatest height to which it rises at Brest is 23 feet. In Bristol too it mounts as high as to 42; and in St. Malo to 48 feet. The text therefore in Pliny is certainly corrupted.

" A day's journey on the other side Thule, according to Pytheas, the sea was coagulated, whence it was called *Cronium*. The fact is, that he knew, from the relations made him by the inhabitants, that part of the North Sea in severe winters was covered with ice, which part indeed at times, in case of a hard frost, was concreted in such a manner, and as it were coagulated in the space of one night, as to be entirely converted into ice.

" Pytheas, however, not content with having made these discoveries, was desirous likewise of becoming acquainted with the region whence the Phœnicians used to fetch their amber. He must certainly have had some directions, either oral or written, which he followed in his enquiries; otherwise it must appear absolutely impossible for him to have penetrated quite to the farthermost part of the Baltic, and there hit exactly on the very spot of the southern coast, where it is found in the greatest abundance. And yet we have great reason to suppose him to have been perfectly well acquainted with the spot; as we may very plainly perceive even from the fragments of Pytheas preserved in the writings of the later geographers, that he knew the situation of the whole place, and that he was likewise acquainted with the neighbouring nations, and the adjacent rivers; and that he was even no stranger to the names given to these places by the inhabitants themselves.

" The information he gives us on this subject is as follows: " On the shores of a certain bay (Æstuarium or Firth) called *Mentonomon*, lives a people called *Guttoni*, and at the distance of a day's voyage from thence is the island *Abalus* (called by Timæus Baltia); upon this the waves throw the amber, which is a coagulated matter cast up by the sea: they use it for firing instead of wood, and sell it to the neighbouring Teutones." All this is as exact as it is possible for it to be; for upwards of 1700 years after, we find traces of the truth of this: the provinces of *Nadrauer* and *Schalavonia* are to this very day called *Gudde*, and the inhabitants Guddai, in the Lithuanian tongue. The bay is the *Frisk* and *Curisk Haf*, or Sea. It is from 8 to 16 miles wide; and this used to be a short day's trip, consequently the opposite islands were on the very same spot where they are now. The name of *Metonomon* signifies the promontory of Pine-trees *(mendaniemi)*; and in fact on both peninsulas or necks of land here, we find large forests of those trees. The spot on Samland where the amber was cast most plentifully on shore, bore, so late as the time of the Crusades, the name of *Wittland*, or *Wittlandes Ort*, i. e. *Whiteland*: now this in the Lithuanian tongue is *Baltikka*, from *Baltes*, i. e. *White*; and therefore I should prefer reading Pliny, *Abaltica* or *Baltia*, instead of *Abalus*. Neither was it customary with the inhabitants to burn amber instead of wood, but only to set it on fire, probably by way of fumigation or perfume; and they sold it to those Teutones or Germans who lived nearest to them." [*To be continued.*]

Memoirs of the Literary and Philoſophical Society of Manchester. Vol. II. Cadell.

(*Continued from Page 260.*)

Experimental Enquiry into the Cauſe of the Permanent Colours of Opake Bodies. By Edward Huſſey Delaval, F. R. S. &c. &c. Read 19th May, 1784.

THIS paper, which obtained the gold medal of the Society, and which conſtitutes one-fourth part of the preſent volume, is an extraordinary production.

If we view it in a *literary* light, it is cenſurable: it is too long for a paper; and too looſe and undigeſted for any thing. It *reads* as if it had been written in detached ſentences, as they happened to occur, and theſe unconnected ſentences had afterwards been ſtrung together in the way in which we find them.

But viewed in the light of a *Philoſophical Enquiry*, it diſplays great application and conſiderable acuteneſs.

The theory contended for is, that the permanent colours of opake bodies are not cauſed by light *reflected from their anterior ſurface*, (agreeably to the theory of Sir Iſaac Newton) but that they are cauſed by *tranſmitted light reflected from a white baſis*; which white baſis our author detects in a variety of ſubſtances, even in blood; whoſe redneſs is (according to this hypotheſis) cauſed by a tranſparent coloured ſubſtance, through which the rays of light are tranſmitted in their paſſage from the white-reflecting baſis to the eye.

In order to eſtabliſh this theory, Mr. Delaval ranges over the whole field of experimental philoſophy, and in ſome of his excurſions brings home matters of inſtruction and entertainment. One piece of information we cannot, for the honour of our country, omit copying.

"The clear conceptions (ſays our author) which Sir Iſaac Newton had formed, reſpecting the refractive power of the inflammable principle, afford an inſtance of unparalleled penetration and diſcernment.

"Diamonds, from their apparent reſemblance to cryſtalline vitrifiable ſtones, and gems, were univerſally held, by naturaliſts and lapidaries, not to have differed, in their conſtituent matter, from ſuch ſtones and gems, except in a greater degree of purity.

Sir Iſaac Newton, judging of diamonds by their refractive power, claſſes them with inflammable bodies, and as they are endued with the ſtrongeſt refractive power, he does not ſcruple to rank them at the head of the inflammable bodies, as conſiſting of the pureſt phlogiſton.

"This remarkable obſervation has not, I believe, ever been noticed, by philoſophers, or naturaliſts, as an object of their conſideration: doubtleſs, becauſe they were prejudiced by the apparent qualities of diamonds, and their reſemblance to thoſe of other gems, which ſeem to have with-held their attention from the powers and properties, the diſcovery of which was drawn from the more certain teſt of optical inveſtigation.

"After Sir Iſaac Newton had publiſhed his optical works, almoſt a century had paſſed, during which no experiments were made, whereby the conſtituent matter of diamonds could be aſcertained. Several eminent chymiſts and philoſophers in France have recently applied great ſkill and induſtry in the examination of that ſubject.

"From their enquiries it appears, that diamonds, when enveloped in powdered charcoal, and incloſed in crucibles carefully luted, reſiſt the force of fire, and remain unaltered, in the ſame manner as charcoal and other ſolid inflammable bodies.

"When expoſed under a receiver, to the focus of a large burning glaſs, they impart phlogiſton to the air which is contained in the receiver.

"When placed under a muffle, upon a cupel or ſtand of white calcined refractory earth, in a degree of heat ſufficient to melt pure ſilver, the diamonds ſend forth a continued flame, and thus entirely burn away.

"When expoſed to the fire, in thick veſſels of white porcelain, perfectly cloſed with ſtopples of the ſame ſubſtance, ſo that their cavities contain only air and the incloſed diamonds, they are entirely diſſipated and diſappear, without leaving the leaſt trace of the matter of which they were formed.

"Theſe experiments prove, that diamonds conſiſt of phlogiſton; and they are the only natural ſubſtance in which that principle appears to exiſt pure and unmixed. For all inflammable liquors contain water: and all ſolid inflammable bodies leave a reſiduum of aſhes or coal, according as they are burnt in open or in cloſe veſſels.

"Nor can any conſtituent parts of bodies paſs through ſolid ſubſtances, except only phlogiſton and light. And from their agreement in this reſpect, the identity of theſe ſubtle principles is farther confirmed.

"From

"From the native form and conſtituent matter of diamonds may they not be properly defined *cryſtallized phlogiſton?*

"The chemical experiments, reſpecting the inflammable nature of diamonds, carry with them the greater clearneſs and conviction, as the philoſophers who made them were entirely unprejudiced in their inquiries on that ſubject: for they do not ſeem to have been aware that Sir Iſaac Newton had diſcovered, from optical obſervation, the ſame truth to which they were led by the chemical phænomena."

To give our readers ſome idea of the main purport of this elaborate performance, we will, in Mr. Delaval's manner, ſtring together ſome inferences and concluſions which we find ſcattered towards the concluſion of the paper.

"From ſeveral experiments and obſervations which I have made, in the courſe of this inquiry, it appears that the rays of light are tranſmitted through tranſparent coloured ſubſtances *by means of a power with which they are endued*; and that thoſe media tranſmit coloured light with the greateſt ſtrength which have the greateſt refractive power."

"From all the experiments which I have here adduced it uniformly appears, that no coloured light is reflected from the anterior ſurfaces of opake, ſemipellucid, or tranſparent coloured bodies. For in theſe the light is reflected by the ſuperficies which intercedes the tranſparent part of the medium and the ſubſtance which is behind it: and the light thus reflected is tranſmitted back through the tranſparent part of the medium, which intervenes between the reflective ſurface and the anterior ſurface."

"Theſe phænomena ſeem to indicate, that the power by which the ſeveral rays of light are tranſmitted through coloured media is inherent in the colouring particles themſelves, and therefore is not confined to the ſurfaces of ſuch media. For, if the tranſmiſſive force was exerted at the ſurfaces only, thinner plates of coloured ſubſtances would act upon the rays as powerfully as thicker maſſes. But it appears from experiment, that in proportion as the rays paſs through different thickneſſes of coloured media, they exhibit colours differing not only in degree, but frequently in ſpecies alſo."

"It has been already ſhewn throughout the courſe of this inquiry, that coloured matter does not reflect any light; but that reflective media act indiſcriminately on all the different rays. It does not appear from the optical phænomena which have hitherto been obſerved, that nature affords any kind of matter endued with a power of reflecting one ſort of rays more copiouſly than the other ſorts. Conſequently, no reflective ſubſtances are capable of ſeparating the differently refrangible rays, and thereby producing colours."

Our author cloſes his theory with the following ſemi-practical obſervations:

"The art of dying conſiſts principally in covering white ſubſtances, from which light is ſtrongly reflected, with tranſparent coloured media, which, according to their ſeveral colours, tranſmit more or leſs copiouſly the ſeveral rays reflected from the white ſubſtances.

"The tranſparent coloured media themſelves reflect no light: and it is evident that, if they yielded their colours by reflecting, inſtead of tranſmitting the rays, the whiteneſs, or colour of the ground on which they are applied, would not anywiſe alter or affect the colours which they exhibit.

"Such an erroneous conception of the principles of the art cannot fail greatly to obſtruct its progreſs and improvement. All colouring matter is black, when viewed by incident light, and all ſubſtances incline to blackneſs, in proportion as they are copiouſly ſtored with tinging particles.

"The artiſt therefore who confines his inquiries to ſubſtances which reflect the light, cannot be ſucceſsful in his endeavours to diſcover new dying materials: and, if he is led by experience to extend his reſearches to other ſubſtances, his practice contradicts his principles; by which his views are obſcured, and bounded within the narrow limits of accidental obſervation.

"The knowledge of the optical properties of colouring matters is alſo eſſentially requiſite to their due preparation and uſe. As the practice of dying, in its preſent ſtate, is not regulated by any ſcientific rules, it is ſeldom improved by the introduction of new proceſſes: and the methods for varying the uſes of the materials which are already known are rarely aſcertained without repeated trials.

"All the operations of the art excepting only a few which have ariſen from accidental diſcoveries, owe their origin to remote ages.

"We learn from the teſtimony of the ſacred writers, as well as of the later hiſtorians, that the Indians, Ægyptians, Phœnicians, and other ancient nations, excelled in the art of dying. From the accounts which are delivered down to us of the colouring materials which they uſed, and

and of the clothes which were died with them, we find evident proofs, that they were acquainted with the principles, as well as the practice of the art.

"The ancients did not attribute a reflective power to the colouring matter; but held that the died clothes reflected less light, in proportion as they were more copiously stored with tinging particles. They estimated the richness and intenseness of the dye by its approach to blackness.

"Pliny, who has recorded many curious circumstances relative to the arts, describes indigo when undiluted as a black substance. The same author informs us, that the species of Tyrian dye which was most esteemed was of a rose colour *inclining to black*; and that the red was inferior to that which was blacker. He accurately distinguishes the bright red colour, which is transmitted through the dyed clothes, from the dark hue which they exhibit when viewed by incident light.

"The inattention of later philosophers and artists to the reflective and transmissive qualities of the constituent parts of coloured substances has, doubtless, impeded the progress and improvement of the science of optics and the arts which are dependent upon it. This experimental research was undertaken for the purpose of examining the optical qualities of such substances.

"During the course of my inquiry I have observed, that the transition from physical experiments to practical operations of dying is easy and obvious. For the experiments which I have made, with a view of investigating the origin and cause of colours, have guided me to the discovery of several bright and permanent dyes, in the execution of which I have principally used cheap and common ingredients that have not before been applied to such purposes.

"I do not doubt that a clear and comprehensive view of the principles of the art will open to the artists who practise it a fertile source, from which with certainty and facility they may derive the discovery of new materials, and of the most advantageous means of employing them.

"The art of painting also will receive great advantage from an accurate and precise conception of the principles, by means of which the colouring matters endued with a reflective power may be distinguished from others which transmit the rays but do not reflect them.

"The works of many painters greatly excel in the clearness and brightness of their colouring: but it is unquestionable that a scientific knowledge of the nature of the colours which they used would have enabled even the greatest masters to have communicated to those works a still higher degree of excellence.

"I shall not regret the labours which I have bestowed upon the subject of these pages, if they contribute to the advancement of those useful and elegant arts, which are of much importance to a commercial nation; or if, by the disclosure of physical truths, they extend the bounds of science, or open new paths to its improvement."

We cannot suppress our admiration of the sedulous application of this writer: we wish, however, for the sake of the community, that he had been less diffuse in his theory, and had, *in this paper*, diverted more of his attention to practical knowledge: for though the business of the dyer may be beneath the attention of the philosopher, the invention of colours is certainly not so, but deserves his best efforts: and we wish that Mr. Delaval, instead of giving us a *black* list of tinctures and infusions as they appear in a vial, had informed us of their effects upon wool, cotton, silk, and the other objects of the tinctorial art. And as we cannot suspect Mr. D. of being ambitious to become a *patentee*, we further wish that he had communicated his discoveries of "bright and permanent dyes" to the *public*.

An Essay on Crimes and Punishments. By the Reverend William Turner. Read 24 March, 1784.

This well-written (though somewhat *sermonic*) paper abounds with good sense and humanity. Our penal laws are at present a disgrace to our country; and we would beg leave to recommend the perusal of this paper to all degrees of legislature and magistracy.

Laws which make robbery and murder equally capital, must have originated in folly or in cruelty, as they are evidently calculated to encourage the latter; and we think with our author, that death, in ordinary cases of robbery, is too severe a punishment: but pleased as we are with the spirit and perspicuity of his performance, we cannot doubt with him of the rectitude of capital punishment in cases of wilful and premeditated murder. We rather think that the measure of punishment ought to be proportioned to the measure of cruelty exercised in committing the crime; for, under this regulation, it is highly probable many acts of cruelty would be prevented.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Caroline of Lichtfield. Tranſlated from the French by Thomas Holcroft. 3 vols. 8vo. 9s. ſewed. Robinſons. 1786.

WE have repeatedly expreſſed our diſapprobation of the flimſy productions which are obtruded on the public from thoſe modern repoſitories of literature the *circulating libraries*, under the denomination of novels. Little calculated to amuſe, and ſtill leſs ſo to inſtruct or improve the mind, a ſimilarity of incident, ſlightly diverſified according to the fancy of the author, produces the uſual cataſtrophe in moſt of them.

" ——Facies non omnibus una,
" Nec diverſa tamen."——

A dull family-likeneſs pervades the general maſs of romances of the day. To involve the whole, however, in indiſcriminate cenſure, would be both ungenerous and unjuſt. When an author therefore quits this beaten path, and introduces to us characters capable of attracting our attention and engaging our intereſt, without having recourſe to improbabilities, or violating nature by abſurd refinements, we receive the ſtranger as a moſt welcome gueſt.—Such is Caroline of Lichtfield.—As our readers may wiſh to be better acquainted with the lady, to enable them to form a judgment of their own, we preſent them with the following outlines of her tale.

Caroline, the daughter of the Baron of Lichtfield, chamberlain to the king of Pruſſia, is, at the age of fifteen, to gratify the ambition of her father, and in compliance with the wiſhes of the king, promiſed in marriage to his favourite, the Count de Walſtein; a man of a moſt amiable character, but whoſe perſon, emaciated by a late fever, diſfigured by the loſs of an eye, and ſome other blemiſhes, was little calculated to make a favourable impreſſion on the young lady. When her lover therefore was introduced to her, ſhe fled from his preſence, without ſcarcely fixing her eyes on him, and intreated her father not to ſacrifice her to ſo diſagreeable an object, as the Count appeared to her. Tears and intreaties, however, were fruitleſs; the baron had given his promiſe, the king's favourite could not be refuſed, and Caroline was compelled to be united to the man ſhe abhorred. Unable to conquer her diſguſt, ſhe immediately upon her marriage writes to her huſband to requeſt a temporary ſeparation, and leave to retire into the country with the Canoneſs de Rindaw, a maiden lady of a romantic turn of mind, who had ſuperintended her education. Walſtein, no ſtranger to her ſentiments, and too generous to wiſh to put any reſtraint on her conduct, complies with her requeſt, and obtains the king's conſent to this ſeparation, on condition that the marriage ſhould be kept a profound ſecret.

In conſequence of this agreement, the Count returns to the court of Ruſſia, where he was embaſſador, and Caroline retires with her female relation into the country, where muſic, reading, and the friendſhip of the Canoneſs, engaging all her thoughts, ſhe ſoon recovers her former tranquillity. This calm, however, is but of ſhort continuance; ſhe ſees by accident a young officer ride by the gardens at Rindaw: his graceful figure excites the tendereſt emotions in her heart, and on his being introduced ſoon after as a neighbour, by the name of the Baron de Lindorf, a mutual attachment takes place, which is countenanced by the maiden aunt. Caroline however recollects her ſituation, and tearing herſelf from her lover, declares her marriage. This obſtacle Lindorf flatters himſelf he ſhall be able to remove, by getting the marriage diſſolved, through the intereſt of a friend at court. But when he learnt that Walſtein, the friend whoſe intereſt he relied on, and to whom he owed the greateſt obligations, was himſelf the huſband of Caroline, he immediately leaves her; but returns the next day, and after delivering a packet of letters and a miniature-picture into her hands, bids her an everlaſting adieu.

Theſe letters contain the hiſtory of Lindorf: he had been reſcued by Walſtein from a connexion that muſt have involved him in diſgrace. The Count in the ſpirit of friendſhip having endeavoured to wean his affections from an object beneath his rank, roufed his jealouſy; he conſiders him as a rival; a rencontre enſues; and Walſtein receives thoſe wounds which occaſioned the deformity that rendered him ſo diſagreeable to Caroline. Walſtein's generoſity, in not only pardoning Lindorf, but exacting an oath from him not to reveal the rencontre, is mentioned in the warmeſt terms of gratitude, and the miniature is a ſtriking reſemblance of him previous to that accident.

Caroline, after peruſing the packet, becomes a proſelyte to the virtues of Walſtein; reflection, a ſenſe of duty, united to the effect produced by the ſingular benevolence and humanity of the Count's character, reſtore her to herſelf; the amiable qualities of his mind, when known, totally obliterate the remembrance of the deformity of his perſon, and he becomes as much the object of her affection as he had been of her diſguſt.

Lindorf,

Lindorf, on quitting Caroline, joins Walstein at his house. Madame de Rindaw, having at length learned the secret of the marriage, warmly espouses the interest of the Count, and under a pretence of visiting her chapter, imprudently conducts her niece to Ronebourg, the present residence of Walstein, without her knowing the object of the journey.

On their arrival, Lindorf and Walstein both approach the carriage: the shock of this unexpected interview is too severe for the tender frame of Caroline; she faints, and on her recovery is seized with a violent fever, which endangers her life. Lindorf in the mean time absents himself, and Walstein having discovered the attachment of Caroline to his friend, nobly resolves to sacrifice his own happiness to theirs. The attention paid by the Count to Caroline during her illness, serves only to increase her regard for him; her situation is now exceedingly critical, she attributes the Count's reserve to indifference, and torments herself with the idea of having lost his affections; her anxiety is equally misinterpreted by Walstein, who supposes it to be owing to a conflict between love and duty. Determined to put an end to it, he hastens to Berlin, and procures a divorce, which he sends to Caroline, with a letter, wherein he paints his love in the strongest terms, yet at the same time declares his resolution of restoring her to her liberty, and enabling her to bestow her hand on the supposed object of her choice. Caroline, now convinced that the Count's reserve was not the result of indifference or resentment, but only of extreme delicacy, flies to him; an eclaircissement takes place, which removes every doubt, and renders the lovers supremely happy.——As a specimen of the author's manner, we have selected his account of the interesting interview.

"The haste with which she ran, her eagerness, her sobs, all cut speech short and interrupted respiration; her head reclined on the shoulders of the count, her arms hung round his neck, and her tears fell into his bosom. Walstein was not less agitated than herself; at last, taking her in his arms, and placing her on a sopha, he falls at her feet.

"Caroline!—Caroline!—is it you, Caroline!—is it, or is it some pitying angel who has assumed your form? Can what I have heard be possible?"

"Doubt it not, doubt it not! Here, here, (Caroline untied the ribband, and took the portrait from her bosom) look, behold the picture I love; nay look at it well; say whose likeness it is; behold who thus entirely possesses my heart, and for whom alone I would live and die."

"Walstein looked!—with astonishment looked!—It was he!. good God! he himself! at least such as he himself had been, and Caroline proved she still beheld him as he had been, and that, to her, he had undergone no change. True it was indeed, that he every day became more like his portrait, and that at present the likeness even could not be mistaken. But by what magic, what miracle could this portrait, of the existence of which the count himself was ignorant, fall into the hands of Caroline, be worn next her heart, and become the object of her dearest and tenderest caresses? He looks, he faulters, he is ready to sink under the excess, and yet cannot he believe it real! It is a heavenly dream out of which he fears to awake! Few are his words, but those few all are expressive of rapture, astonishment, and remaining doubt. As soon as passion would permit, Caroline, blushing, drew from her pocket all the letters and the manuscript which Lindorf had left her.—"Take these," said she, "read, and you will know all. No more will I have any secrets from my Walstein; they have already made me wretched.—— Yes, I loved Lindorf; at least, I had sensations that bore some resemblance to those I feel at present. What the difference is, you yourself shall judge. When Lindorf left me at Rindaw, I wept, yes, wept, and not a little; but my grief soon found alleviation, soon subsided, and soon did that small picture become dearer to my heart than Lindorf.

"This morning, on the contrary, I wept not, when I received the fearful sentence of separation. Not a tear escaped: but I thought either death or destruction must have been the instantaneous effect; and should you persist in that your dreadful design, it would be as though you were to say to me, *Caroline, I wish thee dead.*—But oh! rather say, Caroline, I wish thee mine, and mine thou ever shalt be.—Here—here is the paper! the—the divorce! Look how insignificant it is at present!"

"It was torn in a thousand pieces, and Caroline cast it with indignation into the fire.—Walstein could not utter a word! He gazed, he wept, he took her hand, pressed it to his lips, to his heart. He gazed again, and exclamations without connection, without meaning succeed each other. He took up his own picture, and, in his delirium, kissed it with transport! It was the sacred proof of the affection of his dear Caroline!"

The attachment of Matilda, Walstein's sister, to Lindorf, to whom, after surmounting repeated difficulties, she is at length happily united, forms an interesting episode.

A Me-

A Method to preſerve Peach and Nectarine Trees from the Effects of the Mildew; and for deſtroying the red Spider in Melon Frames, and other Frames which infeſt Plants in Stoves, and Trees, Shrubs, &c. in the open Gardens. By Robert Browne, Gardener to Sir Harbord Harbord, Bart. at Gunton, in Norfolk. ſm. 8vo.

OF the efficacy of Mr. Browne's method we cannot pretend to judge, as we have not converſed with any perſon who has tried it. The author indeed has given a liſt of ſeveral eminent gardeners, who having, for the two laſt ſummers, obſerved and examined his fruit-trees and melon-plants, have declared themſelves convinced of its excellence. We cannot help, however, obſerving, that as every leaf is to be ſeparately waſhed with his liquid, and afterwards wiped, it muſt be exceſſively tedious, and in gardens of any extent utterly impracticable, without employing a very great number of hands. We may conclude, however, that if Mr. Browne's ſkill, as a gardener, equals his dexterity in author-craft, he is no common maſter in his profeſſion; for of the pamphlet forty pages are taken up with a dedication and liſt of ſubſcribers, and the body of the work, which is ſwelled out to 65 pages, would ſcarce make a ſingle leaf of a Magazine.

The Hiſtory of Athens politically and philoſophically conſidered, with a View to an Inveſtigation of the immediate Cauſes of Elevation and of Decline operative in a free and commercial State. By William Young, Eſq. London. 4to. 15s. Robſon. 1786. *(Concluded from Page 256.)*

THE eighth chapter, which treats of the conduct of the ſtate towards the dependencies of the empire,—of the ſocial war, and of the independency in conſequence thereof attained by CHIOS, COS, RHODES, and other tributaries—is particularly intereſting; moſt of the facts related, as well as their conſequences, being exactly ſimilar to thoſe that occurred in our late unfortunate conteſt with America; and that every application may have its full force, as ariſing from the grounds of hiſtory, and not be treated as the ſuggeſtion of fancy, the author declares he has ſtrictly adhered to facts, without any forced alluſion:——"I ſeek it not, and I wiſh that circumſtances had never occurred to render it obvious!"—Let the reader judge.

"In the adminiſtration of the dependencies of Athens, a popular or democratic conſtitution was adopted, ſimilar in appearance to that of the ſovereign ſtate; but it had only the form and ſhow of ſuch conſtitution. Athens eſtimated the funds, and apportioned the tribute of each province, and farther impoſed a tax of one per cent. on its exports: and as it called each queſtion and cauſe of importance before its *own aſſembly*, the legiſlation muſt neceſſarily have followed, and be modelled to its own: further, the province was controuled by a garriſon, and that of the worſt ſort, namely, of mercenaries from Lydia, Phrygia, and Syria; who, as mere ſoldiers of fortune, were probably little *conſiderate* of how much they vexed, pillaged, and alienated the affections of the people; and that very people was to pay thoſe who robbed and inſulted them. The Athenian officers and magiſtrates who were delegated to command, joined in the wanton exerciſe of authority and depredation; on which Demoſthenes obſerves, "*the gain was their own, the odium was the republic's.*"

"Nor was the reſponſibility an object of dread, whilſt the Athenians, in diſregard of the merit of each plea, ever ſided with thoſe who puſhed their power to its extremeſt verge. In this their partiality was not confined to their own citizens: the men of diſtinction, from family and opulence, in each iſland looked to ſucceſs in each private cauſe proportionally as they were noted for a dereliction of the intereſts of their countrymen, and for ſubſerviency to the rapaciouſneſs of the ſovereign people; who collectively were guilty of exceſſive exorbitancy and miſapplication in exacting new impoſts, and in diſtributing the money individually in their own body, under the name of fees for attendance on public affairs, or in private cauſes. Thence too occurred a frequency of litigation, and a delay of juſtice; every diſpute was ſent home from the prætors in each province, and the proceſs was ſpun out (often during a whole year) to the diſtreſs and ruin of the parties: juſtice was only to be expedited by bribes; as it were in compenſation for the loſs in detail, ariſing from the premature cloſing of the judicial proceedings.

"Such were the grievances from which the tributaries of Athens ſought redreſs. The great ſtateſman Demoſthenes, and the good old rhetor Iſocrates, equally pleaded for pacific meaſures, and the rectifying the abuſes without recurrence to the force of arms. "It is," ſays the former, "by a communion of benefits, and not by garriſons, that dependencies of

empire are preſerved and turned to account." The other inſiſts, that from a conciliatory demeanor "one advantage above all will accrue, we ſhall have the alliance of all, not enforced but voluntary." Indeed diſtant dependencies can never eſſentially ſerve a mother-country, or ſovereign ſtate, unleſs good-will, as well individual as national, founded in the ſenſe of mutual intereſts and reciprocal benefit, be the cement of the union. Without ſuch incentives to intercourſe as ariſe from equal advantage, equal participation of rights, and from a confidence in the ſovereign ſtate, as extending equally its care to the proſperity as well as ſecurity of all, the dependencies will never enrich the parent-country in times of peace, by the genuine and ſalutary tribute of a free commerce; nor in times of war and diſtreſs, add to its force by the vigorous aſſiſtance of free ſubſidy and voluntary levies.—The members of empire will, in the one caſe, be the vexatious ſource of ſcanty and unprofitable revenue; and in the other, an oppreſſive weight of oſtenſible defence or annoyance, which will diſtreſs rather than aſſiſt the ſovereignty.

"In every age the conſiderate ſtateſman ſeems to have admitted therefore of the above obſervations, but they rarely have been admitted in practice, at the criſis when their expediency might have had effect. The paſſions of domination, of avarice, and of pride, have too often given up the ear of a people to the voice of an intereſted miniſter; and the means of office which foreign controul, and, above all, which the aſſerting that controul put in his hands, ſuffice to the procuring him greedy partizans and agents, who become zealous abettors of his views;—views which avarice, ambition, and the ſecuring his power, firſt by exciting and then by feeding the prejudices of the people, and from the patronage of oppreſſive government, and laſtly from the patronage of war, have ſuggeſted to him. Chares, who was an orator as well as officer, had preſent influence in the Athenian aſſembly: moderation and temperance were thence ſcouted, and all ideas of conceſſion to the iſlands treated as puſillanimous, inexpedient, and unneceſſary. The arrogance and intractability of one party engaged Athens in this unprofitable war;—perhaps the ſpeeches of Iſocrates and Demoſthenes might have ſerved to inſpirit the colonies, ſow diviſions at home, and render the cauſe deſperate.

"Chios, Cos, Rhodes, and ſucceſſively Byzantium and other cities conſpired to humble the arrogance and preſcribe ſome limits to the juriſdiction of the ſovereign republic. Chares was ſent to cruſh the rebellion; but ſuch wars are not ſo immediately concluded, wherein the ſubject ſucceſſively exaſperates; wherein the minds of men are ſo wholly engaged; wherein the attack is often careleſs, becauſe preſumptuous; wherein defence is ever obſtinate, becauſe reſentment of the paſt, and dread of the future, are equally preclufive of ſubmiſſion; and wherein the haughty ſpirit of the aggreſſors is equally preclufive of terms. An Athenian fleet was defeated off Chios; the confederates then purſued an active courſe, interrupted the Athenian commerce at ſea, and laid waſte the iſlands. It was now found that this *ſocial war* was of ſerious moment: reinforcements were diſpatched to the fleets and armies; old admirals and generals were employed in the ſervice; the fleets met, but ſeparated in the night without coming to action, and met no more. Chares accuſed his comrades in command, "from whoſe timidity (he ſaid) the occaſion was loſt of cloſing the war at a ſingle blow." The aſſumption of victory coſt but little: Iphicrates and Timotheus were fined and baniſhed, becauſe the war was not cloſed at this *fortunate* opportunity of deſtroying a fleet of nearly equal force, and on equal terms of engagement, in the fury of a tempeſt!—

"Chares, thus at once diſengaged from the competition and obſervance of his rivals, to ingratiate himſelf with the aſſembly, tendered the aſſiſtance of his fleet to Artabazus, who had revolted from the king of Perſia, on condition of receiving a large ſum of money, which he, in part, remitted to Athens, where it was received with joy and approbation, and the conduct of Chares ſanctioned by a vote of thanks. Soon, however, the conſequences of this conduct of Chares, and the rapacious concurrence of the people, brought with them regret and diſpleaſure; the vote of thanks was eraſed, and Chares fled to Sigæum. The Perſian king, irritated by the ſupport given to Artabazus, was ſaid to be preparing a fleet of three hundred ſail to inveſt the Piræus. The menace was doubly formidable to Attica from its being at variance with the better, namely, with the naval part of its common tributaries: the aſſociates too would have had an ally in the great king. The ſentiment, that to give much

much was better than to hazard all, prevailed with the assembly, thus frightened, rather than persuaded into concessions of enfranchisement and other advantages to the colonies and islands.

"Thus ended the social war, after three years fruitless blood-shed and expence: its effect was not merely the acquirement of unprecedented rights and privileges, on the part of those who instituted, or who entered into the contest, but the supremacy of Athens was weakened in *every quarter* by the example."

Thus far the resemblance has been but too strong between Great Britain and Athens: how far the concluding remark may apply to America, time must determine; but if we may judge from appearances, it is prophetic.

"It is a misfortune ever attending political contests of this kind, that those who begin well, end ill; they forego the reasonable grounds they set out upon, and enlarge on their plan till it becomes too extensive for their management and means; or they continue building on a narrow foundation, till they are overwhelmed in the ruins of an over-weighty superstructure. Had Chios, Cos, and Rhodes, adhered to the spirit of their first requisition for the redress of grievances, they might long have continued *the free appendages of a free state*. Not contented with freedom, they sought and established their independency on the distresses of the sovereign republic; they then were some time torn and distracted with factions of oligarchy and democracy; in framing new and speculative constitutions of government; and shortly were swallowed up in the dominion of *their great ally*, and submitted to the despotism of a Persian Satrap. The Rhodians then applied to Athens to deliver them from the oppressive government of Mausolus. Athens might have protected and preserved their liberty, but could not recover it for them."

The importance of the above remarks having led us to give so long an extract from them, we must, in consequence, pass over the remaining chapters of this work more cursorily: indeed, our limits will barely permit us to enumerate their contents. The ninth chapter then contains the character of Philip of Macedon, together with strictures on the remiss conduct of the Athenians in obviating the enterprizes of that monarch, who was as great a politician as a general, —"who bought whom he could, and forced whom he could not buy;" and remarks on the temper of the times, deduced from the orations of Demosthenes. The tenth treats of certain duties of a citizen,—of the holy war,—of the temporizing conduct of the Athenians,—the result of such conduct,—the battle of Cheronea, and the supremacy of Philip. In the following chapter the author, after some further observations on demagogues, draws a parallel of the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, and bestows the palm of oratory on the former, in opposition to the whole tribe of academicians: and in the twelfth and last, relates the consequences of the battle of Cheronea, the final surrender of the commonwealth to Antipater,—and concludes with the subversion of the republic of Athens.

An Appendix is added, containing notes to explain and illustrate the work, in which the author has shewn that his classical knowledge is not inferior to his political judgment. Upon the whole, this volume, notwithstanding the eccentricity of the stile, (if we may be permitted the expression) which we have already noticed, and cannot but lament, is such as to do equal credit to the writer's head and heart. Anecdotes of the author will be given in a future Number.

The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham. By William Hutchinson, F. A. S. Vol. I. 4to. 1l. 1s. Robinson. 1786.

(*Concluded from Page* 176.)

HAVING in a former Number given a slight sketch of the origin and nature of the palatine power of the bishops of Durham, we now, according to promise, proceed to lay before our readers a concise account of some of the most remarkable occurrences in the history of that diocese, together with some of the leading traits in the characters of the most eminent prelates who have filled the see.

The first bishop who united the temporal with the spiritual duties, was *Walcher*, who was consecrated at Winchester in the year 1072. This union was, however, by no means agreeable to the Northumbrians, who were previously dissatisfied with the Norman accession. They regarded the bishop in his civil capacity, in a light they had never seen any of St. Cuthbert's successors, and from their hatred to one

of his character, loſt their reverence for the other; and the biſhop's improper choice of miniſters and favourites increaſed their diſcontent. His kinſman, Gilbert, was entruſted in the adminiſtration of the earldom, who encouraged his ſoldiers to treat the people with intolerable inſolence, taking away by force whatever their wantonneſs of power dictated, and putting to death even thoſe of higher rank. His chaplain, Leofwin, who was his archdeacon in eccleſiaſtical matters, and chief confidant in all private affairs, has been charged with purloining the ornaments and treaſures of the church, and diſtributing them among his kinsfolk. A Saxon nobleman, named Leulph, no leſs eminent for his perſonal virtues than his extenſive poſſeſſions, having ſuffered from the indiſcriminate depredations of the deputy, remonſtrated to the biſhop againſt the improper conduct of his *vice-comes* and archdeacon. This ſo enraged Leofwin, that he ſolicited Gilbert to put him to death, who, equally actuated by reſentment, readily undertook it; and beſetting his houſe with troops in the nighttime, put Leulph with the greateſt part of his family to the ſword. This act of violence enraged the Northumbrians, by whom the deceaſed was greatly reſpected, and they anxiouſly waited a proper opportunity to revenge the horrid maſſacre of this innocent family on the biſhop, whom they ſuppoſed privy to the crime, as he ſuffered the perpetrators of it to go unpuniſhed. An opportunity ſoon offered, when the biſhop fell a victim to the fury of the populace. The following is Mr. Hutchinſon's account of this dreadful cataſtrophe.

"Not long after the foregoing tranſaction, the biſhop held a public aſſembly of his council and miniſters at Gateſhead, to which the ſuitors repaired, and truſting to the veneration hitherto paid to the ſacredneſs of his office, he neglected to take a ſufficient military force to ſecure him from injury. The appearance of the people immediately indicated miſchief; they were not to be reſtrained, were inſolent and refractory. The biſhop was at length alarmed for his ſafety when it was too late to procure ſuccour. He cauſed his officers to aſſure the people, that part of the buſineſs of the aſſembly was to make reſtitution to the relations of the deceaſed. The rage of the populace encreaſed to ſuch a degree, that he at length offered to bring Leofwin to trial, that the law might determine his fate: but the mob were ſo tumultuous, they refuſed to ſubmit to the common forms of juſtice. The biſhop perceived it was too late to appeaſe them; they diſplayed a total contempt of his authority as Earl, or ſanctity as Biſhop; they beſet the houſe with a clamour which ſtruck the whole aſſembly with terror; and on a watch-word being pronounced from every quarter, which ſome of the monaſtic orders have recorded, "*Short red, good red, ſlea ye the Biſhoppe,*" they diſcovered their arms, which hitherto were concealed under their garments. The few guards the biſhop brought with him, who dreading no miſchief had diſperſed themſelves, were ſurrounded and put to the ſword. The biſhop privately retreated to the church, whither he ſummoned a few of the chief men of each party, to propoſe terms of amity and ſatisfaction. Thoſe who conceived they could influence the mob, went out to appeaſe them, but without reſpect of perſons many were ſlain. The biſhop commanded Gilbert to go forth, and endeavour to reconcile their wrath, but he was an immediate victim to their vengeance. Some of the rioters ſet fire to the church, whilſt others guarded the door, and put every one to death that attempted to depart. Thoſe who remained within, no longer able to endure the force of the flames, ruſhed out, and were inſtantly ſlain. The laſt of the aſſembly was the venerable prelate; his heart was overwhelmed with affliction for the death of his people: whilſt his benevolence lamented their unhappy exit, he was denied all the feelings his own approaching fate might have inſpired in a leſs generous boſom; for he could not hope that his life would be ſpared by the ſavage and mad multitude. Between the impending evils, for a moment, he was indeterminate what death he ſhould die. The fire urged him to the ſword of the enemy; the enemy drove him back to the flames. At length no time was left to irreſolution. The fire blazed upon him on every hand. Putting up a ſhort prayer to Heaven, he advanced towards the howling and clamorous multitude. With one hand he made a fruitleſs ſignal to command ſilence; with the other he ſanctified himſelf with the ſign of the croſs; and, folding himſelf in his robe, he veiled his face, and was inſtantly pierced to the heart with a lance. The venerable, the awful remains of the man did not ſtay their brutality; his death did not ſatiate their vengeance; for they inhumanly mangled his body with their ſwords."

This cataſtrophe happened on the 14th of May 1080. The ſecular clergy were ſuſpected

ſuſpected of having aſſiſted to ſpirit up the diſcontent of the people againſt the biſhop's adminiſtration. The king, highly provoked, ſent his brother Odo, biſhop of Baieux, to puniſh thoſe guilty of this outrage. Odo having croſſed the Tyne, the chiefs of the offenders fled; he then laid waſte the country, put many to death, and mutilated others who were related to the murderers, and unable to pay the price ſet on their heads, deſolating that part of the province ſo as to render it a dreary ſolitude and deſert.

The next memorable circumſtance is, the uſurpation of the ſee by William Cumin, who was chaplain to his predeceſſor, Galfrid Rupes, who died in 1140. Perceiving the biſhop's diſſolution was approaching, he gained the confidence of thoſe about his perſon, particularly ſuch as had the cuſtody of the caſtle, who engaged to deliver up the palace and tower to him immediately on the biſhop's death. He cautiouſly concealed his plan from the prior and archdeacon, and ſet out for the court of Scotland to ſecure his ſovereign's aſſiſtance in obtaining the biſhopric. During his abſence the biſhop died; his death, however, was kept ſecret for ſome days, and on the Sunday after his interment, Cumin returned, armed with the powers of the king of Scotland, who favoured his pretenſions, and uſed every influence to induce the people to ſubmit to his authority. He took poſſeſſion of the caſtle, by the command of the empreſs, and eaſily gained over ſeveral of the moſt powerful barons. Every perſuaſion and argument, however, proved ineffectual to prevail on the prior and archdeacon to elect him to the biſhopric. All efforts proving vain, the legate was applied to, who gave judgment againſt ſuch intruſion, and pronounced an interdict againſt Cumin, if he perſiſted in aſſuming the epiſcopal function without a due election. Notwithſtanding theſe obſtacles, Cumin prepared to receive the paſtoral ſtaff and ring from the empreſs, but was prevented by her being obliged, previouſly to the time appointed for that ceremony, to quit London. He accompanied the empreſs in her flight, and ſoon after arriving at Durham, found the king of Scotland there: the prior and convent, however, remaining inexorable, he was left in poſſeſſion of the caſtle, as *cuſtos* of the temporalties for the empreſs. But after the king's departure, not regarding himſelf as *cuſtos*, but as poſſeſſing the authority of biſhop, he received the homage of all the barons, except Roger de Coniers, and made the burgeſſes of Durham ſwear fealty to him. Not being able to bend the determined reſolution of the old archdeacon, he perſecuted and baniſhed him the country. Ranulf having found means to approach the king, laid his injuries before the throne. Cumin was ordered to make reſtitution, but he deſpiſed every ſentence pronounced againſt him. A monk at length, who was in the ſecret confidence of Cumin, was ſent abroad to accompliſh a project concerted between them, and which afterwards came fully to light. After a proper time being elapſed, the monk returned with forged letters from the pope, and an imitation of the apoſtolical ſeal, approving Cumin's election, and commanding the legate to moleſt him no further in his epiſcopal function. But the abbot of Melros ſuſpecting the fraud, uſed every means to diſcover the artifice, and at length prevailed on the monk to confeſs the whole device. Innumerable injuries were during this time deviſed againſt the convent by the uſurper; at the expiration, however, of three years, the meſſengers ſent to Rome by the prior and convent returned with letters from the Holy See, commanding them to elect their biſhop within forty days; and notwithſtanding the vigilance of Cumin to watch the motions of the brotherhood, ſome of them eſcaped to York, and elected William de St. Barbara, who with great reluctance ſubmitted to the dignity, and was, after a due examination of the nature of his election, conſecrated at Wincheſter, on the 20th of June, 1143. Cumin had the audacity to ſend his letters, ſealed with the chapter ſeal, not only to the aſſembly to forbid the election, but alſo to the legate to prohibit his conſecration; which being diſregarded, he perſecuted the members of the convent with the utmoſt virulence, and, notwithſtanding every endeavour, kept poſſeſſion during a year and four months; at the expiration of which time, contrary to every one's expectation, on the biſhop's arrival at Durham, accompanied by the archbiſhop of York, and biſhop of Carliſle, on the feſtival of St. Luke, Cumin, in deep contrition of his offences, proſtrated himſelf at the biſhop's feet, and voluntarily delivered up the caſtle, with all the territories of the palatinate, without ſtipulating any proviſions in his favour, and took an oath to make good any damages the ſee had ſuffered by his intruſion, as far as in his power lay.

Nothing very remarkable occurs in the Hiſtory of the Dioceſe till the time of biſhop Bek, who was elected on the 12th

of

of July, 1283; who, previous to his election to the prelacy, enjoyed much church preferment, holding, beſides the archdeaconry of Durham, five eccleſiaſtical benefices, with cure of ſouls, in the province of Canterbury. In the year 1294, the biſhop was ſent embaſſador to the emperor of Germany, to conclude a treaty with that potentate againſt the increaſing power of France. In 1295, the pope having ſent two cardinals to the Engliſh court, this prelate was pitched upon to anſwer them in the king's name. The metropolitan ſee of York, having commenced a claim of juriſdiction over the ſee of Durham, the archbiſhop, while biſhop Bek was accompanying the king on the northern borders, ſent two of his clerks, by the pope's authority, to Durham, with official letters of citation, and canonical mandates. The biſhop's officers eſteeming this an intruſion on the privileges of the ſee, impriſoned the meſſengers in the caſtle of Durham, and held them in cloſe durance till the biſhop's pleaſure could be known; who approved of their conduct, and ordered the priſoners to be detained, in defiance of the archbiſhop's admonitions to enlarge them. The archbiſhop in conſequence iſſued his precept to the prior of Boulton, to excommunicate the biſhop in the churches of Allerton, Darlington, and other places. The prior obeyed the mandate, and a complaint being brought before parliament the enſuing year, the archbiſhop was adjudged to be committed priſoner to the Tower, notwithſtanding his pall; and enforced to enter into a recogniſance, with ſureties, to pay a fine of 4,000 marks to the king, notwithſtanding his inſiſting on his archiepiſcopal privilege, and the mediation of the nobles in his behalf.

This biſhop, amongſt his other qualities, had an unbounded arrogance of mind. He attempted to break in upon the privileges of the convent, which he wiſhed to govern as his caprice or pride might dictate. Violent diſſenſions enſued between the biſhop and prior, and the king was obliged to interpoſe as mediator, who declared that the party firſt infringing the accommodation ſhould make him his bitter enemy; and accordingly, on the biſhop renewing his acts of violence, the king warmly eſpouſed the part of the convent. The diſſenſion of the monks was ſucceeded by a breach between the biſhop and his people, who complained that he compelled them to attend him in the war with Scotland, and when ſome returned without leave, he caſt them into priſon; which they pleaded was a violation of their privileges, they holding their lands by ſervice of defending the body and poſſeſſions of St. Cuthbert, and not being compellable to march out of the confines of their biſhopric.

Under theſe increaſed offences the king ſeized the liberties of the Palatinate, and appointed Robert de Clifford cuſtos thereof. The biſhop remained deprived till the parliament was aſſembled next year, when an agreement was entered into between the biſhop and the men of his province, and they obtained many privileges. The biſhop appears to have made ſubmiſſion to the king; for after the abovementioned agreement, he was again received to the royal favour, and his biſhopric reſtored. In the year 1306 he was again deprived for various new offences, the king ſeeking every occaſion to humble him, as well as gratify an implacable hatred which rankled in his heart, and prevented his ever being reconciled to him after the ſecond breach.

This biſhop in many inſtances ſhewed great reſolution, particularly in his anſwer to the archbiſhop, when he enjoined him by his canonical obedience to excommunicate the prior and heads of the convent. "I was conſecrated their biſhop yeſterday," he replied, "and ſhall I excommunicate them to-day? No profeſſion of obedience ſhall induce me to ſo inconſiſtent an act." And again, when the king, at Lincoln, aſked him whether he ſtood with him againſt the earls Marſhall and Hereford and other barons aſſembled there, he boldly anſwered, "That thoſe perſonages were aſſiduous in the promotion of the honour and intereſt of the king and realm, therefore he ſtood with them, and not with the king againſt them." "Had his other principles," ſays our author, "been as noble, his character would have been as illuſtrious as his life was magnificent. But his pride was prevalent in every action of his life: it was the bias by which every part of his conduct was influenced; and that pride affronted brought forth implacable averſion, as was ſeen in his conteſts with the convent, in which it is evident he could not brook the indignity of contradiction. He was pleaſed with military parade and martial diſcipline; but though deſirous of a retinue of ſoldiers about him, he affected a ſeeming indifference and negligence towards them, and ſhewed no concern whilſt the greateſt nobles bent the knee to him, and officers of the army waited ſtanding as he ſat. He thought nothing too dear that could contribute to

his

his public fame for magnificence; as an inſtance of which, Grayſtanes tells us, one time in London he paid forty ſhillings (now about 80l. ſterling money) for forty freſh herrings, when they had been refuſed by the moſt opulent perſons in the realm, then aſſembled in parliament. At another time he bought a piece of cloth, which was held up at ſo high a price, that, proverbially, it was ſaid to be too dear for the biſhop of Durham, which he ordered to be cut into cloths for his ſumpter horſes. He ſeized the king's palfrey as a deodand, it having killed its rider in the way to Scotland within the liberties of his palatinate. He was ſo impatient of reſt, that he never took more than one ſleep, ſaying it was unbecoming a man to turn from one ſide to the other in bed. He was perpetually riding from one manor to another, or hunting, or hawking. Though his expences were very great, he was provident enough never to want money. He always roſe from his meals with an appetite; and his continence was ſo ſingular, that he never looked a woman full in the face; whence, in the tranſlation of St. William of York, when the other biſhops declined touching the ſaints' remains, through a conſciouſneſs of having forfeited their virginity, he alone boldly handled them, and aſſiſted at the ceremony with due reverence."

On the demiſe of biſhop Kellow, A. D. 1316, Louis de Bellomonte, vulgarly called Beaumont, was, through the intereſt of the queen, elected biſhop. The accounts given of him ſay, "He was of exalted birth, was well-favoured in his countenance, but crippled and lame of both his feet, and a miſerable figure for the pontifical dignity. He was ſtrictly continent, but in his other manners wholly laical, and ſo exceedingly illiterate, that when he attempted to read in public the Bull for his ſacred office, which he had been taught to ſpell for ſeveral days together, he could not utter it intelligibly; ſo that when he came to the word *metropolitice*, and hammered over it for a conſiderable time, he cried out in his mother-tongue, *ſoit pour dict*, "let us ſuppoſe it read."—In going on with this inſtrument, impatient of an intolerable taſk, where even a fool would have bluſhed in his conſciouſneſs of incapacity, when he came to the words *in ænigmate*, he could not proceed one jot; but with a vacant grin, which was intended to expreſs facetiouſneſs, he exclaimed, *Par Saint Louis, il n'eſt pas curtois qui ceſte parolle ici eſcrit.* "By St. Louis, it is not courteous that this word is written here."

In the year 1406, Thomas Langly, lord chancellor of England, was elected to this ſee. Through his intereſt he obtained from the Crown the royal charter by letters patent, dated in the 8th year of king Henry IV. (by way of exemplification of preceding grants) in confirmation of the liberties and privileges conferred on the biſhops by the ſeveral potentates ſince the eſtabliſhment of the ſee. Large extracts from this charter are given in the notes. In 1409, he obtained a confirmation of the judgment given by Parliament touching the liberties of the palatinate, enquired of under the ſtatute of *quo warranto* in the year 1293. In 1433, a warm inquiſition was held under royal authority againſt the biſhop's prerogatives and juriſdictions. The proceedings, though violent, proved a remarkable ſupport of the immunities and privileges of the county palatine, and the biſhop's regal authority and right.

In 1522, on the deceaſe of Dr. Ruthall, the celebrated cardinal Wolſey was appointed biſhop of the ſee. The events of this prelate's life being ſo univerſally known, we paſs them over in ſilence, and proceed to his ſucceſſor, Cuthbert Tunſtall, in whoſe time the diſſolution of the monaſteries took place, when the priory of Durham was ſurrendered by Hugh Whitehead, then prior. An act having paſſed veſting all religious houſes with their rights, lands, and poſſeſſions in the Crown, the king, in virtue of it, in 1541, founded the cathedral church, and appointed a dean and twelve prebendaries therein for ever. By this foundation charter, the ſurrendering prior was appointed the firſt dean, and twelve of the moſt eminent of the fraternity prebendaries, and were incorporated by the appellation of *The Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of Chriſt and the Bleſſed Mary the Virgin*, and had a common ſeal granted them, with power to the dean for the time being to appoint inferior officers, &c.; and in the ſame year the king, by letters patent, endowed the church with all its former poſſeſſions, having previouſly diſſolved the inferior cells dependant thereon.

In the ſucceeding reign biſhop Tunſtall was diſmiſſed the council-board, on account of his oppoſition to the Reformation, and ſoon after committed to the Tower on an accuſation of miſpriſion of treaſon. About the ſame time a project was ſaid to be formed of dividing the biſhopric into two, and founding a new one at Newcaſtle, which, however, did not take place. In the year 1553 an act paſ-

ſed, whereby the town of Gateſhead was annexed to Newcaſtle, and ſevered from the biſhopric of Durham. On Mary's acceſſion to the throne, Tunſtall was releaſed from the Tower, and a commiſſion iſſued to hear and determine an appeal entered by him againſt the act of Edward's Commiſſioners by which he was deprived; and on a return thereto an act of parliament was founded for re-erecting the Biſhopric of Durham, and re-uniting Gateſhead thereto, and reſtoring biſhop Tunſtall. King Edward having granted away great part of the lands, and theſe grants having been confirmed by Parliament, the Houſe of Commons knew not how to get over this fact; but the biſhop himſelf coming into the Houſe, and laying before them the hardſhips he had ſuffered, after many warm debates the bill paſſed by a diviſion of 201 againſt 120. The corporation of Newcaſtle ſtrenuouſly oppoſed this act; but this oppoſition was given up, on a promiſe from the biſhop to grant the corporation a long leaſe of a parcel of land called the Salt Meadows, and the tolls of the town of Gateſhead, which accordingly was granted in 1554 for a term of 450 years, and confirmed by the Chapter.

Soon after the biſhop's reſtoration, the queen granted the patronage of all the prebends of the cathedral to him and his ſucceſſors, which was before in the Crown.

It was hoped, when the Reformation took place in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, that Tunſtall would have readily come into it; he, however, refuſed taking the oaths of ſupremacy, and was in conſequence deprived, and committed in free cuſtody to Matthew Parker, archbiſhop elect of Canterbury, where he was entertained in a moſt kind, friendly, and brother-like manner. He did not continue long in that retired and private condition, for he died in November 1559, aged 85.

Our author ſums up biſhop Tunſtall's character as follows: "He was an accompliſhed, learned, and excellent prelate, and author of many valuable works; highly beloved, admired, and praiſed by all his learned cotemporaries both at home and abroad, and by many illuſtrious perſons of every perſuaſion ſince. Nothing redounds more to his praiſe than that, although he was firmly attached to the religion of his anceſtors, he was of a truly liberal and tolerant ſpirit towards thoſe who differed from him in their religious opinions; a quality rarely found in thoſe times, when religion was too often made a pretence by each party to perſecute one another. It is related of him, highly to his honour, that one Mr. Ruſſell, a reformed preacher, being brought before him at Auckland, he ordered him immediately to be diſmiſſed, humanely ſaying, "Hitherto we have had a good report among our neighbours; I pray you, bring not this man's blood on my head."

By an act paſſed in the firſt year of Elizabeth, enabling the queen, upon the avoidance of any biſhopric, to take into her own hands certain of the temporal poſſeſſions thereof, this ſee ſuffered great diminution of revenue: the queen, it appears, ſeized nearly 1000l. per annum, which was not reſtored till 1565. Dr. Richard Barnes, who was elected in 1577, alienated to the Crown the royal franchiſe of Norham, and ſundry other lands of the biſhopric.

Barnes was ſucceeded by Hutton, who in 1594 was tranſlated to York. This prelate was a man of great learning, and one of the ableſt preachers of his time. It is remarkable that he had three wives before he had a biſhopric. During his time the queen made two great innovations on the privileges of the biſhopric; the firſt was her nominating to the twelfth prebendary of the cathedral church; and the other, granting a charter of incorporation to Hartlepool.

On Dr. Hutton's tranſlation, Dr. Tobias Matthew was elected, a perſon greatly reſpected for his learning, eloquence, converſation, friendly diſpoſition, and the ſharpneſs of his wit. Sir John Harrington gives the following account of him: "During his abode there, being Dean of Chriſt Church, it was hard to ſay, whether he was more reſpected for his great learning, eloquence, authority, and countenance given him by the queen and great ones; or beloved for his ſweet converſation, friendly diſpoſition and bounty, that even then ſhewed itſelf; and above all a chearful ſharpneſs of wit, that ſo ſauced all his words and behaviour, that well was he, in the univerſity, who could be in the company of Toby Matthew; and his name grew ſo popular and plauſible, that they thought it a derogation to their love to add any title of Dr. or Dean to it; but if they ſpoke of one of his men, as he was ever well attended, they would ſay, Mr. Matthew, or Mr. Toby Matthew's men."

Pun and quibble were, in his time, in high vogue, and no man was to expect preferment in that age, either in church or ſtate, who was not a proficient in that kind of wit. Our readers will judge of the biſhop's claims in this way, from the following

following anecdote related of him by Fuller. "Being vice-chancellor of Oxford, and some slight matters and men coming before him, one man was very importunate to have the court stay for his counsel. Who is your counsel? says the vice-chancellor. Mr. *Leasteed*, answers the man. Alas! replies the vice-chancellor, no man can stand you in *less stead*. No remedy! adds the other,—Necessity has no law! Indeed, quoth he, no more I think has your chancellor."—This prelate, if we may be allowed a pun in our turn, was literally a *great preacher*, having, as appears by his own account, which he kept regularly, preached 721 sermons whilst he was dean of Durham, 550 during the time he was bishop of that see, and 721 while he was archbishop of York, in all 1992 sermons.—Preaching, at that time, was deemed an indispensable duty.—*Tempora mutantur.*

Dr. Matthew married Frances Barlow, daughter of Barlow bishop of Chichester. The following inscription on her monument in York cathedral, contains so remarkable a circumstance, that we cannot omit it.

"FRANCES MATTHEW,

"First married to Matt. Parker, sonne to Matth. Parker, Archbp. of Cant. afterwards to Tobie Matthew, that famous Archbp. of this see. She was a woman of exemplary wisdom, gravity, piety, beauty, and indeed all other virtues, not only above her sex but the times. One exemplary act of hers, first devised upon this church, and through it flowing upon the country, deserves to live as long as the church itself: The library of the deceased Archbp. consisting of about 3000 books, she gave entirely to the public use of this church;—a rare example that so great care to advance learning should lodge in a woman's breast: but it was the less wonder in her, because herself was of kin to so much learning. She was the daughter of Will. Barlow, Bp. of Chichester, and in king Henry VIII.'s time embassador into Scotland, of the ancient family of the Barlows in Wales. She had four sisters married to four Bishops; one to William Whickham Bp. of Winchester, another to Overton Bp. of Coventry and Litchf. a third to Westphaling Bp. of Hereford, and a fourth to Day, that succeeded Whickham in Winchester: so that a Bishop was her father, and an Archbishop her father-in-law; she had four Bishops her brothers, and an Archbishop her husband. When she had lived 75 years, the 10th of May she changed this life as full of honour as of days, A.D. 1629."

During the usurpation of Cromwell, the see was dissolved; bishop Moreton experienced a variety of sufferings, and the Palatinate and see underwent great changes, which our limits will not permit us to particularize. At the Restoration, when the state was restored to its former order, and the church re-established in its dignities and offices, John Cosin, dean of Peterborough, was elected to this bishopric; but for an account of him and the succeeding prelates, we must refer our readers to the book itself. An account of the revenues of the see, as far as they are publicly known, with many other curious particulars, and the antiquities of the county, are promised to be given in the second volume of this work, which will render it even more interesting than the present one.

History of the War with America, France, Spain, and Holland, commencing in 1775, and ending in 1783. By John Andrews, L. L. D. In four Volumes, with Portraits, Maps, and Charts. Fielding. 1l. 10s. Boards.

THE history of transactions that have happened so lately, and excited such violent animosities and altercations in this country, is certainly an hazardous attempt. No performance of this kind, written and published *recentibus odiis*, can expect to escape the censures of the passionate and prejudiced, who form, at times, the most numerous portion of society. Whatever impartiality a writer may profess, he will always be suspected of inclining to one side more than to the other. In the present instance the warmth and inveteracy which attended that unhappy contest, still subsist with little abatement; and the opinions that influenced the world at its commencement are occasionally maintained with as much fervour as ever.

In the diversity of ideas on so important a subject, it is the duty of an historian to give the preference to none, but to lay them all impartially before his readers. Due attention has been paid to

this rule in the Hiſtory now before us. Whatever may be the private ſentiments of the author, he has taken peculiar care to abſtain from all invectives, and neither to condemn or juſtify the proceedings of either party. He has ſet them before the public, without endeavouring to prepoſſeſs in favour of either ſide, and has left it to judge from the ſole influence of matters of fact and univerſal notoriety.

Such appears in general to have been his deſign; but whether the world will think him ſufficiently candid and unbiaſſed, is much a doubt. Thoſe who are enemies to the Americans, will probably accuſe him of being too lukewarm in the cauſe of his country: the favourers of America, on the other hand, will be as ready to think he has not done them proper juſtice, and that he is fearful to offend by ſpeaking diſagreeable truths.

This is by no means a ſurmiſe. Whenever this performance has been brought into converſation in our hearing, the opinions of people have uſually differed reſpecting its candour or partiality, as they happened to be friends to Great Britain or to America; each ſide deeming it rather partial to the other.

It has, however, been obſerved, that this very difference of opinion is no incompetent proof that the author has adhered to the rules of moderation. Had he completely pleaſed either of the parties concerned, he could not certainly have done it but at the expence of veracity.

One may conſiſtently with candour acknowledge, that his performance is tinctured with no malevolence or perſonal prejudice, and ſtudiouſly avoids deſcribing facts or repreſenting individuals with any inveteracy or prepoſſeſſion. This indeed was a duty particularly incumbent upon him. The judgments paſſed upon the principal actors and tranſactions in that unfortunate quarrel, differ ſo often, and ſo widely, that no individual can be blamed for ſuſpending his own opinion: if it is an error, it is on the ſide of modeſty, and has, for that reaſon, a juſt claim to be forgiven.

To thoſe who delight chiefly in the recital of facts, the parliamentary diſcuſſions and debates will perhaps appear too copious and extended; but there being as many who require ample information in ſuch matters, the author, we may ſuppoſe, thought they had an equal right to be gratified.

The remarks interſperſed throughout the work, relating to the circumſtances, politics, and characters of the various ſtates and nations intereſted in the late ſcenes, are judicious and pertinent, and convey clear and proper ideas of the temper and ſyſtem of the times.

The ſtile of this performance is correct and perſpicuous; and it is written all together with much elegance and ſpirit.

A Serious Admonition to the Public on the intended THIEF-COLONY at Botany Bay. London. J. Sewell. 1786.

THE author of this pamphlet, after ſome common-place remarks on the *glorious* privilege of an Engliſhman to rail at every miniſter and every meaſure, whether right or wrong, proceeds to point out the conſequences which are threatened by, what he terms, the preſent raſh and ill-adviſed plan of ſending the convicts to Botany Bay. He, in the firſt place, declares it to be a violation of the charter of the Eaſt India Company, which grants them an excluſive trade and navigation from the Cape of Good Hope to the Streight of Magellan; or, in other words, to all countries to the eaſt of Africa, and weſt of America.

Application, he ſays, was laſt year made to the Company for their permiſſion to ſettle Norfolk Iſland, in 29 deg. S. latitude, oppoſite to the eaſt coaſt of New Holland. To this the Company gave a "*poſitive negative*," founded on the opinion of Mr. Dalrymple, who, at the requeſt of the Directors, gave his reaſons at large againſt that meaſure.

One of the things propoſed by this eſtabliſhment, was the ſupplying India with cordage and maſts, the want of which had been frequently and ſeverely felt by our fleets ſtationed in that quarter. Conſidering the ſituation of Norfolk Iſland, and the length of the paſſage to Madraſs, Mr. D—— thinks it would be little ſhort of madneſs to leave a ſquadron dependant on ſo precarious a ſupply.

"The eſtabliſhment of a colony in that quarter, wherever it be fixed," Mr. Dalrymple goes on to remark, "muſt have a view to New Holland: and if an European colony be eſtabliſhed on that extenſive country, it is obvious it muſt become

become very ſoon independent, and I will add, very dangerous to England.

" In moſt new eſtabliſhed colonies, men devote themſelves to huſbandry; but the probable conſequence of a colony on New Holland would be their addicting themſelves to piratical excurſions among the iſlands on the coaſt of China. The long tranquility of the Chineſe has ſo enervated them, that an European veſſel of 100 tons would capture the largeſt and richeſt junk of the Chineſe; or the crew might land with impunity, and commit the greateſt exceſſes. The fatal conſequences liable to enſue, are too obvious to require much diſcuſſion. The regular trade at Canton would be ſubject to demands for indemnification, beyond the extent of its whole property, and the lives of thoſe concerned in it forfeited for the tranſgreſſions of theſe pirates, who would be beyond reach, if divided, and too formidable for puniſhment, if united.

" It, therefore," he concludes, " behoves the Company, as the guardians of the public welfare, to oppoſe every attempt to break in upon the excluſive charter, more eſſentially neceſſary now we have ſuch an intereſt at ſtake in India."

Such being the natural propenſity of the ſtrong to prey upon the weak, the author infers the cauſe of apprehenſion of piratical excurſions would be infinitely increaſed by the preſent project of ſending the convicts thither. He conſiders it as encouraging rather than deterring felons to ſend them, at the public expence, to a good country, and temperate climate, where they will be their own maſters, as it will be impoſſible, he ſays, to keep them on the ſpot in ſubjection, after they are landed in an unſettled country like New Holland, without a line of circumvallation of armed men, which would be attended with an enormous expence.

He accordingly conſiders them as abſolutely left to themſelves, and proceeds to examine the probable incitements to dependance or independance. If an intercourſe be kept up with this country, it would act, he ſays, as a two-edged weapon, to promote ſmuggling at home, and to cover that worſt of all kinds of illicit trade, the increaſe of the trade of foreigners, carried on by Engliſhmen and Engliſh property under falſe colours. If, on the other hand, an intercourſe be not kept up with the colony, then the neceſſities of the people will drive them immediately to provide for themſelves by excurſions, as ſuch men cannot be ſuppoſed to be reſtrained by any principles of juſtice. It therefore muſt be the height of folly to expoſe our poſſeſſions and commerce in the Eaſt Indies to ſo much hazard, without ſome great and important motive.

To obviate all theſe difficulties, the author propoſes, inſtead of ſending the convicts to Botany Bay, to have them conveyed to the iſland of Triſtan da Cunha, in 37 deg. S. latitude, between Africa and America, as the voyage would not only be ſhorter, but from the ſituation of the iſland all governors and guards would be unneceſſary, and of courſe that expence be ſaved. An account of Triſtan da Cunha is annexed from Mr. Dalrymple's nautical publications. Some of the hints thrown out in the pamphlet may merit attention; but, upon the whole, we cannot beſtow much commendation on it: the language in general is far from being elegant, it even in ſome inſtances borders on vulgarity; and the author is not ſucceſsful in his attempts to be facetious at the expence of miniſters.

An Hiſtorical Narrative of the Diſcovery of New Holland and New South Wales. Containing an Account of the Inhabitants, Soil, Animals, and other Productions of thoſe Countries, and including a particular Deſcription of BOTANY BAY. Illuſtrated with a Chart of New Holland, New South Wales, Botany Bay, and the new diſcovered Iſlands in the North and South Pacific Ocean, from 30 deg. N. to 50 deg. S. Latitude, and from 90 to 225 deg. Longitude, Eaſt, from the Meridian of Greenwich. 4to. 1s. 6d. Fielding.

THIS compilation appears to us to be faithfully executed. The reader is preſented with a chronological ſeries of the diſcoveries that have been made of the country and its productions; and we have no doubt will receive pleaſure in having the whole maſs of information relative to it brought into ſo ſmall a compaſs. We have only to lament that the editor has not enlarged more fully on the advantages of the intended ſettlement, as the hints he has inſerted towards the end of the pamphlet induce us to ſuppoſe him maſter of the ſubject.

GENERAL REMARKS on the DISCOVERIES made in the NORTH.

[From Dr. J. R. FORSTER's "Hiſtory of Voyages to the North."]

THE globe of this earth, as far as we hitherto know it, contains a much greater quantity of land elevated above the ſurface of the ſea, in the northern part, than do the oppoſite polar regions in the ſouth, which, to thoſe who have explored them, have conſtantly exhibited nothing but a wide extenſive ſea. On this principle it is that I have endeavoured to demonſtrate, in a former work, that in all probability the northern regions, taken collectively, are warmer particularly in ſummer, than the ſouthern. See my "Obſervations made during a Voyage round the World," p. 99. In fact, the great depth of the ſea abſorbs the ſolar rays; which, likewiſe, are not capable of imparting warmth to the prodigiouſly extenſive, an withal denſer ſea, ſo eaſily as they do to the much-more rarified fluid of the atmoſphere. The land, on the contrary, reflects the rays of the ſun in every direction; in conſequence of which they croſs each other; and obſervations have ſhewn, that it is by its collected beams only that the ſun is capable of generating a conſiderable degree of warmth. This is confirmed by the experience of all navigators in the northern regions, who, when between the 70th and 80th degrees of latitude, frequently ſpeak of a heat powerful enough to melt the pitch with which the ſhip is paid. On the other hand, in the ſouth, the temperature of the air is much colder; and in thoſe parts they never enjoy the comforts of a warm day.

In the cold countries there are a great many different ſpecies of talc and mica; as likewiſe a great quantity of the ſteatites and lapis ollaris; particularly in Greenland and Hudſon's-Bay, as likewiſe at Spitzbergen. Volcanic productions are found in great abundance in Greenland, Iceland, the weſtern coaſt of North America, the Catherine and Kurile iſlands, and in Kamtſchatka. Of metals there has been found native copper in Hudſon's Bay, and in the copper iſland near Kamtſchatka. Bear or Cherry-Iſland contains a conſiderable quantity of lead, and likewiſe ſome native ſilver. In Greenland a ſilver and even gold earth are ſaid to have been diſcovered.

The coaſt of Greenland conſiſts entirely of high, ſharp-pointed rocks on both ſides. In Hudſon's-Bay, however, theſe mountains begin to be leſs ſteep; and, in ſome parts of it, there are even, flat, level ſhores. Iceland is throughout, as well as Spitzbergen, a high, rocky country. Nova-Zembla has the ſame appearance. The whole northern coaſt of Siberia is flat and low. The eaſtern coaſt of Aſia, as far as to the extreme point of Kamtſchatka, is for the moſt part high and rocky. The American coaſt, on the contrary, is low and flat; but to the ſouth of Alaſka, it begins to be higher.

Hudſon's-Bay, Baffin's-Bay, and all the little ſeas from Labrador to Cape Farewell, are evidently made by the ſea having broken in upon the land. This likewiſe appears from the lofty top of Cape Farewell, and the high rocks on the eaſtern ſide of Reſolution and Saliſbury Iſlands, and of all the iſlands in Hudſon's-Bay, which terminate in flats to the weſtward, as though the earth had been waſhed away from them by a flood ruſhing on them from the eaſt. Greenland has an inlet to the eaſtward of it, and to the weſtward an iſland, viz. Iceland. Spitzbergen has a promontory in the ſouth-weſt, and to the ſouth-eaſt an iſland. All the ſhores of the Icy-Sea along Siberia, are flat; and the ſeas that lie to the northward of this country are very ſhallow. What we had to obſerve, with reſpect to the phyſical influence of the ſituation of the ſea between Aſia and America, near Kamtſchatka, has been already touched upon.

The ſeas, in theſe regions, are very cold, and partly covered with ice. The obſervation, that the ocean freezes here even ſo early as in Auguſt or September, and that in winter it is covered over, in the ſpace of one night, with ice ſeveral inches thick, is now fully confirmed. The ice, therefore, is not the production of the rivers running into the ocean, but of the ocean itſelf. The large maſſes are impelled by the wind one over the other, and thus form thick and lofty clumps of ice. But various are the ways in which ice is formed. We can never ſay, this is the method which Nature purſues in producing a certain effect; for ſhe has a variety of means to accompliſh her intentions, which man is not able to diſcover otherwiſe than by ſlow degrees. In the beginning of winter the ocean is not ſo cold as at the commencement of ſummer, ſubſequent to the tedious long winter in thoſe parts. The winds in the Icy-Sea are very boiſterous, and, when they blow over the large fields of ice there, intolerably cold. Eaſterly winds alſo are more common in the arctic circle than any other. The ſame, too, has been remarked before in the antarctic polar regions. Fogs are, in theſe climates, very common, and conſequently render the navigation there very dangerous. Theſe fogs, by their preſſure, keep down all the vapours which would otherwiſe riſe up into the atmoſphere; for which reaſon they have frequently an offenſive ſmell. Thunder and lightning are very

rare in theſe parts; partly by reaſon that the northern lights, which often are very frequent, conſume and waſte the electrical exhalations; and partly becauſe, in a region covered with eternal ſnow, from whence but a trifling quantity of ſnow melts away in the ſpace of ſeveral days, the electric matter cannot poſſibly riſe from the earth in any conſiderable quantity, and collect in order to form the matter of thunder and lightning. The trifling portion which appears in tempeſts, is thrown into the air from the volcanos in theſe regions. The abundance of miſts and vapours, which are in part frozen, and fill the whole atmoſphere, ſerves likewiſe to make one phenomenon more frequent and common here than it is elſewhere. Parheliums, and mock moons, are ſeen very frequently in the north; inſomuch that they have been remarked by many travellers. Theſe very vapours, which in the atmoſphere ſo greatly abound, ſerve alſo the beneficial purpoſe of exhibiting the joyous light of the ſun, in theſe dreary and melancholy regions, almoſt a fortnight ſooner above the horizon than could poſſibly be done, were the atmoſphere in a different ſtate: conſequently they contribute to ſhorten the dismal nights in theſe countries, and to enliven nature, rendered abſolutely torpid by the deadening blaſts of winter.

It muſt be true, the animated, organized creation is ſcattered with a ſparing hand in theſe dreary climates. The ſurface of the earth is covered with but few plants; and even thoſe which Nature has in her bounty beſtowed upon it, cling cloſe to it, fearing, as it were, to raiſe their heads from the boſom of their mother into the air, totally deprived, as it is, of warmth, and ſhrinking from the deadly blaſts of the north and eaſt winds. Nay, the earth itſelf is unprepared and unfit to receive and harbour the plants committed to her care. Bare and naked rocks, with a calm intrepidity, preſent their callous fronts to the attacks of the all-ravaging froſt: during the greateſt part of the year, indeed, they are covered by a thick bed of ſnow; conſequently they are preſerved for a long time without mouldering, and undeſtroyed. Rain, wind, and heat, alternating with froſt, but, above all, the effects of heat, and the fixed air floating in the atmoſphere, contribute to diſſolve and deſtroy by degrees the hardeſt and moſt ſolid rocks in temperate and warm climates. The fixed air, accompanied by heat, penetrates deep into the ſubſtance of the ſtones, and diſſolves ſmall particles of them, which the rains and wind waſh away and carry to a diſtance, and by this means make the ſurface of the earth continually more and more capable of receiving and harbouring plants, and all kinds of vegetables. In this earth, from a ſmall ſeed brought to it by the wind, at firſt there is generated a diminutive moſs, which ſpreading by degrees, with its tender and minute texture, which however reſiſts the moſt intenſe cold, extends over the whole a verdant velvet carpet. In fact, theſe moſſes are the midwives and nurſes of the other inhabitants of the vegetable kingdom. The bottom parts of the moſſes, which periſh and moulder away yearly, mingling with the diſſolved, but as yet crude parts of the earth, communicate to it organized particles, which contribute to the growth and nouriſhment of other plants: they likewiſe yield ſalts, and unguinous phlogiſtic particles, for the nouriſhment of future vegetable colonies. The ſeeds of other plants, which the ſea and winds, or elſe the birds in their plumage, bring from diſtant ſhores, and ſcatter among the moſſes, are kindly, and with a truly maternal care, ſcreened by them from the cold, imbued with the moiſture which they have ſtored up for this very purpoſe, and nouriſhed with their oily exhalations; ſo that they grow, increaſe, and at length bear ſeeds, and afterwards dying, add to the unguinous, nutritive particles of the earth, and at the ſame time diffuſe over this new earth and moſſes, more ſeeds, the earneſt of a numerous poſterity. Here let us ſtop for a moment to conſider theſe productions of the vegetable world in a nearer point of view. They are, as we have already obſerved, planted with a ſparing hand in theſe northern regions; not becauſe Nature acts the part of a ſtep-mother by them, but becauſe the ſeverity of the cold, in theſe climates, diſturbs and puts a ſtop to her operations, and conſequently makes her employ ages to produce effects, for which ſhe has ſcarcely a few years allowed her, under the benign influence of the ſun, in milder regions. Yet, even here, is Nature the ſame indulgent parent. On the few dwarfiſh plants that are to be found in theſe regions, the animals thrive aſtoniſhingly: even the liverworts (*lichen rangiferinus et iſlandicus*) poſſeſs uncommonly nutritive qualities, and make the animals, which feed on them, fat in a ſhort time. On the very ſhores, ſcurvy graſs, and other plants of this claſs, preſent themſelves to ſeafaring perſons infected with putrid fevers, and, with their invigorating juices, put a ſtop in the ſpace of a few days to the ravages of the ſcurvy.

And, however unpromiſing theſe regions may appear, yet neither the ſea nor land are deſtitute of objects, which, beſides an organic ſtructure, have the power of voluntary motion, and of conſciouſneſs. From the corals to the mammalia, every claſs of animals has its repreſentative in this otherwiſe inhoſpitable climate. Nova-Zembla, Spitzbergen and Greenland, have even their rein-

deer,

deer, their white bears, and grey foxes; and ſthe country lying to the northward of Hudon's-Bay, is inhabited by the biſon ox. Hares, mice, and *gluttons*, alſo, are indigenous in ſome of theſe regions. The ſea ſwarms with various ſorts of whales and dolphins; while its ſhores, and the dreary fields of ice that float upon it, ſerve as a habitation to the numerous ſpecies of ſeals, to which the depth of the ocean, in the immenſe number of its inhabitants, preſents an abundance of food. Of all theſe northern regions, the northern coaſt of Siberia alone is conſtantly inhabited by mankind, if we except America as far as Hudſon's-Bay and Greenland. The bodies of this race of men are contracted, as it were, by the cold. They are of a browniſh-red complexion; their hair is lank, ſtiff, and black. Their food is fiſh, ſeals, and whales; and train-oil is their greateſt delicacy. Their ideas, according to our way of thinking, are very confined; yet they manifeſt, in the formation of many of their implements, and articles of houſe-furniture, a ſkill, a dexterouſneſs, and capacity, which, at firſt ſight, one would not be apt to imagine they poſſeſſed. The complaints we frequently hear of their perfidiouſneſs and cruelty, are entirely groundleſs. The Europeans, indeed, have often, by acts of violence, by murder, and the perpetration of the greateſt cruelties, drawn upon themſelves the vengeance of theſe kind hearted, hoſpitable people, and at length taught them miſtruſt. They fulfil the duties of parents with tenderneſs, reſolution, and care, and in circumſtances in which thouſands of Europeans would neglect their charge. Amidſt dangers, amidſt the moſt piercing froſts, ſnow, and winds, they venture out to ſea in ſmall leathern boats to provide food for their children. In ſhort, the more we attend to theſe objects, the more evidently we ſhall perceive, in all parts, the traces of the providence, goodneſs, and wiſdom, of a Supreme Being, who diſpenſes his benefits over the whole univerſe, and manifeſts the utmoſt ſagacity and intelligence in the accompliſhment of his purpoſes; all which, in perſons of ſuſceptible and feeling hearts, excites the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude and adoration; and affecting them with the tendereſt emotions, draws from their eyes tears of heartfelt joy and admiration. "O that men would therefore praiſe the Lord for his goodneſs, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!"

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 30.

MR. Moſs from the theatre in Dublin appeared the firſt time at Drury-lane in the character of the Miſer. Mr. Moſs ſuſtained the part with ſpirit, and poſſeſſed a conſiderable degree of "vis comica". The frantic ſcene upon the diſcovery of the loſs of his treaſure was happily executed, and he received great applauſe from the audience, notwithſtanding his provincial dialect, and ſome other defects.

Nov. 13. Mrs. Belfil from Norwich appeared the firſt time at Covent-Garden in Belinda, in All in the Wrong. This lady poſſeſſes many perſonal requiſites for the ſtage, and promiſes, with the aid of time and good inſtruction, to fill with ſucceſs thoſe characters now too young for the veteran Abington. Her ſecond performance gave more ſatisfaction than the firſt; from which circumſtance we are inclined to hope for much future entertainment from her.

14. Mr. King and Mr. Hooke, two new performers, appeared at Covent-Garden in Young Meadows and Hawthorn in Love in a Village. The former gave no very ſtriking proofs of excellence; and the latter was not permitted to perform the character a ſecond time.

15. Mr. Rock appeared for the firſt time at Covent-Garden in the Iriſh Hay-maker in Roſina. He performed the part with the genuine vulgarity incident to that claſs of people to which the character belongs, and ſeems likely to be ſucceſsful in that line of acting.

18. He Wou'd be a Soldier, a new comedy by Mr. Pilon, was performed at Covent-Garden with conſiderable ſucceſs.

The characters were as follow.

Captain Crevelt -	Mr. Lewis.
Sir Oliver Oldſtock -	Mr. Quick.
Caleb - -	Mr. Edwin.
Colonel Talbot -	Mr. Aickin.
Mandeville -	Mr. Farren.
Count Pierpoint -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Wilkins - -	Mr. Fearon.
Johnſon - -	Mr. Brown.
Amber - -	Mr. Thomſon.
Harriet - -	Mrs. Wells.
Mrs. Wilkins - -	Mrs. Brown.
Lady Lucretia Oldſtock	Mrs. Webb.
And Charlotte -	Mrs. Pope.

FABLE.

Colonel Talbot, previous to his embarkation for India, was privately married to a beautiful young girl, an attendant on his mother. By her the Colonel had a boy. Shortly after the birth of his ſon, he was obliged to go abroad, leaving the child to the care of Jacob Wilkins, an inn-keeper, in Oxfordſhire.

ſhire. The Colonel deſired Wilkins to make the ſon paſs for his own till his return, which was about twenty-two years, at which period the comedy commences.

The piece opens with Wilkins's wife, followed in the ſtreet by Johnſon, ſervant to the Colonel. When ſhe informs Johnſon who ſhe is, he tells her that he is in ſearch of her huſband, by order of his maſter, to gain intelligence from him reſpecting his ſon, whom he left in his charge. Mrs. Wilkins gives this intelligence to her huſband, who declares that the boy, at twelve years old, had run away from him with a recruiting party, as he ſuppoſes. Wilkins is almoſt frantic to know in what manner he ſhall behave to the Colonel, as if even he ſhould tell the truth, he is afraid it will not be believed, and he ſhall be taken up for murder. In this dilemma, ſhe adviſes him to palm his own ſon, Caleb, on the Colonel as his own, in place of the run-away, to which he conſents. Caleb, who is a great ruſtic booby, is informed of his elevation by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Wilkins, and he aſſumes all the falſe conſequence of an ill-bred upſtart.

Sir Oliver Oldſtock, a Baronet, whoſe trait is to love contradiction, is the father of Charlotte, to whom he intends her as a match to Mandeville, the heir of Colonel Talbot. Hearing, however, that Talbot has a ſon, he immediately conceives him a more proper huſband for his daughter, becauſe he will poſſeſs the Colonel's fortune in preference to Mandeville, who is only the next heir. Whimſical and delicate ſcenes now take place between Caleb, Charlotte, and the Colonel. After every attempt of the Colonel's to poliſh Caleb proving ineffectual, news is received of the arrival of a Captain Crevelt from the Eaſt-Indies Col. Talbot deſcants on the virtue and courage of this young officer, and laments that he had not been bleſſed with ſuch a ſon, in preference to the illiterate and vulgar-minded Caleb. Although Sir Oliver had at firſt deſigned his daughter for Mandeville, as preſuming that he was the Colonel's heir, yet Mandeville has fixed his affections not on Sir Oliver's daughter, but on his niece, Harriet. A French Nobleman, Count Pierpoint, who is very fond of all Engliſhwomen, pays his addreſſes to Harriet alſo, but at firſt, thro' the medium of Lady Oldſtock, who, altho' fifty-four, is ſtill a coquette. A mutual ſympathy takes place between Miſs Oldſtock and Crevelt, which is at length perceived by Colonel Talbot. The Colonel admiring Crevelt's virtue, and being much impreſſed with gratitude to him, for ſaving his life in battle, offers to cement their union, and generouſly beſtow upon the Captain half his fortune.——To this ſtep he is inſtigated, not only from regard, but from a diſlike to Caleb's rude and incorrigible vulgarity. Sir Oliver, on being informed of the Colonel's donation to Crevelt, is very willing to agree to the match, as it is a maxim with him, to diſpoſe of his daughter and niece only to the moſt opulent bidder. Johnſon having received an amorous billet from Mrs. Wilkins, repairs to her houſe, and, in the midſt of a tender *tete-à-tete*, her huſband arrives. Johnſon is concealed behind the window-curtains. This leads to a very comic ſituation, when Johnſon is diſcovered by the enraged huſband. He threatens his wife with a divorce, and Johnſon with his diſmiſſion from the Colonel's ſervice. At this moment the Colonel and company arrive, in ſearch of Caleb, who is tippling at Wilkins's inn in Smithfield. When Wilkins is attempting to prejudice the character of Johnſon to his maſter, his wife informs the Colonel of her huſband's infamous deception, for that Caleb is *not* his ſon. A confirmation of her declaration takes place; in the diſcuſſion of which, Crevelt, hearing the name of Wilkins mentioned, it leads to the clue of the diſcovery, that *he* is the real ſon of Colonel Talbot. This brings on the denouement, by Crevelt's union with Miſs Oldſtock, and Mandeville's union with Harriet.

Although there are ſeveral defects in this comedy, yet, on the whole, it deſerved the applauſe it met with. Much praiſe is alſo due to the performers, who exerted themſelves very ſucceſsfully. Mrs. Pope, Mr. Quick, Mr. Edwin, and Mr. Aickin, were particularly excellent, and the reſt not greatly inferior.

ON THE GLOBE.

By M. MERCIER.

EMPIRES fall, generations are annihilated, ſeas change their beds, continents larger than Europe are overwhelmed, mountains are opened by ſubterranean fires, but the ſubſtance of the globe does not ſeem to feel it; it is a puncture on an orange; the form, the grandeur, are unalterable, and it is the ſurface only that is lightly ſcratched.

Mankind make a great buſtle about this ſurface; they are inceſſantly labouring to deſtroy the bent of nature, which inclines to repoſe, to ſilence, to uniformity; ſhe would ſoon

ſoon cover the globe with brambles, thick ſtaff, and unwholſome foreſts, where all vegetables, heaped and confuſed together, would only open to fall into putrefaction, if man, with his ſpade, his hatchet, his plough-ſhare, did not give it a new form which conſtitutes its ornament and beauty. Then, by the various combinations which influence the atmoſphere, ariſes a more pure air which circulates freely, and preſerves coolneſs and life.

The progreſs of the univerſe, of the great whole, ſtaggers our thoughts on reflection. This great whole, in its immenſe and rapid courſe, by annihilating empires, overturns opinions, ſyſtems, deſtroys facts, changes appearances; and whilſt the courſe of nature ſeems equal to us, its progreſſion, which is meaſured by eternity, no longer will allow a diſtinction of time or place.

Ages are inſtants, nations individuals, works of genius periſhable parchment; every thing falls into the abyſs of infinite littleneſs, and the auguſt maſs of the univerſe ſeems truly independent of thoſe acceſſary ages that decorate it.

Newton imagined, that nature being ruled by mechanical laws, would, in time, become old, or that this immenſe machine would be diſcompoſed by the friction of its own activity. In that caſe, his own laws being thus weakened, would no longer ſo ſtrictly bind the ſuns and worlds. Attraction loſing its force, would no longer bind down the planetary ſyſtem. The motion being ſlower, would cauſe the moſt terrible phenomena. The ſun leaving its orbit, would ſink into the utmoſt depth of heaven, pale and obſcure; and the earth purſuing an uncertain courſe, would ſoon experience cold and darkneſs in both hemiſpheres.

The wandering moon would no longer cheriſh the ocean, and contagion would ariſe from the immenſe corrupted waters; death would annihilate the animal race, and the earth rambling in the void ſpace, would exhibit a barren, depopulated aſpect.

This deſcription, though diſmal, has an appearance of grandeur and majeſty; the death of a ſovereign who had a glorious reign, has a ſomething ſolemn in it; his tomb impreſſes reſpect, and engages our attention; the diſſolution of the univerſe fills the mind with awe; and the extinction of the human race has leſs effect on us than that of a friend or a mother.

But could man remain inactive and inſenſible in the world, whilſt ſo many extraordinary events aſſail his ſenſes, and open ſo vaſt a field for employment? How could he be indifferent whilſt ſo many miracles were wrought? Let the animal confined to vegetate, to ſeek his food, ſleep; but can man ſay, Time lies heavy on my hands, I do not know how to find employment?—a very extraordinary lamentation to proceed from a reaſonable being.

We muſt not look upon the world as a piece of inanimate clay, a rude heap of ſtagnated parts; a true circulation every where prevails; all things are animated in this great body. Nature operates in the deepeſt ſubterraneous caverns, as well as ſmiles, and is verdant on the ſurface. Mines engender, ſtones grow, waters circulate; a mild heat, a generative quality inſinuates itſelf in the hardeſt rocks; the mine is organized, as well as the oak which grows on the mountain top. This maſs is not an indigeſted chaos, where matter is heaped together;—it is a true animated body, where the ſea is, by its motion, a good repreſentation of the circulation of the blood in the human body.

This ſoul of the univerſe ſupports at once its beauty, its harmony, its duration; and man poſſeſſes within him a celeſtial principle ſuperior to the ſoul of the world. This is the reaſon why he ſees and admires this great whole; this is the reaſon why he endeavours to underſtand it:—from hence ariſes alſo the love of order, and thoſe laws which, however whimſical they ſometimes are, announce they ſeek to eſtabliſh the rights of each being.—Were it not for the tyranny of the paſſions, every man would be, perhaps, a Plato, or a Marcus Aurelius.

It has been too much the cuſtom, to delight in degrading man, who has raiſed ſuch durable and beautiful monuments on earth;—he is for ever reproached with his weakneſs, whilſt he perpetually endeavours to overcome it. Man's errors bear the ſtamp of his genius; he often ſtrays becauſe he combines too many ideas, and their frequency, their multiplicity, deprive them of the neceſſary perſpicuity. The ſphere of activity which animated the erroneous genius of the Cardans, the Paracelſus's, the Alberts, was, perhaps, as great as that of the Bacons, the Deſcartes', and the Newtons.—There are ſuch things as ſublime errors:—the more ideas we conceive, the more difficult they are to be united. Alas! the activity of human reaſon ſooner diſcovers his weakneſs than his incapacity.

Nature, following the eternal laws that has been aſſigned to it, pays no regard to human labours or ſyſtems, or even to man, whoſe exiſtence ſeems leſs eſſential to order and motion than the current of the moſt trifling rivulet, or the ſituation of the ſmalleſt hillock.—A rock is one hundred times more durable than a generation of men.

On

On MICHAEL DRAYTON.

(*Continued from Page* 155.)

THE paſſages I alluded to in Shakſpeare and Churchill are the following:

Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his *pent-houſe lid.*
Macbeth, Scene iii. Act. I.

His features, tho' by nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge,
And bury meaning; ſave that we might ſpy
Senſe low'ring on *the penthouſe of his eye.*
See Churchill's Independence, p. 200. *vol.* III.

As a good and natural image take the following: amongſt other birds in the Ark, the cock is thus introduced:

The cock the country horologe that rings
The chearful warning to the ſun's awake,
Miſſing the dawning ſcantles in his wings,
And to his rooſt doth ſadly him betake.
Moſes's Miracles and Birth, 1594.

The following image is fanciful and picturesque, and to which he has given one of his appropriated epithets—*damaſk-coloured.* Milton talks of a bank *damaſk'd* with flowers, B. 4. P. Loſt, 334. Drayton is ſpeaking of the dove which Noah ſent from the Ark.

His ſundry-coloured feathers by the ſun,
As his ſwift ſhadow on the lake doth run,
Cauſeth a twinkling both at hand and far,
Like that we call the ſhooting of a ſtar.
1518 *Flood.*

This, as doth the whole deſcription, far exceeds Milton's. See 855, B. 11. P. Loſt.

Homer has been much praiſed for the beauties of his compound epithets; they are not unfrequent among our older poets. Drayton has many which Milton occaſionally has adopted: it is perfectly in character with the lean and meagre poetry of the day that they ſhould be diſcontinued, except by the Wartonian ſchool.—What deſcription and beauty is there in ſuch compound epithets as theſe!—The *morn-lov'd* marigold; ſee 2d Eclogue; upon which flower, if I recollect aright, Thomſon has laviſhed ſome lines.—*Swallow-winged* joy; 2d Eclogue. This epithet applied to joy he uſes in another part of his works. The following couplets are much in the modern ſtyle of poliſhed verſification:

If Love's ſweet muſic and his bliſsful cheer
E'er touch'd your hearts, or mollify'd your ear.
1317 *Owl.*

Thus wearied with the ſight of worldly crimes,
The wane of kingdoms, and the change of climes.
1312 *Ibid.*

Shakſpeare ſeems to have had almoſt as many imitators amongſt our older poets, as he has admirers among modern readers.

Drayton has ſome expreſſions ſimilar to Shakſpeare. The owl calls the birds,

"You fooliſh *burghers* of the field.
1319 *Owl.*

The Duke in As You Like It, Act II. Scene i. ſays,

Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native *burghers* of this deſart city,
&c. &c. &c.

Again, Drayton in his 1ſt Eclogue,

The buck forſakes the lawns where he hath fed,
Fearing the hunt ſhould view his *velvet head.*

Shakſpeare deſcribes, in the ſame ſcene, a deer as

"Left and abandon'd of his *velvet friends.*"
Ibid.

The following lines are in the beſt ſtile of Churchill and Juvenal:

Hell on the wealth that's purchaſed with ſhame,
Gold in the trunk, and in the grave deſame.
1312 *Owl.*

Pope has no ſuperior couplet in all his ſatires (by the by). The following paſſages ſomewhat remind us of him:

As Kings rule realms, God rules the hearts of Kings.
1295 *Owl.*

Truth of itſelf is of ſufficient worth,
Nor needs it gloſs of art to ſet it forth.
1298 *Ibid.*

In the poem of the Owl, the bird in one of his ſpeeches has theſe lines of himſelf: in the laſt I cannot but think there is ſomething wonderfully ſtriking, and for the ſake of which only I quoted the paſſage.

"By night I tower the heaven devoid of "fear,
"Nor dread the Gryphon to ſurprize me "there;
"And into many a ſecret place I peep,
"*And ſee ſtrange things whilſt you ſecurely* "*ſleep.* 1293 *Owl.*

I know of no ſingle line in all the works of Milton that equals the following:

The mighty waſtes of the unmeaſur'd deep.
1544 *Flood.*

Milton has a ſingle line ſomewhat like, though not on the ſame ſubject, but I think inferior.

The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyſs.
P. Loſt, 405. *B.* 2.

In the Muſes Elyſium, we find the following articles, a gift of one of the Fairies.

A cup in faſhion of a fly,
Of the Lynx's piercing eye.

Mr. Hayley, in his Triumph of Temper, (if I recollect right) has the ſame idea applied to the ſhield of the Genius who viſits Serena.—He might have read and remembered this paſſage.—Drayton's knowledge of Natural Hiſtory is no where ſo conſpicuous as in his deſcription of the different animals and birds, &c. &c. that aſcended the Ark: he there mentions the *iron-eating* Oſtrich, 1585. He likewiſe mentions the ſuppoſed property of the Halcyon.

There came the Halcyon, whom the ſea obeys,
When ſhe her neſt upon the water lays.

Both theſe circumſtances are diſcuſſed in Sir T. Browne's Vulgar Errors. I ſhall conclude this paper with a few extracts, in which he deſcribes the plagues that fell upon the Egyptians: that of the Graſshoppers is thus mentioned:

Long ere they fell, on the face of Heaven they hung
In ſuch vaſt clouds as cover'd all the ſkies;
Colouring the ſun-beams, piercing thro' their throng
With ſtrange diſtraction to beholding eyes.
1592 *Moſes's Miracles.*

Milton has a ſimile in which this plague is introduced, 338, B. 1. P. Loſt.

Theſe lines, deſcribing the ninth plague, deſerve notice.

Over the great and univerſal face
Are drawn the curtains of the *horrid night*;
As it would be continually in place,
That from the world had baniſhed the light.
As to the ſight, ſo likewiſe to the touch,
Th' appropriate object equally is dealt;
Darkneſs is now ſo palpable and much,
That as 'tis ſeen, as eaſily 'tis felt.
1593 *Ibid.*

Drayton has coined a ſuperlative degree with a Latin termination in one word. His brows encircled with *ſplendidious* rays. This is a moſt ſingular uſage—Milton uſes in the 8th B. of the P. Loſt——*virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt*, beſt, 580. C——T——O.

(*To be continued.*)

An HISTORICAL and CRITICAL ESSAY on CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

[From the Rev. Mr. MASON's "Collection of Anthems," lately publiſhed.]

(*Continued from Page* 248.)

BUT the art of expreſſing ſentiment by muſic was in an imperfect ſtate, even in Italy, long after the time of Tallis and Bird in England. Claudio Monteverde, who was, as it is generally thought, the firſt compoſer of the Muſical Drama, called the *Opera*, publiſhed a ſet of Madrigals in the year 1638; in a preface to which he tells us, "that he is the firſt who has attempted to expreſs the livelier paſſions †;" it is not, therefore, to be expected that a hundred years before his time our Church Muſic ſhould have ſpirited movement enough in it to convey ſentiments of gratitude and thankſgiving, though it might ſerve to accompany in ſlow and ſolemn tones the ſtrains of penitence and ſupplication: and therefore Dr. Aldrich did judiciouſly in putting the muſic, which was originally ſet to a euchariſtical hymn of thankſgiving, to a penitential one, to which it is evident the ſupplicatory ſtrain was much better adapted.

It is true, indeed, that in Dr. Aldrich's time, i. e. in the latter part of the 17th century, a great and original Genius aroſe in this country, who, had he lived longer, or had the beſt parts of the compoſitions which he left behind him been made the object of future imitation, would have gone a great way towards advancing Vocal Muſic to its deſired point of perfection. In proof of this I need only refer to the Anthems of Purcel, which, in point of clear articulation and verbal expreſſion, (to which merit I am here chiefly adverting) are ſo much ſuperior to all its predeceſſors, contemporaries, and even ſucceſſors, that they ſeem to ſtand ſingle in this reſpect; inſomuch, that were they cleared of their ſcientific modulatin, which they might be in many parts without pre-

† Theſe Madrigals are preſerved in the library of York Minſter: The words alluded to are, "Ne havendo in tutte le compoſitioni de paſſati compoſitori potuto ritrovare eſempio del conditato genere, má ben ſi del molle & temperato." The lovers of ancient muſic would do well to conſider of how very modern a date this firſt attempt to expreſs the different paſſions is.

judicious

judicing their general harmony, they would certainly be the beſt models of that ſtyle which ought to be obſerved in Church Muſic.

Yet a ſtudious mind ſeems in general to acquire, by applying itſelf to what is antient, ſo great a prejudice for it, that I do not wonder the late judicious Dr. Boyce, after having employed himſelf many years in giving a correct and elegant Score of the Services and Anthems of the older Maſters, came to a concluſion very different from this, and declared, in a preface to the laſt volume, "that the early writers *were not wanting in muſical expreſſion* (though not ſo particularly marked); but that their ſucceſſors (thoſe which I have allotted to the ſecond Series, deviated from the gravity of their predeceſſors, and in compliance with the gay taſte of Charles II. had adopted a lighter ſpecies of muſic: however, they ſtill preſerve a ſolemnity and *learning* in their compoſitions which have rendered them laſting monuments of *ingenuity* and expreſſion." Now it is this *learning and ingenuity* that I chiefly object to in them: ſolemnity and expreſſion I am certain they might have had without it, and the reſult would have been, that their compoſitions would have been more intelligible and pathetic. There ſeems, for inſtance, to be little learning or ingenuity in that very plain and ſimple harmony which Purcel has ſet to *Peace be within thy walls*, and to *O viſit me with thy ſalvation*; yet the expreſſion and pathos of theſe paſſages have a greater effect on even the learned ear than any complicated contrivance in fugue or imitation which that ſublime genius ever produced. But the muſical hiſtorian has gone further *, and aſſerted, that Purcel himſelf followed the example of Humphreys, Wiſe, &c. who had introduced into their Church compoſitions ſuch dancing movements as the king had acquired a great fondneſs for in France. I own I am rather more inclined to give credit to what Purcel himſelf ſays in one of his Prefaces, "that he has faithfully endeavoured at a juſt imitation of the moſt famed Italian Maſters, with a view to bring the gravity and ſerioufneſs of that ſort of muſic into vogue and reputation among our countrymen, whoſe humour it is time now ſhould begin to loſe the levity and balladry of our neighbours." It is true, that this Preface was written a year after the death of King Charles II. and prefixed to a ſet of Sonatas; but ſuppoſing he might have humoured the monarch in his ſecular muſic, I cannot be perſuaded that either he or the other great Maſters, ever admitted Coranto or Gavot movements into their ſacred harmony; at leaſt I can find no inſtance in them of ſuch depravity of taſte.

The only fault, therefore, that I would impute to Purcel, is what the mere harmoniſt would deem his principal merit, that of purſuing the old Maſters in ſometimes too oſtentatious a ſhew of muſical learning, by which, though he did not obliterate pathos and expreſſion, he frequently rendered it leſs forcible and ſtriking; and what is true of him, is ſtill more true of all his predeceſſors and contemporaries in that æra.

It would have been happy for the art if Purcel's ſucceſſors had attempted to rectify this defect in their own compoſitions; but inſtead of doing ſo they ſuperadded a new one, and this from a natural, and in ſome degree excuſable, cauſe. For it is here to be obſerved, that it was not above a century ago, and when Purcel was in the meridian of his ſhort life, that the powers and delicacies of the human voice began to be ſomewhat attended to. Before that period, to ſing, as it is called, in tune and in time, ſeems to have been the only merit required from the performers; for the old vocal muſic being almoſt conſtantly choral, or moving in a ſucceſſion of ſhort intervals, it demanded only that every part ſhould be equally audible; it required no flexibility of throat, or delicacy in the organs of ſound; for when the performers had ſo complex a harmony and ſo ſimple a melody to attend to, nothing except now and then holding out a note, (the office rather of the lungs than of the throat) was neceſſary to produce all the execution required; but when air and melody became more prevalent, as they did at this time, the powers of the human voice were more ſtudied and more cultivated: firſt, indeed, for the uſe of the Theatre, where the delicacies of a fine voice were more in their place; but they ſoon, as might be expected, were introduced into the Church. This revolution, as it may be called, in vocal muſic, though attended with much additional pleaſure to the hearer, induced alſo a new defect in point of ſimplicity, which, as the old one of complex harmony was not removed, prevented the art from attaining to what I call its perfection in the next century. The defect I mean, is that of long and intricate diviſions, unneceſſary, if not improper, repetitions of parts of the melody.

The firſt compoſer who ſeems to have given much into this error, is Dr. Croft. In his time it ſeems there was a very fine Contra-Tenor in the Royal Chapel, called Elford, to whom, in the preface to his Anthems, he gives great and I ſuppoſe deſerved applauſe, and for

* Hawkins, p. 360, and p. 497, v. 4.

whose voice he purposely set several Solos. Where a voice (considered as an instrument) is to be shewn, the frittering of one syllable into perhaps almost a century of semiquavers, is perhaps the best and only expedient for shewing its executive powers; for, though it has other powers, and those of a kind which no other instrument can rival, yet the term Execution is generally applied to that volubility of throat which expresses accurately such divisions; and the quicker the succession of notes in these divisions, the more perfect are deemed the performer's powers in this point. This being the case, the reader, I dare say, is ready with his assent to my assertion, that a too great indulgence, or indeed any at all, to the performer in these instrumental tricks, must not only greatly diminish the gravity and solemnity of Church Music, but also render it as a vehicle for words, much less intelligible; and when to this is added the same affectation of science which prevailed before in the composer, it might reasonably be expected that the art would now be rendered totally unfit for the purpose, and that the composer, in this latter period, sacrificing both to his own and the performer's reputation, had rendered his music totally unintelligible.

This, however, is not the fact: for though almost all the Scholars of Croft gave as much as their master into this fashionable folly, yet still when we compare theirs with the works of their predecessors, we find them full as intelligible as those in the second era, and much more so than those in the first. Nor is the phenomenon difficult to account for, if we consider the nature of air and melody, which, when simple and unadulterated with foreign mixtures, never obscure verbal expression. But these Masters, at least in the outset of their strains, were careful to preserve air; and as, for the sake of this, they admitted a variety of melody to many repetitions of the same verbal passage, it is clear that these very repetitions, though blameable in one sense, as taking from solemnity, were yet useful in another, as affording different channels, through some one of which the words would certainly be conveyed to the hearer.

The foregoing remarks, though many of them refer solely to that part of our Cathedral Music called the *Anthem*, will yet be found to apply even with greater force to those Hymns which Church Musicians call by the technical term of *Services*, by which they mean the *Te Deum*, *Magnificat*, &c. which the Rubric appoints to be sung after the first and second lessons at Morning and Evening Prayer*.

The music usually applied to these is so peculiar in itself, and differs so much from all other, that it may be called *sui generis*. The length of the majority of these Hymns will not admit them to be set in a continued strain of melody, or with so many repetitions as find their place in Anthems; and being all composed after Bird's old model, they have consequently that defect in point of intelligibility, which has been shewn above to attend on that sort of music. For tho' it must be owned that the more modern Masters have paid greater regard to syllabical accent and emphasis than their predecessors, yet whenever the Laws of Quantity happen to clash with the Laws of Counterpoint, they are ever ready to make the former subservient to the latter, as might be proved from a variety of examples. I have often thought that this defect was owing to the want of a preparatory exercise in the composer, to which if he would submit before he began to arrange either his melody or harmony, he would find it of no little use. Having made an experiment myself of the kind, I will here venture to give a short account of it.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

MEMOIRS of a FRENCH OFFICER who escaped from SLAVERY.

[LATELY PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS AT OXFORD.]

TWELVE years had I passed in the marines, and had been four times to the West-Indies under Messrs. Dampiere and De Montejl, when it pleased his Majesty to promote me to a command in the colonies at Senegal; owing to the rectitude of my conduct in the various departments I had occupied, and the good esteem I had thereby obtained of my superior officers.

Having received my orders, I departed from Paris on the 26th of October, 1783; and I went on board a vessel called the Two Friends, commanded by Captain Carsin; and having set the coasting pilot on shore, we proceeded on our voyage.

During the night, the weather grew exceedingly tempestuous, and compelled us to change our course. For four successive days

* I believe they include the *Nicene Creed* under the same title, for it has been usually set to the same kind of music; but in my opinion any music whatever is improper to accompany a solemn declaration of our Faith. It is certainly only in its place, when it tends to express sentiments either of supplication, penitence, or thanksgiving. Creeds are and must be, necessity, narrative.

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the ſhip was totally ungovernable. Every hour carried us more and more out of our proper track.

Our lieutenant, a young fellow, filled with preſumption, and a novice in his buſineſs, had expoſed us to theſe perils. Proud of occupying a poſt which he had obtained more through patronage than merit, he had ſhut up the binacle, and was ſteering by the ſtars; and having a quarter-wind, the veſſel ſtood againſt the wind.

The Captain himſelf had very little more experience than his lieutenant; for, through a deficiency in knowledge, he took the high mountains, which he ſaw at a diſtance, for the coaſt of Mogador, where there are none. (Our misfortunes, however, have ſince informed us, that it was Cape Nun, ſituated about ſixty leagues from Mogador.) Far from taking the proper method of avoiding ſhipwreck, by taking ſea-room, he followed the advice of the ſecond captain, and determined to coaſt it. In fine, on the 17th of January, 1784, at four o'clock in the morning, a fore-wind drove us immediately on ſhore, at a place remarkably ſhallow, and covered with a light ſand. What an alarm! Great God! The ſhip half ſplit by the rocks——the miſerable cries of the ſailors——the horrible roaring of the billows——the rigging torn in pieces by the force of the wind, which increaſed every moment; the yards and ſails carried into the ſea with hideous craſh; the waves, at intervals, daſhing over the decks; the want of knowledge of the place in which we were—and the horrors of darkneſs rendered death inſtant and inevitable. We leaped naked on the deck: it was then who could ſeize a plank, a hen-coop, to prolong a life which fear had nearly deprived us of. Every thing was in confuſion: captain, officers, ſailors, none were capable of giving orders—none capable of obeying.

At length, the long wiſhed-for day-light appeared: We deſcried the land, a view of which inſpired us. Laying aſide our fears, we worked with emulation to clear the deck. The ropes and anchors were preſently overboard. Our ſhip inclined to neither ſide; thus, fearing the loſs of ſo favourable a poſition, we cut away the maſts.

Deſpair and rage were painted in the features of the crew. They ſaw with dread the author of their calamities; and would have killed the lieutenant, if he had not ſecreted himſelf.

The captain engaged M. Deſchamp, a moſt excellent ſwimmer, to go on ſhore. Without the leaſt heſitation, this courageous young fellow leaped into the ſea, with a rope round his waiſt, faſtened in a loop. Several times he diſappeared from us; at laſt having ſtruggled againſt the billow, he got his foot on a little hillock, which ſerved him as a reſting-place, and gave him time to diſentangle the rope from his legs. He at length got to land, his feet and body wounded and bloody, from his having beat himſelf againſt the ſharp points of the rocks. Scarce had he landed a quarter of an hour, but we ſaw an animal, ſomewhat like a dog, run up to him. Our eyes, half blinded through fear and compaſſion, made us take it at firſt for a tyger: we addreſſed our prayers to heaven to ſee it removed from our companion.

All on a ſudden the country was covered with a multitude of ſavages of a tawny complexion, naked, with ſabres in their hands, and roſhing on with horrible denunciations. M. Deſchamp, although emaciated and ſpent by his endeavours to get to land, threw himſelf once more into the ſea, and attempted to ſwim back to the ſhip; but it was now too late—the barbarians ran in after him, and ſeized him inſtantly.

Occupied every one of us in thinking of the fate of our unhappy countryman, we turned our eyes toward heaven, and our hands to the barbarians; we implored mercy of theſe inhuman wretches, but our entreaties were vain. Inſenſible to our cries, they with impetuoſity ſeized hold of him, and dragged him without pity to the ſummit of a hill. Here we ſaw him buried in the ſand. Having lighted a fire round him, they danced, and uttered expreſſions of joy, they ſuſpended him by the heels upon a ſort of gallows, and we ſaw him no more.

What were our feelings at ſo ſhocking a ſpectacle! Some of us thought they meant only to kill him, whilſt others maintained they would roaſt him alive. The howling of the ſavages, their dances, the little notice they appeared to take of our ſhip, all concurred to make our ideas melancholy. This new misfortune deſtroyed all our ſchemes; uncertain what courſe to follow, we remained as if deprived of our faculties.

Death appearing to us inevitable, we determined, at all events, to attempt ſomething; but in the inſtant when we were launching the ſhip's boat, with an intent to purchaſe dearly the remainder of our days, a wave tore her from our hands, and ſhe was taken by the ſavages as food for the flames. Hardened by the frequency of dangers, we were not in the leaſt depreſſed, but immediately got out the ſhallop, and loaded it with proviſions, fire-arms, money, jewels, and valuables. In two hours ſhe was completely fitted out; but, alas!

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the cruel waves were more than a match for her ſtrength, and we ſaw our laſt hopes come to nought like the former.

The barbarians increaſed in number on the ſhore. We were deprived of embarkation; the night approached—a frightful exit awaited us on all ſides. Our attention was at laſt rouſed by the ſhip's cooper: "My friends," ſaid he, "I am a good ſwimmer, I will go on ſhore; if the negroes have devoured M. Deſchamp, they will do the ſame to you; if he is ſtill living, I will make a ſignal."

Having ſaid theſe words, he plunged into the ſea. Attentive ever to our motions, the barbarians perceived him. They ſurrounded him inſtantly; they ſhouted with joy; they conducted him to the fire, and ſuſpended him by the heels as they had the other.

The very bad ſucceſs his intrepidity had met with, caſt a ſolemn gloom over the crew; no one ſailor would work, but all retired to their cabins. Neither myſelf, nor the ſecond captain, nor the paſſengers, could move them by our exhortations. "Our deſtruction is inevitable," replied they; "what uſe is there in working, when we are going to die? Let us wait here, we ſhall at leaſt have the conſolation of not ſeeing our countrymen murdered."

It grew very dark, ſo the captain called every ſoul on deck, and joined in an univerſal prayer. At the termination of this, it was generally agreed upon to put an end to our lives, by ſinking the ſhip. Twelve barrels of powder faſtened down in the hold, would have put a period to our exiſtence in an inſtant. To this mode of dying ſome readily conſented, whilſt others knew not of a better reſource. "My friends," ſaid I, "ſince your captain has been ſo inhuman as to excite you to ſelf-murder, it becomes me to open your eyes to ſo black a deſign. Are ye not ſenſible of the criminality attendant on ſuch a deed? Your lives are the property of that one God who gave them; he is your only maſter; he can take you away, or preſerve you, at his pleaſure; nay, he can ſoften the hearts of theſe barbarians. Barbarians! did I ſay? they are a thouſand times leſs barbarous than your captain. Who has told him they would ſlaughter us?—Who has told him they had already maſſacred our companions?—He believes it, but you only fear it. And is your fear ſufficient to authorize you to make an attempt upon your lives?—Is it not more probable that theſe people, touched with compaſſion at ſeeing your companions naked, cold, and worn down with hunger and fatigue, have conducted them to a good fire, and have ſupplied them with every neceſſary comfort?—My friends, our veſſel will hold together; let us wait until the morning; let us wait till theſe people actually come on board, but do not be in a hurry, for death will come always time enough."

The paſſengers and ſecond captain approved of my arguments: armed with hatchets, they threatened to kill without pity the very firſt that ſhould attempt to enter the powder-room. At length the crew ſubmitted to my advice. Only the captain, melancholy and penſive, fought an opportunity of executing his project, which cauſed us to ſet a guard over him. Ever accompanied by ſome one or other of us, he could not ſtir a ſtep without being obſerved.

The ſavages divided into troops, continued lighting fires over the whole ſhore, the wood and fuel being piled upon ſtones, heaped up for that purpoſe. It muſt be confeſſed, that the leaps and roaring they made every moment, cauſed the night to paſs away in agonizing terror. In the midſt of darkneſs, and continually aſſailed with the foaming of the ſea, and roaring of the wind, we thought the elements were diſputing our deſtruction.

Worn down with grief, fear, and fatigue, almoſt every ſailor had retired below deck, except two who were placed as ſpies over the actions of the ſavages, and two more over our miſerable captain. After ſome time he retired to bed, and, as we ſuppoſed, was in a ſound ſleep; but deceiving the vigilance of the guards, he drew two piſtols from his pocket, which he had obtained by ſtealth, and put the muzzles into his mouth. I perceived him; I ran up to him; I wiſhed to ſeize hold of them—but the buſineſs was completed. The ſurgeon was called in, and ſucceeded in extracting one ball which had entered the palate. He was not, however, ſatisfied, 'till I deprived him of his fire-arms, and threw them overboard. Furiouſly reſolved on finiſhing his life, he intreated us moſt ſuppliantly to diſpatch him. Our horror at ſo baſe a reſolution, made us obliged to bind him down:—at laſt he ſeemed to ſubmit to the advice we offered him.

Many of the crew, fearing that the barbarians would impute the death of the captain to us, in caſe any thing fatal was to happen to him, propoſed a ſcheme of tying a ſwivel gun to his body, and of throwing him into the ſea, in order to hide him from their ſight. "My lads," ſaid I, "let us not finiſh our days with ſo unpardonable a crime upon our heads: God has preſerved his life as a puniſhment for him, and it is not our province to relieve him from it."

Theſe words made ſome impreſſion on their hearts. But the captain on a ſudden ſtarted up, like one waked from a dream, and demanded pen, ink, and paper to be inſtantly brought him.—The neceſſary articles being produced, he wrote as follows:—"That having

ing by his negligence expoſed the lives of his crew and paſſengers to great perils, he dared not, after ſuch a misfortune, ſhew his face on the Exchange at Bourdeaux; that he was ſhocked at himſelf, and that, having loſt his honour, he could live no longer." To this declaration he ſigned his name, and put it into the hands of the ſecond captain. Day-light appearing, we left him under the care of the ſurgeon and one ſailor, taking care to remove all inſtruments of deſtruction.

Mounted on the deck, we ſaw more than 200 men walking breaſt-high in the river, and bending their courſe towards us. We invited them by our geſtures to come on board, and aſſiſted them by ropes to climb up the ſides; hardened, perhaps, by the curioſity we had of knowing what people inhabited the coaſt *.

Rather animated by the late misfortune than depreſſed, we went all hands to work in making a raft. Anxious to complete it, it was ſoon afloat. At this time, one of the barbarians, more inſolent than the reſt, tired of the numberleſs queſtions we put to him, which he was unable to anſwer, on account of his ignorance of our language, began to pillage and lay hands on every thing that came in his way. "Here, my friend," ſaid I to him, pointing at the ſame time to my purſe, "take all I have, but hurt me not."—As ungrateful as he was covetous, he could not refrain from ſeizing on my buckles, and tearing them, with the ſtraps, from the laſt pair of ſhoes I had. Nor was he yet contented—he even rifled my pockets, and abuſed me, becauſe I had no other valuables.

The things he had heaped up, by taking ſomething from every one, were ſufficient to draw the attention of thoſe who were at preſent mere curious ſpectators. Their envy was ſo conſiderable as to tempt others to wade towards us, and the wreck was now become a ſwarm of negroes. Alarmed at their numbers, which far exceeded ours, ten of us got upon the raft, and I had the good fortune to make one of the number.

Of the four others who were waſhed off with me, M. Bardon, an officer of great merit, was drowned. Two of them got on ſhore by dint of good ſwimming; but the fourth had the good luck to join the other five on the raft. There now were ſix upon this wretched vehicle, who were fortunate enough to get down the river; amongſt them was the captain.

Aſſembled to the number of twenty around a large fire, we returned thanks to God for having preſerved us from deſtruction. Although robbed of every thing, we thought ourſelves the happieſt of men.

Alas! poor Bardon! How miſerably wretched did the corpſe of this unfortunate youth appear, when floating on the river! No ſooner had we ſeen it, than we ran towards the ſpot, to endeavour, if poſſible, to reſtore him. But a cruel ſavage, with a ſabre in his hand, eſpied us haſtening to the river; and, concluding that we had a wiſh to return again to the wreck, beat us unmercifully with the flat part of the blade.—This treatment plunged us into the utmoſt deſpair: we could not even point at our dead countrymen, but our blows were redoubled.

Perceiving no traces of humanity in the conduct of theſe people, we believed we were only kept alive to undergo, at ſome future period, a death more rigorous than the one we had eſcaped.

A ring was formed round us, and ſome armed with ſabres, others with poniards, commanded us to march; beating thoſe who lagged behind.—At length we were ordered to halt, that they might make an equal diſtribution of us amongſt them. Not at all agreeing about the ſhares, they were nearly killing each other.—However, they ſettled it at laſt, and led away the half of us near to the bank of the river—Here again they quarrelled about us, and fell on us in numbers, each one deſirous of poſſeſſing a Chriſtian.

Separated from my companions, half dead through fatigue, fear, and horror, occaſioned by every thing that ſurrounded me, I ran without knowing whither my ſteps led me. Some of the natives perceived me, and ſoon were enabled to come up with me. Others, greedily deſirous of poſſeſſing me, tore me without conſideration from their hands. Unable to ſuſtain ſuch rough treatment, I fell motionleſs to the ground.——Near this place the women had lighted a fire, the heat of which revived me conſiderably; but ſeeing nought but the appearance of an inevitable death, I was made ſenſible only of my exiſtence by the exceſs of my ſufferings.

About the evening, a troop of theſe wretches approached me: I thought now my execution was at hand. I ſaw not a ſingle countryman—they were, in my opinion, long ſince butchered by the cruel hands of theſe barbarous negroes.

My God! with what joy did they and their women dance and ſing round me! Here did I lie without a rag to cover my nakedneſs. Diſtracted by a thouſand reflections, one more horrid than another, I wiſhed to learn from them what lot they had reſerved for me.

* With ſome difficulty we learned that they were Moors, ſubjects of the Emperor of Morocco.

Surpriſe

Surprifed at my inquietude, which they fuppofed could not be the effect of their behaviour, they endeavoured to add courage to my drooping fpirits. One procured me a covering for my back, whilft another ran to the river, and brought me back a bifcuit dipped in falt water. I managed to fwallow a part. The pleafure I felt on knowing my life was fecure, was the fole comfort that kept me in exiftence.

Thefe people are fo ftupid and unpolifhed, that they were, literally, loft in amazement at my ignorance of their language. They had not an idea of explaining themfelves by fome intelligent figns; but they figured to themfelves that I ought to underftand them, equally as well as they did one another.

The fun made its appearance on the horizon, when I awaked, writhing my body with the moft poignant torments. A wifh to know what fort of place environed me, made me endeavour to raife myfelf upright; when at this happy period, I efpied my companions at different diftances around me. We no fooner met and faluted each other than the tear feemed univerfally to ftart from our eyes, we wept every one of us bitterly, we fervently implored protection from the Creator, we could not even fpeak but a mutual groan of pain and mifery enfued. But what rendered our condition yet more difagreeable, was the unpleafing reflection of being caft on a fpot fo far removed from any intercourfe with European nations; which made us fear our captivity would laft out the courfe of our natural lives. We could not enjoy the moft ordinary confolation allowed the miferable; becaufe we could not reft quiet with the fuppofition of our calamities having arrived at their acme—a fate ftill more deplorable awaited us.

In the morning our different maflers feparated us, and gave us, as ufual, a bifcuit fteeped in falt water. The excefs of my hunger made me reliih it as the greateft luxury I had ever tafted; afterwards I lay down upon the fand, expofed to the open air.

On the morrow we all met at the river, where we were fent to hard labour. Scarce had I ftrength to keep my legs under me: I wifhed to make my maflter underftand, by figns, that I was not able to perform the bufinefs he had affigned me. Deaf to my reafoning, he beat me, and forced me to execute his orders. Many of the failors, eye-witneffes of his brutality, came up to my aflifiance, and helped me to draw away feveral cafks to the places where we ordinarily flept.

My labours ceafed for a fhort time, whilft the tide was coming in. I thought in this time to have got fome reft, but my maflter gave me freih orders. His language I could not poffibly underftand: he was at length compelled to make a fign by a rope, which he gave me bound round a faggot. By this I comprehended his will, and I retired to a wood to bring home firing. My ftrength was inadequate to the talk, for he gave me no hatchet; and I had nought but my fingers to ferve me as tools for all work. The anguifh and piercing pains my feet fuftained, owing to the brambles fticking into their foles, may be better underftood than expreffed. Suffice it to fay, I had no fhoes or ftockings, or any kind of covering, except a thin fhirt, in which they had clothed me the preceding evening.—After two hours hard work, I completed a fmall bundle; but how to bring it home, I was entirely at a lofs. After many efforts to drag it after me, I was obliged to take it on my fhoulders, to the no fmall difcomfort of my back; for on my arrival, I found myfelf bloody and very fore, the thorns and briers being buried in my flefh. Nor had I procured enough.—They fent me back again to the wood, having given me a fpecimen of the fort of fuel they generally burned. I made a fignal that I was exceedingly hungry; but they gave me to underftand, that one of them was gone to feek provifion, and that about fun-fet they would give me fome nourifhment. Full of defpair at being forced to mount up the hill I had fo lately defcended, two women came and affifted me; but they only added to my toil, as they made me work with as much alacrity as themfelves. This laft command was too much for me: I fell down feveral times under the weight of the load they had placed on me.

In the evening I faw the woman coming of whom they had fpoken in the morning; but, alas! no provifion. I entreated her to give me fome kind of victuals, for I thought I fhould have died. She laughed at my expreffions, and feemed to wifh to inform me that I was very impatient.

In fine, at ten at night, my maflter called me. He had brought me fome milk in a fort of bladder, or ftinking fkin of an animal. After pouring fome into a wooden bowl, he heated it by putting hot ftints into it, and gave it me to drink. What would have been vinegar to many, was as delicious as nectar to my palate. The difh was empty in an inftant; and if I had caufe to complain, I fhould not have grumbled at the quality, but the quantity of my allowance.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

SOME PARTICULARS concerning the ANCIENT IRISH BARDS *.

HISTORIANS obſerve a profound ſilence with reſpect to the Iriſh Bards, till Tigherenmas ſucceeded to the monarchy (A. M. 2815). This Prince, not leſs glorious in arms than wiſe in council, being deſirous of confining every rank of his people within its proper ſphere, ordained a ſumptuary law, called *Ilbreachta*, for that purpoſe. By this law, the peaſantry, ſoldiers, and lower order of the people, were to have their garments of but one colour; military officers and private gentlemen two; commanders of battalions three; beatachs, brughnibbs, or keepers of houſes of hoſpitality, four; the principal nobility and knights five; and the Ollambs, or dignified bards, ſix; which was only one colour leſs than was worn by the royal family. Can that nation be deemed barbarous in which learning ſhared the next honours to royalty? Warlike as the Iriſh were in thoſe days, even arms were leſs reſpected amongſt them than letters.

At a very diſtant period, ſeminaries, or colleges, were inſtituted in different parts of the kingdom for the education of the Bards.

The moſt celebrated of theſe colleges were founded at Clogher, Armagh, Liſmore, and Tamar; and, in general, all the eminent ſchools delectably ſituated, which were eſtabliſhed by the Chriſtian clergy in the 5th century, were erected on the ruins of thoſe colleges.

It was in thoſe ſeminaries that the Druids inſtilled into the minds of the Bards the rudiments of hiſtory, oratory, and laws, through the medium of poetry, in which was wrapped all the knowledge of thoſe ages. The courſe of a Bard's education was ſeldom completed in leſs than twelve years.

Soon as the ſtudent had finiſhed his courſe, an honorary cap, called *barred*, and the degree of Ollamh, or Doctor, were conferred on him. Then he was ſuppoſed ſufficiently qualified to fill any office of his order.

When the young Bard had received the degree of Ollamh, the choice of his profeſſion was determined by that of the family to which he belonged: he was either a Filea, a Breitheamh, or a Seanacha, by birth; offices which had long met in the ſame perſon, but were about this time diſunited, being found too complex for one man.

The Ollamhain Re-dan, or Filidhe, were (as the name literally implies) poets. They turned the tenets of religion into verſe; they animated the troops before and during an engagement with martial odes, and raiſed the war-ſong: They celebrated the valorous deeds, and wrote the birth-day odes and epithalamiums of the Chieftains and Princes who entertained them; and, at 'the feaſt of the hill,' amuſed them with 'the tales of other times,' which they modulated to the harp; an inſtrument which every member of the Bardic order could touch with a maſter-hand. But the Filidhe had other offices aſſigned them. They were the heralds, and conſtant attendants in the field of battle of the chiefs whom they ſerved, marching at the head of their armies, arrayed in white flowing robes, harps glittering in their hands, and their perſons ſurrounded with orſidigh, or inſtrumental muſicians. While the battle raged, they ſtood apart and watched in ſecurity—(for their perſons were held ſacred)—every action of the chief, in order to glean ſubjects for their lays.

The Breitheamhain (Brehons), or legiſlative Bards, promulgated the laws in a kind of recitative, or monotonous chant, ſeated on an eminence in the open air. It is likely that their voices on this occaſion were ſuſtained with a kind of *baſſe continué* (ſtruck, it might be, by themſelves on the harp) like the Grecian and Roman orators. The Brehons acted alſo in the double capacity of judges and legiſlators: they diſpenſed juſtice, and aſſiſted in framing the Breithnimhe, or laws.

The Seanachaidhe were antiquaries, genealogiſts, and hiſtorians. They recorded remarkable events, and preſerved the genealogies of their patrons in a kind of unpoetical ſtanza.—Each province, prince, and chief, had a Seanacha.

In reſpect to the dreſs of the ancient Iriſh Bards, the ſubject is very obſcure.—According to M'Curtin, the Iriſh Bards in the ſixth century wore long flowing garments, fringed and ornamented with needle-work; and from the Brehon laws, the Bards in ſeveral inſtances were of the order of the *nobleſſe*; from whence we may preſume their dreſs was in moſt reſpects conformable thereto, which principally conſiſted in the *truiſe*, long *cota cannathas*, and *barrad* (or *bairead*). But from a baſſo relievo found in the ruins of New Abbey, near Kilcullen, it appears that the dreſs of the Bards conſiſted of the *truiſe*, or long *cotaigh*, and *ccchal*. The *truiſe*, or ſtrait *bracca*, was made of weft, covering the feet, legs, and thighs, as high as the loins, ſitting ſo cloſe to the limb as to diſcover every muſcle and motion of the parts covered; and was ſtriped with ſeveral colours, according to the order or rank of the wearer. The long *cota* or *cottaigh*, (the *camiſiam* of the Latin writers) was a kind of a ſhirt made of plaided ſtuff, or linen dyed yellow, and ornamented with needle-work alſo according to the rank of the wearer.

* From WALKER'S "Hiſtorical Memoirs," 4to. juſt publiſhed.

This ſhirt was open before, and came as low as the mid-thigh: the trunk being thus open, was folded round the body, and made faſt by a girdle round the loins: the ſleeves of ſome were ſhort, but in the figure before-mentioned they were long, coming down to the wriſt, and turned up with a kind of military cuff. The boſom was cut round, leaving the neck and upper part of the ſhoulders bare.—The *cochal* was the upper garment, a kind of a long cloak, reaching as low as the ankles, and fringed at the borders like ſhagged hair. From the neck pendent on the back and ſhoulders was a large cap or hood, ornamented with curious needle-work, after the manner of thoſe on the Britiſh coins. His beard was long, and his hair flowed on his neck and ſhoulders: his head was covered with the *barrad*, or conical cap; and his harp in good grace was pendent before him.

As the ſeveral claſſes of the Bards were concerned in the Caoine, it will be neceſſary to give ſome account of that ſolemn ceremony. When a prince or a chief fell in battle, or died by the courſe of nature, "the ſtones of his fame" were raiſed amidſt the voices of Bards. On this occaſion—the Druid having performed the rites preſcribed by religion, and the pedigree of the deceaſed being recited aloud by his Seanacha—the Caoine (or funeral ſong), which was compoſed by the Filea of the departed, and ſet to muſic by one of his Oirfidigh, was ſung in recitative over his grave by a Racaraide (or Rhapſodiſt), who occaſionally ſuſtained his voice with arpeggois ſwept over the ſtrings of his harp: the ſymphonic parts being performed by minſtrels, who chanted a chorus at intervals, in which they were joined reſponſively by attending Bards and Oirfidigh; the relations and friends of the deceaſed mingling their ſighs and tears.

The melting ſweetneſs of the female voice was deemed neceſſary in the chorus of the funeral ſong. Women therefore, whoſe voices recommended them, were inſtructed in muſic and the *cur ſios* (or elegiac meaſure), that they might aſſiſt in heightening the melancholy which that ſolemn ceremony was calculated to inſpire.

On the abolition of the order of the Bards, the buſineſs of lamenting over the dead was entirely performed by mercenary female mourners. This is ſtill the caſe in almoſt every part of Ireland; but particularly in Munſter and Connaught; where when a perſon of diſtinction dies, a certain number of female mourners attend the funeral, dreſſed ſometimes in white and ſometimes in black, ſinging, as they ſlowly proceed after the hearſe, extempore odes; in which they extol, in fulſome panegyric, every private and public virtue of the deceaſed, and earneſtly expoſtulate with the cold corpſe, for relinquiſhing the many bleſſings this world affords.

Inveſted with honours, wealth, and power; endowed with extraordinary privileges, which no other ſubjects preſumed to claim; poſſeſſed of an art, which, by ſoothing the mind, acquires an aſcendency over it; reſpected by the great for their learning, and reverenced almoſt to adoration by the vulgar for their knowledge of the ſecret compoſition and hidden harmony of the univerſe;—the Bards became, in the reign of Hugh, intolerably inſolent and corrupted, and their order a national grievance. They arrogantly demanded the golden buckle and pin which faſtened the royal robes upon the Monarch's breaſt, and had been for many generations the aſſociate of the crown; they lampooned the nobility, and were guilty of ſeveral immoralities; and not only grew burdenſome to the ſtate, which munificently ſupported the different foundations to which they belonged, but increaſed ſo prodigiouſly (the order at that time conſiſting of one-third of the men of Ireland!) that the mechanic arts languiſhed from want of artificers, and agriculture from want of huſbandmen. Hence the Monarch convened an aſſembly of the States at Drom Chille, in the county of Donegal, (A. D. 580) principally to expel the Bards from the kingdom, and to aboliſh totally the whole order. But at the interceſſion of St. Columba, who was ſummoned from Scotland to attend this aſſembly, he ſpared the order; but reduced its numbers, allowing only to each provincial prince, and to each lord of a Cantred, one regiſtered Ollamh, who was ſworn to employ his talents to no other purpoſe but the glory of the deity—the honour of his country—of its heroes—of its females—and of his own patron. On theſe Ollamhs, he ordained that their patrons ſhould ſettle an hereditary revenue. He alſo, by the advice of the ſaint, erected new Filean ſeminaries, in the nature of univerſities, liberally endowing them, but limiting the number of ſtudents in each. Of theſe ſeminaries, the reigning Monarch's chief Bard was always in future to be Principal or Preſident, and to be authoriſed to appoint inſpectors, to examine into their ſtate at certain periods, and to make what reforms in them he judged neceſſary: he alſo had the right of nominating the Ollamhs entertained by the princes and Lords. Theſe ordinances were religiouſly obſerved till the diſſolution of monarchy.

A muſical taſte (ſo early do we diſcover it) ſeems to have been innate in the original inhabitants of this iſland, and to have gradually ſtrengthened and refined with the progreſs of ſociety. This we can only attribute

to

to the early introduction of the Bardic order amongſt them. But the ſtudy of the ſcience of muſic was not long confined to that order; every hero, every virgin, could touch the harp, long ere the uſeful arts got foot in this country. At 'the feaſt of ſhells' this inſtrument was handed round, and each of the company ſung to it in turn: not to be capable of ſweeping it in a maſterly manner, was deemed a diſgrace even to royalty.

The bagpipe is an inſtrument of high antiquity in Ireland, and mentioned by ſeveral of their hiſtorians under different names. Mr. O'Connor, in his Diſſertations on the Hiſtory of Ireland, informs us, that one of the inſtruments in uſe amongſt the Scots, or ancient Iriſh, was the adharcaidh cuil, that is, a collection of pipes with a bag, or rather a muſical bag. He alſo informs us; that the rinkey, or field-dance of the Iriſh, was governed by the cuiſley cuil, perhaps a more ſimple kind of bagpipe than the former; which he conſiders as having been moſt fit for the purpoſe, as it was a loud inſtrument, and confined to a bare octave. In the deſcription of the hall of Tamar, (tranſlated from an ancient MS. and publiſhed in the 12th No. of Collect. de Rebus Hib.) we find a place allotted for the Cuiſlinnaigh; a word which, etymologically conſidered, evidently implies bagpipers. At this day the pipers call their bellows *bolog na cuiſſi*, the bellows of the cuiſli, or veins of the arm on the inſide at the firſt joint; and as this joint on the outſide is denominated *ullan* or *ulean*, i. e. elbow, Nallancey concludes, that ullan pipes and cuiſli pipes are one and the ſame. In ullan pipes we have, perhaps, the woollen bagpipe of Shakſpeare, to which he attributes an extraordinary effect.

But let us endeavour to inveſtigate the antiquity of the bagpipe amongſt the Iriſh.—The invention of this inſtrument has been by Pennant given to the Danes. This opinion we cannot implicitly aſſent to, nor can we ſafely controvert it; for the bagpipe has been lately found amongſt uncivilized people *, who never had any connection with the Europeans, conſequently with them it muſt be an original inſtrument—and why not with the Danes? But there appears on a fine baſſo relievo of Grecian ſculpture, now in Rome, a man playing on an inſtrument exactly reſembling the ancient Highland bagpipe; which ſeems to evince its Grecian origin. Now Mr. Pennant has determined, by means of an antique found at Richborough in Kent, the introduction of the bagpipe by the Romans, who owed every thing to the Grecians, into Britain, at a very early but at an uncertain period. It is, therefore, very probable, as the ingenious traveller obſerves, that the Danes borrowed the bagpipe from the Caledonians, with whom they had ſuch frequent intercourſe. The ancient writers indeed prove, that the northern nations were animated by the "clangor tubarum," but are profoundly ſilent with reſpect to the inſtrument in queſtion.

We cannot find that the bagpipe was indigenous to the Iriſh. To the Caledonians, we believe, they muſt be content to owe it. They got it, as it were, in exchange for the harp. The early hiſtory of this inſtrument, in Scotland, is enveloped in the miſt that hangs over the dark ages. According to Ariſtides Quintilianus, it prevailed in the very firſt times in the Highlands of Scotland. The genius of the Highlanders ſeems to favour this opinion. Ever a warlike people, ardent in the field of battle, and impatient of controul in times of peace, the ſound of the bagpipe muſt have been particularly grateful to their ear. Hence their haſty adoption of it, on its introduction amongſt them by the Romans. Mr. Robertſon, in his Inquiry into the Fine Arts, ſpeaking of this inſtrument, ſays, "It is the voice of uproar and miſrule; and the muſic calculated for it ſeems to be that of real nature and of rude paſſion." Even in very late times, the Scots uſed the bagpipe to rouſe their courage to battle, to alarm them when ſecure, and to collect them when ſcattered: purpoſes to which they taught the Iriſh to apply it. The muſic of the Iriſh kerns in the reign of Edward III. was the bagpipe, which, as Aulus Gellius informs us, was alſo that of the Lacedemonians.

Though the bagpipe was the ſolace of the Scotch chieftain, and though the Scotch piper received his muſical education in a college of pipers, yet this inſtrument never received any conſiderable improvements from the Scots. It was reſerved for the Iriſh to take it from the mouth, and to give it its preſent complicated form; that is, two ſhort drones and a long one, with a chanter; all of which are filled by a pair of ſmall bellows, inflated by a compreſſive motion of the arm: the chanter has eight holes, beginning with the lower D in the treble; the ſhort drones ſound in uniſon to the fundamental B, and the large drone an octave below it. The bagpipe did not long retain its original form amongſt the Iriſh; for the chord of drones which they gave it is ſuppoſed to have been the *chorus* of Cambrenſis. Being conſtructed

† M. Sonnerat informs us, that the tourti of the Eaſt Indians is a ſpecies of bagpipe, qui fait l'effet du baſſon.—Vide Voyage aux Indes orientales et a la Chine.

in the chromatic syſtem, it is the only inſtrument, ſince the diſuſe of the harp, on which the native Iriſh muſic (all of which is in that ſyſtem) can be played to advantage.

The bagpipe has been always obliged to yield in point of conſequence, amongſt the Iriſh, to the harp; but it has ever been a favourite inſtrument of the vulgar. Nor has it been held in more than ordinary eſtimation by other nations. Pan, the meaneſt of the Grecian Deities, is often repreſented as playing on it. It roſe into faſhion in Italy in the days of Nero ‡, who was himſelf an admirable performer on it; but after his deceaſe it was again committed to the hands of the vulgar, where it has continued in that country ever ſince.

Muſic maintained its ground in this country even after the invaſion of the Engliſh. But its ſtyle ſuffered a change; for the ſprightly Phrygian (to which, ſays Selden, the Iriſh were wholly inclined) gave place to the grave Doric, or ſoft Lydian meaſure. Such was the nice ſenſibility of the Bards, ſuch was their tender affection for their country, that the ſubjection to which the kingdom was reduced, affected them with the heavieſt ſadneſs. Sinking beneath this weight of ſympathetic ſorrow, they became a prey to melancholy. Hence the plaintiveneſs of their muſic: for when they attempted to ſing, it was not to be wondered that their voices, thus weakened by ſtruggling againſt an heavy mental depreſſion, ſhould riſe rather by minor thirds, which conſiſt but of four ſemitones, than by major thirds, which conſiſt of five. Now almoſt all the airs of this period are found to be ſet in the minor third §, and to be of a grave and ſolemn nature.

The character of Bard, once ſo reverenced in Ireland, began to ſink into contempt in the reign of Elizabeth.

Philip of Macedon was not more jealous of the eloquence of Demoſthenes, than was this Princeſs of the influence which the Iriſh Bards had and exerciſed over their chieftains. Her jealouſy quickening into revenge, ſhe at laſt had acts of parliament paſſed againſt them, and even againſt thoſe who entertained them.

‡ A figure of the utricularius, or bagpipe, is preſerved on one of Nero's coins.

§ "The Sumatran tunes very much reſemble to my ear, (ſays the ingenious Mr. Marſden in his Hiſt. of Sumatra) thoſe of the native Iriſh, and have uſually like them a flat third." Being very deſirous to diſcover the cauſe of this reſemblance, I conſulted Mr. Marſden on the ſubject, by means of his brother Alexander Marſden, Eſq. of Lincoln's-inn, my much-eſteemed friend. The reſult of this inquiry was the following curious paper, which I am permitted (and proud) to inſert.

"It is obſerved, that the popular muſic of moſt nations, within certain limits of civilization, is confined to the flat or minor key. See Hiſt. of Sumatra. Halhed's Bengal Grammar, &c.—The ſharp, or major key is doubtleſs the more obvious, and muſt preſent itſelf to the rude eſſayers of the art. Accordingly, it will be found, that people in a very ſavage ſtate, as the negroes of Africa, ſeldom, if ever, demonſtrate any acquaintance with the former. Their ſhort ſongs, or modulated ſentences, by which they regulate the motions, and ſoothe the irkſomeneſs of their labour, are all in the major key, which likewiſe accords better with the natural vivacity of their diſpoſition.—In countries where, from incidental circumſtances, the inhabitants are encouraged to devote their leiſure to the improvement of their muſical ſkill, they catch at length the ſucceſſion of tones with a flat interval; and finding this more expreſſive of paſſion, and more calculated to awake the feelings, which is the great end and object of muſic amongſt people whoſe genuine ſenſations are not blunted by the poliſh of refinement, they attach themſelves to it; and the other key being comparatively deficient in pathos, falls into diſuſe.—Where the art is carried to its laſt ſtage of perfection, as among the European nations, and where the object of the muſician is to entertain by variety, and ſurprize by brilliancy of execution—to captivate the ear, rather than the hearts of his auditors—there, both keys are indifferently employed, or ſo managed as to produce that ſpecies of pleaſure which ariſes from ſudden tranſitions and contraſts.

"Since writing the above, I met an obſervation by a French author, that ſinging birds always tune their ſong in the major key; and that although it has been frequently attempted to teach thoſe birds which poſſeſs imitative faculties, to pipe airs with a flat third, it has never in any degree ſucceeded. I have not had opportunities of aſcertaining this curious fact by my own experience." W. M.

For

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

NARRATIVE of the unfortunate VOYAGE of PIETRO QUIRINI.

(*Concluded from Page* 280.)

DURING three months and a half that Quirini ſpent in this houſe, he experienced the greateſt friendſhip and humanity from the owners; while, on the other hand, he endeavoured by complaiſance to acquire the good-will of his hoſts, and to requite their benevolence. The other partners, too, of his misfortunes were diſtributed into the different houſes of the place, and taken good care of. The rocky iſle of Roſt, on which they landed, lies 70 Italian miles to the weſtward of the ſouthernmoſt promontory of Norway, which in their language they call the *World's Backſide*. It is three miles in circumference. The rock is inhabited by 120 ſouls, of whom 72, like good Catholic Chriſtians, received the Communion on Eaſter-day with great devotion. They get their livelihood and maintain their families by fiſhing, as there grows no corn of any kind in this very remote part of the world. For in all this time, during the three months of June, July, and Auguſt, they have but one continued day; as the ſun never ſets with reſpect to them. In the oppoſite months of the winter they have alſo but one continued night, and they are never without the light of the moon. They catch, during the whole year, an incredible quantity of fiſh; theſe, however, are of two different ſorts only; one, which they catch in an incredible number in the greater bays, is called *ſtockfiſh*, and the other is a kind of a flat fiſh, of an aſtoniſhing ſize, for one of them was found to weigh near 200 pounds. The ſtockfiſh is dried, without ſalt, in the air and ſun, and as there is not much fat and moiſture in them, they grow as dry as wood. When they are prepared for eating, they are beaten with the back part of the hatchet, by which manœuvre they are divided into filaments like nerves: after this they are dreſſed with butter and ſpices to give them a reliſh. With this commodity the people here carry on a conſiderable trade beyond ſea with Germany. The halibuts are cut into pieces on account of their ſize, and then ſalted, in which ſtate they eat very well. With theſe fiſh they afterwards, in the month of May, load a ſhip of about 50 tons, and ſend them to Bergen, a place in Norway, about 1000 miles diſtant from them; whither likewiſe at this time of the year a great number of ſhips, from 300 to 350 tons burthen, carry all the produce of Germany, England, Scotland, and Pruſſia; together with every thing neceſſary in regard to food, drink, and cloathing; and theſe fiſh they barter for thoſe commodities and neceſſaries, becauſe their country being entirely barren and unfruitful, they conſequently have no uſe for money. Immediately as the exchange is made, they return home, landing in one place only, whence they carry wood for the whole year for burning, and for other exigencies.

The inhabitants of theſe rocks are a well-looking people, and of pure morals. They are not in the leaſt afraid of being robbed. Accordingly they never lock up any thing, but leave their doors and every thing open. Their women alſo are not watched in the ſmalleſt degree; for their gueſts lay in the ſame room with the huſbands and their wives and daughters, who, when they went to bed, ſtripped quite naked in their preſence. The beds of the foreigners, who were ſaved from the wreck, ſtood cloſe to thoſe in which ſlept the grown-up ſons and daughters of their landlords. Every other day the father and ſons went a-fiſhing by break of day, and were abſent for eight hours together, without being under any concern with reſpect to the honour and chaſtity of their wives and daughters. In the beginning of the month of May their women uſually begin to frequent the baths. Cuſtom and purity of morals have made it a law amongſt them, that they ſhould firſt ſtrip themſelves quite naked at home, and then go to the bath, at the diſtance of bow-ſhot from the houſe. In their right hand they carry a bundle of herbs to wipe the ſweat from off their backs; at the ſame time laying their left hand ſomewhat extended on their middle, as if they thereby wiſhed to cover the parts of ſhame, though, in fact, they did not ſeem to take much pains about it. In the bath they were ſeen promiſcuouſly with the men *. They had not the leaſt notion of

* The cuſtom of men and women frequenting the baths at one and the ſame time is very ancient, for it exiſted among the Romans, and of them the Grecians learned it, according to the teſtimony of Plutarch, in the life of Cato the Elder. But in the courſe of time this cuſtom gave riſe to ſuch ſhameful lewd practices, that the Emperors Adrianus and Marcus Antoninus found it neceſſary to prohibit it by law. Heliogabalus, on the contrary, bathed himſelf along with the women, and as it was countenanced by the Emperor's example, this practice muſt again have become univerſal; for his ſucceſſor, Alexander, prohibited it afreſh. Theſe laws, however,

fornication or adultery, and did not marry from ſenſual motives, but merely in order to conform to the divine commands. They alſo abſtain from ſwearing and curſing. At the death of their relations they ſhewed the greateſt reſignation to the will of God, and even returned thanks to the Almighty in their churches for having ſpared their friends ſo long a time, and for having ſuffered them to live ſo long with them, and in that he now called them to himſelf to be partakers of his heavenly bounty. They alſo ſhewed ſo little of extravagant lamentations and grief, that it appeared juſt as if the deceaſed had laid himſelf down and fallen into a ſweet ſleep. If the perſon who died was married, the widow, on the day of burial, prepared a ſumptuous banquet for the neighbours; when ſhe herſelf as well as her gueſts appeared in their beſt clothes; and on this occaſion ſhe intreated the gueſts to eat and drink heartily in memory of the deceaſed, and to his eternal repoſe and happineſs. They went conſtantly to church, praying there very devoutly on their knees, and kept the faſt-days very ſtrictly.

Their houſes were made of wood, and were of a round form, with a hole in the middle of the roof for the admiſſion of the light, which hole in winter they covered with a tranſparent fiſh-ſkin, on account of the ſeverity of the cold. Their clothes were made of coarſe cloth, manufactured at London and elſewhere. As to furs, they wore them but ſeldom; but, in order to uſe themſelves the better to the cold, they would lay their new-born infants, the fourth day after their birth, naked, under the ſky-light, which they then opened in order to let the ſnow fall upon them; for it ſnowed almoſt continually during the whole winter that Quirini's people were there, from the 5th of February to the 14th of May. In conſequence of this treatment the boys are ſo inured to the cold, and become ſo hardy, that they do not mind it in the leaſt.

The Iſle of Roſt is ſurrounded by a great number of water ſea-fowl, which the inhabitants in their language call Muxi. They are fond of living near mankind, and are as tame as the common pigeons. They make an inceſſant noiſe, excepting in the ſummer, when it is one continued day, and then they are ſilent for about four hours, and this ſilence ſerves to point out to the inhabitants the proper time for them to retire to reſt. In the early part of the ſpring arrived alſo an amazing number of wild-geeſe, that made their neſts upon the iſland, and that ſometimes againſt the walls of the houſes. They likewiſe were very tame, inſomuch that when the miſtreſs of the houſe went to take ſome eggs out of their neſts, the female would walk ſlowly from the neſt, and ſtay away till the houſewife had taken as many eggs as ſhe wanted for baking. As ſoon as the good woman was gone, the gooſe would immediately ſet herſelf on the neſt again.

In the month of May the inhabitants began to prepare for their voyage to Bergen, and were willing alſo to take the ſtrangers along with them. Some days before their departure the intelligence of their being at Roſt reached the wife of the Governor over all theſe iſlands; and her huſband being at that time abſent, ſhe ſent her Chaplain to Quirini with a preſent of 60 ſtockfiſh, three large flat loaves of rye bread, and a cake; and at the ſame time let him know that ſhe had been informed their hoſts had not uſed them well, and deſired them to mention in what point they had been wronged, that they ſhould receive inſtant ſatisfaction: it was alſo recommended to the inhabitants to treat them well, and to take them over to Bergen along with them. They thanked the Lady, and giving their teſtimony to the innocence of their hoſts, ſpoke of the reception they had met with in the higheſt terms; and as Quirini had ſtill remaining a ſtring of amber beads, which he had brought from St. Jago in Gallicia, he took the liberty of ſending

however, ſeem to have fallen into oblivion, ſince even the Chriſtians retained this immoral practice, affording occaſion to many ſynods to compoſe decrees for the prohibition of it. The Council of Laodicea, in the 30th canon, forbids the bathing of men with women. But this decree, though often rigorouſly inſiſted on, was continually tranſgreſſed againſt; and even Prieſts and Friars bathed in common with the women, 'till the Council held at Trullo again prohibited it by the 77th canon. And the Emperor Juſtinian, in his 117th Novell, among the lawful cauſes of divorce, mentions likewiſe that of a married woman's having bathed at the ſame time with men, without the permiſſion of her huſband. Ruſſia very probably received the cuſtom of bathing, together with the Chriſtian Religion, from Conſtantinople, and from thence the immoral practice above-mentioned, which, however, principally ſubſiſts in the country, ſeems to have been introduced among them. People of diſtinction, indeed, have always their own baths, which no one uſes but themſelves. The rubber here mentioned, conſiſting of herbs or rods, is alſo uſed in Ruſſia. The Ruſſians, indeed, always run immediately out of their hot baths into ſome neighbouring pond, and in the winter time roll themſelves in the ſnow.

ſending them to the Lady, and deſired her to pray to God with them for their ſafe return to their own country.

When the time of their departure was come, the people, by the advice of the Dominican Friar, forced them to pay two crowns for each month, that is, ſeven crowns a-piece; and as they had not caſh enough about them, they gave, beſides money, ſix ſilver cups, ſix forks, and ſix ſpoons, together with ſome other articles of ſmall value, ſuch as girdles and rings. The greater part of theſe things fell into the hands of the raſcally Prieſt, who, that nothing might be left to them of this unfortunate voyage, did not ſcruple to take them, under pretence that it was due to him for having acted as their interpreter. On the day of their departure all the inhabitants of Roſt made them preſents of fiſh, and, at taking leave, the women and children ſhed tears, as did alſo the ſtrangers themſelves. The Prieſt, however, accompanied them, in order to pay a viſit to his Archbiſhop, and give him part of his booty.

At their departure from Roſt, the ſeaſon was ſo far advanced, that, at the end of the month of May, during their run, they ſaw the image of the ſun 48 hours above the horizon; but, as they continued ſailing further on towards the ſouth, they loſt the ſun for a ſhort time, though but for one hour, it being all the while broad day-light. They ſailed conſtantly between the rocks, and they perceived here and there, near the projecting points of the land, marks of deep and navigable water. Many of theſe rocks were inhabited; and they were kindly received by the inhabitants, who gave them meat and drink without accepting any recompence. The ſea-fowl, that when awake were always ſo loud and noiſy, they found had built their neſts on all theſe rocks, and the ſtillneſs and ſilence of theſe birds was a ſignal for them alſo to retire to ſleep.

In the courſe of their voyage they met the Biſhop of Drontheim, who, with two galleys, was making the tour of his dioceſe, which extended all over theſe countries and iſlands, attended by above 200 people. To this Prelate they were now preſented, who, when he was informed of their misfortunes, their rank, and family, expreſſed great compaſſion for them. He gave them a letter of recommendation for Drontheim, his archiepiſcopal ſee, where St. Olave, one of the Kings of Norway, was buried, which procured them a kind reception; and a horſe was given to Quirini. But as the King of Norway happened at that time to be at war with the Germans, their hoſt, who was likewiſe maſter of the veſſel, refuſed to ſail any farther, but landed at a little inhabited iſle near Drontheim; and, after recommending them to the inhabitants, returned directly. The next day, being Aſcenſion-Day, they were conducted to Drontheim, into the church of St. Olave, which was very handſomely ornamented, and where they found the Lord Lieutenant with all the inhabitants. There they heard maſs, after which they were conducted before the Lord Lieutenant, who immediately aſked Quirini if he ſpoke Latin? and being informed by him that he did, invited him, together with all his attendants, to his table, whither they were conducted by a Canon. They were afterwards taken, by this ſame Canon, to good comfortable lodgings, and amply provided with all kinds of neceſſaries.

Quirini wiſhed for nothing more than to return to his own country; and he therefore deſired advice and aſſiſtance to enable him to return home by the way of Germany or England. That they might avoid travelling too much by ſea, which was not ſafe on account of the war, they were adviſed to apply to their countryman, John Franco, whom the King of Denmark had knighted, and who reſided at his caſtle of Stegeborg, in the kingdom of Sweden, 50 days journey from Drontheim. Eight days after their arrival, the Lord Lieutenant gave them two horſes and a guide, to take them to Stegeborg: but as Quirini had preſented the Lord Lieutenant with his ſhare of the ſtockfiſh, a ſilver ſeal, and a ſilver girdle, he received from the latter a hat, a pair of boots, ſpurs, and leathern cloak-bags, and a ſmall axe, with the image of St. Olave, and the Lord Lieutenant's coat of arms on it, together with a packet of herrings, ſome bread, and four guilders Rheniſh. They had beſides this, a third horſe from the Archbiſhop of Drontheim; and now, being twelve in number, they all ſet out together on their journey, with their guide and three horſes. They travelled on for the ſpace of 53 days, chiefly to the ſouthward, and frequently met with ſuch miſerable inns on the road, that they could not even procure bread at them. In ſome places they ground the bark of trees, and, with milk and butter, made cakes of it, which they eat inſtead of bread. Beſides this, they had milk, butter, and cheeſe, given them, and whey for drink. They ſtill proceeded on their journey, and ſometimes met with better inns, where they could get meat and beer. One thing, however, they every where found in great abundance; and this was a kind and friendly reception, ſo that they were extremely welcome wherever they went.

There are but few dwellings in Norway, and they often arrived in the night, at the hour

hour of repoſe, though it was not dark, but broad day-light. Their guide, who knew the cuſtom of the country, opened the door of the houſe, in which they found a table, ſurrounded by benches, covered with leathern cuſhions, ſtuffed with feathers, which ſerved inſtead of matraſſes. As nothing was kept locked up, they took ſome of the victuals they found ready there, and then went to reſt. Sometimes the maſters of the houſe happened to come in, and ſee them aſleep, and were much amazed, 'till the guide, who heard them, acquainted them with all the particulars; upon which their aſtoniſhment was mingled with compaſſion, and they gave the travellers every neceſſary without taking any recompence, by which means theſe 12 people and three horſes did not ſpend, on a journey of 53 days, more than the four guilders they had received at Drontheim.

On the road they met with horrid barren mountains and vallies, and with a great number of animals like roes, beſides fowls, as haſel-hens, and heath-cocks, which were as white as ſnow, and pheaſants of the ſize of a goote. In St. Olave's church they ſaw the ſkin of a white bear, which was 14 feet and a half long. Other birds, ſuch as gerfalcons, goſs-hawks, and various other ſorts of hawks, are whiter here than common, on account of the great cold of the country.

Four days before they reached Stegeborg, they came to a place called Wadſtena, where St. Bridget was born, and had founded a monaſtery of Nuns, together with Chaplains of the ſame order. At this place the northern Kings and Princes have built a moſt magnificent church, covered with copper, in which they counted 62 altars. The Nuns and Chaplains received the ſtrangers very kindly, who, after two days ſtay there, at length ſet out in order to wait on the Chevalier John Franco, who did all he could to comfort them in their diſtreſs, and relieved them in a manner that did honour to his generoſity. A fortnight after, there was given at St. Brigitta's church in Wadſtena, a plenary indulgence, of which the people of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, as well as thoſe of Germany, Holland, and Scotland, came to partake. Some of them came from the diſtance of 600 miles.

They went to the indulgence at Wadſtena with the Chevalier John Franco, in order to ſee whether they could not procure ſome intelligence there of any ſhips bound for Germany or England, there being always at that time a great concourſe of people. The Chevalier was five days on the road, and had more than 100 horſes in his train. Here they took leave of their beneficent countryman, who had furniſhed them plentifully with clothes and money for their journey, and had ordered his ſon Matthew, a very amiable young man, to accompany them to the diſtance of eight days journey to Lodeſe, where they were lodged at his own houſe, the ſhip not ſetting ſail directly. He had lent them his own horſes all the way from Stegeborg; and as Quirini was ill of a fever, he mounted him on a horſe which had an eaſier pace than ever he had met in one of theſe animals before. From Lodeſe three of his crew went home in a veſſel bound for Roſtock, and eight of them accompanied him to England, where they came to their friends in London, by way of Ely and Cambridge; and, after two months reſidence there, continued their route through Germany and Baſil, and at length, in the ſpace of 24 days, arrived ſafe and in good health at Venice.

One obſervation of Quirini, having been ſo often confirmed ſince, deſerves attention. Thoſe who, when the ſhip was in great diſtreſs, had given up all for loſt, and, without moderation, had drunk the fine Malvaſia wine which they had on board, when the want of proviſions began to be felt, and the ſcurvy commenced its ravages, ſoon died, and that ſuddenly; while thoſe who had lived temperately held out longer, and, indeed, for the moſt part, ſaved their lives. In like manner thoſe who had approached too near the fire, in order to warm themſelves, paid for this raſh action with their lives; while, on the other hand, ſuch as had recourſe to the unnatural expedient of drinking their own urine, an expedient which is likewiſe to moſt people highly diſguſting, even when urged to it by the moſt intolerable thirſt, eſcaped the jaws of death. We may obſerve farther, that the drinking of ſea-water proved very beneficial to theſe adventurers, and that the great quantity of ſnow they had ſwallowed on their landing did not hurt them in the leaſt. The different kinds of ſhell-fiſh and the fleſh of a dolphin, upon which they fed, undoubtedly ſerved to keep them all alive.

The deſcription of the ſtate of Norway, and of its commerce, together with the picture of the manners and cuſtoms of its inhabitants, are extremely fine fragments of the hiſtory of mankind. The three northern kingdoms were at that time governed by King Erich, of Pomerania, and, conſidering the times, the ſtate of them was not abſolutely bad. We ſee that the cattle made the principal food of the inhabitants, that corn was very ſcarce, and that, juſt as it does now in the mountains and in barren years, the bark of trees, mixed with a certain quantity of flour, milk, and butter, ſerved them for food. Money, on the other hand, was ſcarce; and

a little

a little silver plate, and a few trinkets, were very acceptable presents. To Quirini, as a Venetian, the length of the days in summer, and that of the nights in winter, the great quantity of water fowl, that were so little shy, and the singular chastity and the purity of the northern nations, must necessarily have appeared extremely striking. And, lastly, we see the stock-fish and herring trade, even at that time, in a flourishing state. In short, it is in my opinion, one of those voyages, which, from the general utility of their contents, are as instructive as they are important.

ON BEARDS.

[*Continued from p.* 121.]

THE Beard was given to Man by Nature: and it was surely intended that it should be worn, or it would never have been given. It was fashion that first lopped its honours from the chin; fashion, which is always in motion either to satisfy the avidity of shop-keepers, or to hide some imperfection. Thus the *hoop-petticoat* was invented by a *woman*, not to say a *queen*, to conceal the fruits of indiscreet love: *patches* were first used to conceal pimples, or ulcers: and a few centuries ago large quilted shoes were first worn by an earl of Anjou, who having a lump on one of his feet took this method to conceal it: as he was a prince of the blood all France imitated him; and Europe, imitating France, soon adopted the same kind of shoe.

Proportion is certainly the rule of the truly beautiful; but extravagance, turning men's heads, soon banished every idea of proportion. It was the fashion formerly in France to wear point-lace upon the shoes; and no man of distinction could possibly appear in polite circles who had not at least two yards and a quarter of it on each shoe; but as this was not enough, some elegant *petits-maitres* were increasing the quantity to such a degree, that king Charles V. was obliged to publish a positive law to forbid the wearing of any lace upon the shoes: this mode in France was contemporary with the introduction of the long-peaked shoe into England, where the gentlemen had the point of it fastened to their leg with a gold chain; and those who could not purchase gold used silver, or ribbands. The frequent changes in the fashion of the coat made the czar Peter the Great say, when he was in France and England, that the nobility must have been plaguily angry with their taylors, from changing them so often; for his majesty thought that the change in the coat was the effect of the change of the taylor, and not of the fashion. The beard has not been less the sport of fashion than the different articles of dress. A long bushy beard was in great estimation among the Greeks and the Romans, the most polished nations in the world. When the Gauls, who sacked Rome under Brennus, saw the venerable beards of the Roman senators in the Capitol, they were struck with so reverential an awe (for they wore no beards themselves) as for a while suspended their fury and slaughter, in order to contemplate the respectable prospect before them. Homer never mentions the beard of Priam or of Nestor without respect. At Sparta and in Egypt the beard was held in such high estimation, that it was deemed a mark of wisdom. In later times it was the custom of great men to swear by their beards; and to put three hairs, plucked from their chins, upon the wax, when they were going to fix their seal to any deed. Black beard, white beard, grey beard, red beard, false beard, nothing was forgot. The longest beard that is mentioned in history was that of the celebrated John Mayo, painter to the emperor Charles V. It is said of him, that though he was very tall, his beard was so long that he could tread upon it: he was very proud of it, and had it generally tied up with great care, and fastened with a ribband to a button-hole: he used sometimes to untie it, by direction of the emperor, who making him sit down to table with him, with all the windows open, took great delight in seeing the wind blow this long beard in the faces of his courtiers. The reign of Henry IV. of France was the golden age of beards; then it was that the modes of cutting them were as various as those at present of dressing the hair: beards were clipped round, square, or ending in a point, shapes like a fan, or an artichoke-leaf; but unfortunately Louis XIII. coming to the throne while he was still a child, and consequently without a beard, the fleecy honours of the chin were cut off; and it became fashionable to wear only a little tuft, or toupee, at the lower extremity of the centre of the chin. The whiskers, however, were not easily given up. Count de Boutteville, the most famous duellist of his age, having been condemned to be beheaded for a breach of the law against duelling, and finding on the scaffold that the executioner had cut off his hair, and was preparing to cut off his whiskers also, which were large and well grown, he could not conceal the sorrow he felt at such an indignity; and endeavouring to save his whiskers he covered them with his hands; upon which the bishop of Nantes, who was on the scaffold to attend him in his last moments, said to him—"My child, you must think no more of this world; why

would you wish still to think of it ?" The Spaniards have a proverb, which shews in what estimation they held beards—"*Desde que no hi barba, no hi mas alma, i. e.* Since there is no longer a beard, there is no longer a soul." The duke de la Rochefoucault says, "that hypocrisy is a homage which vice pays to virtue:"—as well might be said, that the art used to produce the semblance of beard on effeminate chins is a homage paid to natural beards.

To conclude what I have to say on the subject of *beards*: The *bearded* and the *shaved* chins have by turns been the objects of persecution. In many cathedrals of France, the capitulary statutes had declared war against the beards of the prebendaries; or rather it had been suggested, that attached as the clergy were to their beards, a very handsome revenue might be raised from the sale of licenses to them to wear beards: it was necessary, therefore, that an edict should first be published forbidding the clergy to wear their beards. The celebrated Duprat, who was lord high chancellor of France in the reign of Francis I. was the adviser of this measure; and at the persuasion of king Francis, the then pope published a bull, by which he enjoined the clergy of France to shave their chins; and authorised the king to levy a tax upon such of them as should wish to purchase an exemption from the ordonnances of the bull. The bishops and all the possessors of fat benefices soon paid the tax, and saved their beards; but the inferior clergy, not being rich enough to purchase the privilege of preserving the covering which nature had given to their chins, were obliged to give them up to the edge of the razor. While Francis lived, they smothered their rage; but as soon as he died, they gave vent to it, and let it fall upon William Duprat, son to the chancellor. This gentleman was returning triumphant from the council of Trent, where he had signalized himself by his eloquence, and proceeding to Clermont, to take possession of that bishoprick, to which he had been nominated by the new king Henry II. The new prelate had one of the finest and most bushy beards in the kingdom. It was on Easter Sunday that he chose to make his public entry into his church, and celebrate divine service in all the splendour of pontifical pomp: but to his unspeakable astonishment he found the gate of the chancel shut against him; and through it, for it was of brass open work, he perceived three dignitaries of the chapter waiting to receive him, but in a manner which he did not relish: one held in his hand a razor, another a pair of scissars, and the third the book of ancient statutes of the church of Clermont, with a finger pointed to two particular words in one of the statutes—"*Barbis rasis*;" whilst the other two occasionally brandished the formidable weapons, which threatened his lordship with the loss of his beard. In vain did the prelate remonstrate and observe, that though he were willing to conform to the statutes, the sanctity of the Sabbath ought not to suffer them to cut off his beard on that day, as it would be a servile work: the prebendaries were deaf to every thing; all they said was, "be shaved, or stay out." He was as obstinate as they; and chose rather to retire than give up his beard. and so much did he take his disappointment to heart, and the necessity he saw either of losing his bishoprick or his beard, that he fell ill, and died soon after. Duprat was not the only prelate who was opposed by his chapter on account of his beard. Antony Caracciola was nominated by the same king Henry to the see of Troyes in Champaigne; but the chapter refused to receive him as bishop, unless he consented to have his chin shaved; this he refused to do, but at the same time found means not to lose his bishoprick; for he had interest enough with the king to obtain from him a mandamus to the chapter to receive him with his beard. The mandamus bears date the 28th of November, 1551. Five years after this John de Morvillers found himself in a similar predicament: the chapter of Orleans, to the bishoprick of which city he had been promoted, would not receive him till he should first let the barber qualify his chin to appear in the choir according to the statutes. He was permitted, however, by the chapter to be enthroned without being shaved, because he luckily carried in his pocket a mandatory letter from the king, in which it was stated, that the statutes must be dispensed with on this occasion, as his majesty intended to employ him in embassies in countries where he could not appear without a beard.

MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS.

A CURE for the AGUE.

TAKE as much flour of brimstone as will cover half a crown, moisten it to a paste with lemon-juice, mix it with a glass of rum, and take it as the fit comes on.

For CHILBLAINS.—Soak them in warm bran and water, then rub them well with mustard-seed flour.—It must be done before they break.

POETRY.

ELEGY.

From the SORROWS of WERTER.

NEAR yonder cypreſs-ſhaded grove,
Where winds the murm'ring ſtream ſo
flow,
With ling'ring ſtep full oft I rove,
Full oft I weep my Werter's woe.

Still penſive Sorrow charms my mind,
The tear ſtill ſparkles in my eye;
Still in each groan a joy I find,
A bliſs in ev'ry rending ſigh.

Come let me view the ſacred ſpot,
The envious tomb with flowers o'ergrown;
Think not, my Werter, thou'rt forgot,
Thy Charlotte claims thee as her own.

No wretch whoſe vile polluted hand
Victorious ſlaughter deals around,
Shall croſs with impious foot this land,
Or ſtain with blood this Holy ground.

Alas! my Werter, thou wert dear,
Too dear for hapleſs Charlotte's peace;
Remembrance drops the balmy tear,
Regret forbids my woes to ceaſe.

But ah! avail thoſe mournful ſighs?
Dwells comfort in that heaving breaſt?
Thoſe tears diſtill'd from grief-worn eyes,
Can they pervade eternal reſt?

Why then, fond wretch! why linger here?
Why haunt the ſpot where Sorrow lies?
Seek not for flowers where thorns appear,
Nor dare to touch leſt nature dies.

Yet ah! how hard 'tis to refrain,
When thoſe we weep we truly lov'd;
Sad recollection will complain,
And tender pity muſt be mov'd.

Soft breathes the wind thoſe bowers among,
Mild darts the Sun his parting ray;
The warbling choir with echoing ſong
Cheer the meek hour of cloſing day.

But when, ah! when ſhall Hope appear,
To glad with genial ray my breaſt;
When ſhall the dark, dark proſpect clear?
Oh! when ſhall Charlotte's ſorrows reſt?

Now ſwims before my erring ſight
The ſacred grove, the winding ſtream;
Rocks, valleys, mountains, take their flight,
Nor re-appear till morning beams.

Adieu, my love! once more adieu!
I feel what tongue can never tell;
Once was I happy!—ſo was you!
How great the change!—dear ſhade, farewel!

AUBINUS.

SONNET,

Addreſs'd to Miſs HANNAH B——.

AH! would, when Heaven had given thee
as thou art,
Perfection's ſelf, yet wanting ſomething ſtill,
Would it had deign'd thy frozen breaſt to fill
With love, and gentler touch'd thy too hard
heart!

Had lib'ral Nature, when for thy fine form,
Her undiſputed maſterpiece, ſhe roll'd
The choice materials ev'n in *Venus'* mould,
Made thee like *Venus* too, as fond, as warm;

I might at leaſt have hop'd—But 'twould
not be!
For envy-ſtung, the Paphian Goddeſs ſtrove,
And, grief to tell! prevail'd on mighty Jove
This dire reſolve to ſtamp with Fate's decree:

"Since Nature dar'd to caſt in marble
mould,
"Like marble be the fair impreſſion *cold*."

SONNET.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

POOR hapleſs bird! that mourns thoſe
woods among,
Warbling in wild notes ſweet thy plaintive
tale;
Say, doſt thou hope thy piteous lays avail!
Canſt melt ſtern fate with thy melodious
ſong!

Ah, no! her cruel doom nought can con-
troul:
An infant offſpring, ſeiz'd by ſome rude
hand,
May well thoſe notes, thoſe ſighs may well
demand!
Yet vain for them ſhall ſorrow's full tide roll.

Let me, a wanderer thro' this world of care,
Let me, ſad Philomel, thy griefs partake;
I too can mourn, and will, for her dear ſake,
Who ſhed for me full many a heart-wrung
tear!

So ſhall in one our general hardſhips twine,
I by thy anguiſh eas'd, as thou by mine

Written at Newport Church, in the Iſle of Wight, July 26, 1786; previous to the Performance of the Meſſiah, a Sacred Oratorio.

COME, ſacred Harmony! inſpire the ſoul;
Still ev'ry jarring paſſion in our breaſts:
Attention come! and fix our hearts on Him
Whoſe love ſtupendous we attempt this day
To celebrate with all our nobleſt powers.
Nor only muſic to our *outward* ears;
Let grateful joy poſſeſs our inmoſt ſouls,
So great a bleſſing can demand no leſs!

Though feeble are our beſt attempts *below*,
Yet diſencumber'd from theſe fleſhly robes,
With heav'nly powers, and higher notes of praiſe,
Before his throne we then ſhall proſtrate fall,
And ſing the wonders of redeeming grace:
There with loud Hallelujahs hail *that* Lord,
Who ever was, who is, and is to come!

The grand triumphant Jubilee begins!—
Each glowing *Seraph* tunes his harp of gold!
Ten thouſand times ten thouſand ſtand around:
(A multitude which none can count or tell!)
All join with rapt'rous joy the ſong divine,
In praiſe to Him who ſits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, for he is worthy found:
Whilſt through eternal ages is prolong'd
This Chorus loud—"Glory to God on high;"
Since peace, ſalvation, love and grace, have now
Their univerſal reign begun!—Amen.

T. M.

SONNET.

CHARLOTTE to the Shade of WERTER.

THEY tell me, time's all-powerful hand will heal
The wounds that thou haſt given my tortur'd breaſt;
That I not always ſhall thus keenly feel,
But that my troubled ſpirit will have reſt.

Ah! when or where?—For me time vainly flies,
Since Hope returns not!—and th' empoiſon'd dart,
Barb'd with deſpair and death, for ever lies,
Ah! deeply lies, and feſters in my heart.

Yet reaſon's calm diſciples ſmile and ſay,
That patience yet ſhall bid the tumult ceaſe;
That rooted ſorrow ſhall to time give way,
And cold deſpondence drink the balm of peace.

Alas! ere this ſad heart ſhall ceaſe to bleed,
It muſt forget thee———and muſt change indeed!

S. C.

The SNOW-DROP.

HAIL! lovely flower, ſo artleſs, wild,
Thy humble charms I'll ſing:
And welcome nature's earlieſt child,
Sweet harbinger of Spring!

No gaudy tints of varied hue
Adorn thy drooping head;
White as ſurrounding ſnow it grew,
Scarce notic'd from the bed.

In vernal months, whilſt others praiſe
Each painted flower they ſee;
And on the roſe or tulip gaze,
Still I will think on Thee.

And ſhould I meet ſome beauteous maid,
So innocent and fair;
Whom affectation never ſway'd,
Free, unconſtrain'd her air;

Like thee, I'd take her to my breaſt,
And guard her ſafe from harm;
No wint'ry blaſt ſhould there moleſt,
No ſtorm ſhould e'er alarm!

E. T. P.

On the SUN ſhining in a young Lady's Eyes.

O! Sol, what preſumption, what folly and ſpite;
(Such malicious attempts ſure the gods muſt deſpiſe)
Becauſe in the morn you each *ſtar* put to flight,
To conclude you could weaken fair Zelida's *eyes!*

Ceaſe, ceaſe thy endeavours, which ne'er can ſucceed;
More potent than thine are the rays *they* impart:
To *them* far ſuperior the virtues decreed;
Thine but warm the externals—*Theſe* reach to the *heart!*

E. T. P.

IMPROMPTU.

On a Tragedy being Damn'd the firſt Night of Performance.

ALAS! poor Bard, how vent'rous bold,
To tempt thy fate on this dread ſpot!
Thy tragedy how dull and *cold!*
The Critic's rage how *hiſſing hot!*

E. T. P.

ODE to NIGHT.

HAIL, ebon-ſcepter'd Goddeſs! whoſe approach
The glimm'ring landſcape feels, and feeling fades!
Soon as thy duſky veil
Its mantling influence ſheds;
What tho' in Sable's mournful garb array'd,
Thou com'ſt attended by thy airy band;
Thy band a hideous train
Of Elves and fancied Sprites;
What tho' loath'd Darkneſs her creative wand
Waving around the cred'lous breaſt alarms,
'Till fancy fav'ring fear,
Each dwarf a giant ſtalks;
Tho' on her ſtilly pinions ſweeping ſoft,
Dread Silence 'bout thy throne her vigils keep;
So that the tinkling rill
A thund'ring torrent pours;
Yet art thou not without thy charms, O Night,
Thy ſolemn charms, which to the muſing mind
Joys more ſubſtantial yield
Ev'n than the gariſh morn.

Hark!

Hark! from yon distant tower, whose mould'ring domes
The bird of Solitude her dwelling makes,
A deep-ton'd length'ning toll
My list'ning ear assaults:
Loud o'er the lonely dale it rumbling rolls,
Then lost in faint vibrations dies away.
There (if report say true)
Strange things are heard and seen:
Now hollow groans, now scarcely breathing sigh;
Now unlaid sprites, whose ghostly shadows walk
In gory garb array'd,
The passing swains affright;
Whilst starting Fear, by Superstition led,
Hears the chains rattle and the dumb walls speak,
As o'er this haunted scene
With trembling step she steals.
Lo! where emerging from surrounding clouds,
Thy beauteous queen, O Night! her silv'ry ray
Athwart yon mountain's brow
In mildest lustre throws!
Ah! how the re-appearing landscape charms!
How shines its paly softness!—Thro' the gleam
Yon humble spire I view,
Its humbler villa's pride,
Th' adjacent grove of elms, the cottage tops,
The wide-extending lawns—the misty hills,
The smooth-meand'ring streams,
All rising, flush'd with smiles.
Beneath thy shade, sweet Night, a pleasing task,
True to th' appointed time the lover flies,
Anxious to meet his fair,
On Expectation's wing.
The prudent guardian, wrongly prudent deem'd,
Their flight suspects not—Soon they scale the walls,
The vain-withstanding walls,
And triumph in their plot;
Whilst dangers past but serve to make those sweets,
Those stolen sweets, a thousand times more sweet.
Ev'n now while fancy glows,
The Muse her magic warmth
A while retaining——as the chilly soil
The warmth of Sol's shorn beams a while retains,—
The lovely Thracian Maid
From Sestos' towers beholds
Forth from the pleasure-smiling dome her lamp,
Love's guiding star, impendent, cast its rays,
Its glimm'ring rays, across
The loudly-bellowing deep,
'Mid whose contending rage the amorous youth
Plunging undaunted, cleaves with pliant limbs
(So wills the Cyprian Queen)
The back-retreating tide;
While she, sweet nymph! in silent suff'ring hears
The wild waves thund'ring lash the sounding shore;
Nor ceases her alarms,
'Till clasp'd th' advent'rous swain.
Those joys, those secret joys, to thee belong,
To thee, O Night, and thy attendant shades,
Whilst lovers thus thy reign,
Thy fav'ring reign, shall bless;
Whilst hoary Time his slow revolving hours,
Bound in thy pond'rous chains, shall pensive lead;
Whilst Melancholy, pale,
Shall woo thee to her arms,
As oft' the lonely cypress shade she seeks,
Where rest the reliques of some much-lov'd friend,
The cold unconscious urn
Bathing with heart-wrung tears;
So long, Inspirer of the serious thought,
Shall Sensibility, Heav'n's choicest gift,
By Contemplation urg'd,
Thy genial charms adore.

SONNET

To MELPEMONE.

By Mr. UPTON.

A Pleasing sadness thrills the pensive soul,
Each pulse attentive beats with motion slow,
Now quickly chang'd—conflicting passions roll,
And ev'ry nerve with new sensations glow.
"Now, Jaffier, now,"—the lovely mourner cries,
'Tis Belvidera courts the pointed steel;
Now, my best love, thy Belvidera dies;
Strike, while thy bosom——ev'ry fear conceal.
Frenzy recoils——and love holds sov'reign sway,
Affection hurls aside the erring dart,
And he that could his gen'rous friend betray,
Acts, nobly acts,—the friend and lover's part.
Such sweet Melpomene, is thy pow'r to move
The callous heart—to sympathy and love.

SONNET

To THALIA.

By the SAME.

SORROW away—ye gloomy thoughts begone,
Thalia comes, in ev'ry grace array'd,
Prepare the cymbal, tune the festive song,
See ev'ry homage to the Goddess paid.
Unfold the cestus, form'd by magick skill,
And bind around Attraction's airy waist,
Enough—beware, each arrow aims to kill,
Shot from the bow of Fancy and of Taste.

Methinks

Methinks I see the lovely fair-one smile,
And lightly trip it o'er the mimick stage;
Her artless look—devoid of ev'ry guile,
Unknowing, captives and enchantms the age.

Reign then, Thalia, on thy British shore,
Till Chaos comes, and Time shall be no more.

ODE to POPULARITY.

By R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

O POPULARITY, thou giddy thing!
What grace or profit dost thou bring?
Thou art not honesty, thou art not fame;
I cannot call thee by a worthy name;
To say I hate thee were not true;
Contempt is properly thy due;
I cannot love thee and despise thee too.

Thou art no patriot, but the veriest cheat
That ever trafficked in deceit;
A state empiric, bellowing loud
Freedom and phrenzy to the mobbing crowd;
And what car'st thou, if thou canst raise
Illuminations and huzzas,
Tho' half the city sunk in one bright blaze?

A patriot! no; for thou dost hold in hate
The very peace and welfare of the state;
When anarchy assaults the sovereign's throne,
Then is the day, the night thine own;
Then is thy triumph, when the foe
Levels some dark insidious blow,
Or strong rebellion lays thy country low.

Thou canst affect humility, to hide
Some deep device of monstrous pride;
Conscience and charity pretend,
For compassing some private end;
And in a canting conventicle note
Long scripture passages canst quote,
When persecution rankles in thy throat.

Thou hast no sense of nature at thy heart,
No ear for science, and no eye for art,
Yet confidently dost decide at once
This man a wit, and that a dunce;
And, (strange to tell!) howe'er unjust,
We take thy dictates upon trust,
For if the world will be deceiv'd, it must.

In truth and justice thou hast no delight,
Virtue thou dost not know by sight;
But, as the chymist by his skill
From dross and dregs a spirit can distill,
So from the prisons, or the stews,
Bullies, blasphemers, cheats or Jews,
Shall turn to heroes, if they serve thy views.

Thou dost but make a ladder of the mob,
Whereby to climb into some courtly job;
There safe reposing, warm and snug,
Thou answer'st with a patient shrug,
Miscreants, begone! who cares for you,
Ye base-born, brawling, clamorous crew?
You've serv'd my turn, and, vagabonds, adieu!

To Mr. GAINSBOROUGH,

After seeing his Pictures.

By the Author of the RECESS, CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS, &c.

WHOE'ER the glowing impulse knows
By genius only giv'n,
Will think the pleasure it bestows
The first on this side heav'n.

Th' Almighty's great prerogative
Those mortals seem to share,
Who bid the mind's creation live,
While thousands own it fair.

Oh! blest with talents to adorn,
With thee the town we leave,
To watch the dewy break of morn,
Or crimson blush of Eve;

To see wild nature wake to grace;
And in each various shade;
Find sentiment in every face,
In ev'ry garb pourtrayed.

Yet higher still the feelings blend,
When turning thence we view
The form of many a vanish'd friend,
So exquisitely true.

Mute is at once the voice of praise,
Yet not the less thy claim;
Our silence most thy skill displays,
And ev'ry tear is fame.

PARODY of SAPPHO's celebrated ODE,

By Miss C——, *a child of eight years of age, but remarkably quick, now at Mrs.* D——'s *Boarding School. Addressed to the* Rod, *with which she had just been corrected by her Governess.*

I.

CURST as the meanest wretch is she,
Th' unlucky girl just *whipt* by thee,
Who sees and feels thy stinging rage,
Which nought but time can e'er assuage.

II.

'Tis thou that plagu'st us ev'ry day,
To shame and smart mak'st us a prey.
Is aught misdone—straight o'er the knee,
Poor culprits, we are *twigg'd* by thee.

III.

Thy *flatter'd ends*, and shabby plight,
Show e'en thou suffer'st by thy spite;
Judge then, thou ugly *sluggy* thing,
How my poor flesh can bear thy sting.

IV.

Guardian Pow'rs, protect me then,
Let me ne'er taste *fell Birch* again;
To naughty boys confine its rage,
And not with tender chits engage.

STANZAS,

Written by an ANCHORET.

THE spring of life to me was fair,
My days in pleasure flew,
Nor was the wrinkled face of care
Presented to my view.

But

But when the early ſummer ſhed
Her faſcinating rays,
Deſpair and ſorrow overſpread,
And darken'd all my days.

Oh! ſhould a wretched Pilgrim ſhare
Mild Autumn's rip'ning pow'r;
While pining grief and ſad deſpair
Await each ling'ring hour.

Haply ere Winter's chilling hand
Shall life's ecſtatick fire aſſuage,
Death may diffuſe its influence bland,
And diſappoint decrepid age.

ELEGIACK SONNET.

Written by the Same.

WHY will the Muſe with pining Sorrow dwell?
Ah why, in Miſ'ry's lonely cell,
My wayward fate purſue?
Haply to chear my penſive hours
She lends her faſcinating pow'rs,
And paints my woes anew.

And as no fond, no pitying friend is near,
The plaintive tale of grief to hear,
She breathes it to the wind;
But can her ſacred influence controul
The ſtruggling tumults of the ſoul,
Or eaſe the troubled mind?

Ah, no! her ſmiles but keener point each dart,
And drive it ſwifter through the bleeding heart.

ART and NATURE.

'TIS ſaid that once upon a time,
(So tales begin, and ſo my rhyme)
Nature held high diſpute with Art,
Which had moſt power upon the heart.

They each agreed, to end debate,
A lovely maiden to create,
Endow'd with their reſpective charms,
To fill the ſoul with Love's alarms.

Obedient to each high command,
Two female forms before them ſtand.

Art flew for lightning to the ſkies,
And plac'd it in her daughter's eyes;
But Nature, tender and ſincere,
Taught her's to ſhed ſoft Pity's tear.

While Art, from her abundant ſtore,
Her favorite's cheeks vermilion'd o'er;
Another method Nature choſe,
In her's ſhe plac'd the bluſhing roſe.

Art wander'd through *Arabia's* plain,
Each richeſt, coſtlieſt gum to gain,
She rifled every region o'er,
And left *Ambara's* valley poor,
Then with her gather'd ſweets ſhe hied,
To ſcent the object of her pride.

Such gales as kiſs the daiſied meads,
When Spring the jocund hours leads,
When every object grown more gay
Joins to hail returning May,

Through even rows of pearly teeth,
Nature taught her child to breathe.

A neck that caught the gazer's ſight,
As alabaſter, cold and white,
Where ſymmetry's extremeſt point
Was tortur'd into every joint,
Riſing from a ſnowy breaſt,
The ſculptor's curious toil confeſt,
Such Art beſtow'd upon her child
While indignant Nature ſmil'd.

A ſpotleſs ſkin of faireſt hue,
With veins of ſky, eye-tinctur'd blue,
A boſom which conceal'd a heart
That bore in every pang a part,
And throbb'd reſponſive to each groan,
Soft Nature bade her child to own.

Next Art to *Perſia's* regions flew,
From thence the richeſt ſilks ſhe drew,
Tranſparent emeralds ſhe ſought,
The *Ceylon* ruby too ſhe brought;
Golconda's richeſt mine explor'd,
To add the diamond to her hoard,
And on her idol ſhe beſtow'd
The curious, coſtly, cumbrous load;
While young ſimplicity and eaſe,
Gave Nature's daughter power to pleaſe.

Thus deck'd, each mother gave her charge,
Before ſhe ſet her child at large.

"Now go—ſaid Art,—and let your eyes
Fill each beholder with ſurprize;
Go—be but ſeen—without controul
You'll lord it o'er the human ſoul;
Before your feet, you'll daily ſee
Unnumber'd captives bow the knee;
But let them drag a hopeleſs chain,
And ſigh, and ſwear, and rave in vain."

In humbler accents Nature ſaid;
Be not of yonder form afraid;
"Perhaps ſhe'll wound the fopling's heart,
Be your's, my dear, a nobler part;
The trifling conqueſts of her eyes,
Are ſuch as all your ſex deſpiſe.

"But if ſome tender youth you find,
In whom each ſenſe, each virtue's join'd,
Within whoſe open, generous breaſt
Diſſimulation cannot reſt,
Of him a worthy conqueſt make,
He'll love my child, for Nature's ſake.
In him no ſhort-liv'd flame you'll fear,
Where VIRTUE dwells, the ſoul's ſincere.
Go then, my life, my joy, my pride,
Go—be the counterpart of F——D."

SONG

By the late EARL of GAINSBOROUGH, who died aged 41, on the 21ſt March, 1751.

THE Perſians ſtretch their votive arms
To Phœbus in his riſing ſtate;
I gaze on dear Myrtilla's charms,
And meet thoſe eyes that dart my fate.

So the fond moth round tapers plays,
Nor dreams of death in ſuch bright fires:
With joy he haſtes into the blaze,
He courts his doom, and there expires.

An

An EXCUSE for PRINCE BLADUD's being a Swineherd.

By Dr. H——N, of Bath.

TO Bath's fair market Bladud brought
His hogs of speckled breed;
Thereby to show no man he thought
A *spotless* life could lead.
His pride, 'tis plain, could not be much,
And was no Jew you find;
For those good folks no pigs will touch,
Unless of *Guinea kind*.

I feel no shame, this youth aver'd,
Since not one Prince alive
But sometimes finds a grunting herd
Will neither lead nor drive.
Then why despise the simple swine,
So like ourselves in fate;
Do we not scratch our ears and whine,
When stuck in misfortune's gate?

The world throughout is far from nice,
If we its sweetness try;
'Tis folly-stain'd, and rank in vice,
And made a mere Pig-stye:
At best but like—I'll tell you what—
A round of collar'd brawn,
Where some have lean, and some have fat,
And some have a deal of horn.

Like wrong sow gotten by the ear,
How oft are we mistaken!
And does not he most wise appear
Who best can save his bacon?
In point of taste, we all must own
The tit beats stall and crib;
The daintiest dish by Adam known
It was his dear *Spare-rib*.

How oft do men in corners hurry,
Smoak-dry'd in worldly cares;
How oft in Sorrow's pickle flurry,
And sous'd o'er head and ears.
Then tell me, Sirs, if such our fate,
Where does the difference lie,
Since rich and great are fly'd in state,
And fatted up to die?

IMPROMPTU,

To one of the best of Men.

Non est vivere, sed valere vita.—Martial.

Merely to breathe, howe'er enrich'd with wealth,
Is not to live;—to live—*is life* with health.—
Amen.

AS we Life's varied zig-zag path pursue,
We meet its pleasures and its sorrows too,*
Of strong contrasted parts the picture's made,
Here vivid colouring—there a mass of shade;
As the high hill's reflect the brightest rays,
So health's the sunshine of our fickle days;
Of *that* possess'd, however great the ill,
Its balm alleviates, or gilds the pill.

Then woo her closely in the rustick cell,
Where *Peace* and *Temperance*, her parents, dwell.
Trace her chaste footsteps on the upland lawn,
At evening's glow, and mild Aurora's dawn.

Howe'er attractive be the midnight bowl,
The jest—the song—the glee—the flow of soul,
To this gay phalanx *firmly dare* to give
This toast—"Health! 'tis with *thee* I wish to live."

Oct. 3, 1787. L'AMISTA.

* A line from Judge Nares's Epitaph.

On Visiting the Ruins of an ancient ABBEY, in Devonshire, September 1786.

By a YOUNG LADY.

BLEST be the power, by Heaven's own flame inspir'd,
That first thro' shades monastic pour'd the light;
Where, with unsocial Indolence retir'd,
Fell Superstition reign'd in tenfold night:
Where, long sequester'd from the vulgar sight,
Religion fetter'd lay, her form unknown,
Mid direful gloom and many a secret rite;
Till now releas'd she claims her native throne,
And gilds th' awakening world with radiance all her own.

O sacred source of sweet celestial peace!
From age to age in darksome cells confin'd!
Blest be the voice that bade thy bondage cease,
And sent thee forth t' illuminate the blind,
Support the weak, and raise the sinking mind.
By thee the soul its native strength explores,
Pursues the plan by fav'ring heav'n assign'd,
Through truth's fair path th' enlighten'd spirit soars,
And the Great Cause of All with purer rites adores.

How oft confin'd within this narrow grate,
With souls aspiring to a world's applause,
Have free-born spirits mourn'd their hapless fate!
Some hero ardent in his country's cause,
Some patriot form'd to give a nation laws,
Or in life's milder scenes with honour shine;
When each bright hope a father's hand withdraws,
And dooms his child, from ev'ry prospect fair,
To long unvarying years of lonely deep despair.

When darkness now with silence reigns around,
As the faint sun withdraws his glimm'ring beams,
(Save when, to render darkness more profound,
On the rough grate the pale moon quiv'ring gleams,
And thro' the length'ning aile the owlet screams—)
Then, lull'd by Fancy's visionary train,
His long-lost friends frequent his blissful dreams;

He

He ſpends his days of child-hood o'er again,
Till ſounds the midnight bell, and proves the viſion vain.

Yet let the hand of deſolating Time
Theſe ſinking tow'rs and mould'ring walls revere;
For not with uſeleſs pride they roſe ſublime,
Fair Learning ſtor'd her choiceſt treaſure here;
When Rapine whirl'd aloft her threat'ning ſpear,
When Murder reign'd, by Gothic ignorance crown'd,
On every plain the barbarous bands appear,
Fierce Diſcord bids her hoſtile trumpet ſound,
And war, in crimſon'd robe, tremendous ſtalks along.

Though now in ruin'd majeſty they lie,
The fading reliques of departed days,
Yet ſhall their change no uſeleſs theme ſupply,
No trivial ſubject for the Poet's lays:
For as the thoughtful mind theſe ſcenes ſurveys,
Whoſe ſolemn ſhades Reflection's pow'rs invite,
Their falling pomp that awful Hand diſplays,
Which can from tranſient ill and mental night
Produce eternal good and intellectual light.

SONNET,

Written on an Eminence near DIEPPE, in FRANCE, during a Storm.

WHILE trembling Naiads on the ocean weep,
And view the tempeſt in its wayward form,
Along the ſwelling boſom of the deep,
To Albion's coaſt I turn my longing eyes,
And heedleſs of the wild, the beating ſtorm,
"Still haunt the ſcene where all my treaſure lies."

And on the ſummit of yon rocky ſhore,
Where Freedom once maintain'd her peaceful ſeat,
Sighing, methinks I hear her now deplore
The woeful ravage of Ambition's rage,
And in ſad ſtrains of ſympathy relate
The wild delusions of a poliſh'd age.

Ah! ſtill muſt I thoſe curs'd deluſions prove
Which check the progreſs of conſenting love

M——m.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

PRINCESS AMELIA'S DEATH, FUNERAL, AND WILL.

THIS evening, (Oct. 31) at ſix o'clock, died, at her houſe in Cavendiſh-ſquare, her Royal Highneſs Princeſs Amelia Sophia Eleonora, aunt to his preſent Majeſty, ſecond daughter and laſt ſurviving iſſue of his late Majeſty George the Second and his Queen Caroline. Her Royal Highneſs was born on the 10th of June 1711, was never married, and has lived for many years paſt in a private and retired manner.

Her Highneſs had a ſingular prepoſſeſſion, that ſhe ſhould die in the month of October. It was the month that her father and brother died. His late Majeſty died on the 25th of October 1760, and the late Duke of Cumberland died on the 31ſt of October 1765, being the ſame day of the month that her Highneſs died.

In conſequence of the death of her Royal Highneſs the Lord Chamberlain ſent an order, between four and five the next evening, to the two theatres, to ceaſe repreſenting any plays, &c. till after the funeral of the Princeſs. His Lordſhip alſo ſent the ſame night a letter to the City Remembrancer (Peter Roberts, Eſq;) requeſting him to acquaint the Lord Mayor, that it was expected the ſame rules which were obſerved on Lord Mayor's Day immediately ſucceeding the death of the late Duke of Cumberland, might be obſerved upon the preſent occaſion.

Notice was likewiſe given from the Earl Marſhal's Office that it was expected all perſons would put themſelves in decent mourning, which commenced on the 10th of November, the day after the funeral. The mourning is to expire on Sunday the 3d of December.

Friday, Nov. 10. The body of the Princeſs Amelia was this night brought privately to the Prince's Chamber, and placed a little before the canopy; the room being hung, and floored with black, and lighted with wax candles; and on each ſide of the canopy were placed five high ſtands, with large wax tapers. At the head of the coffin was an elbow chair for the chief mourner, and another chair on each ſide for her two ſupporters. On either ſide of the corpſe, cloſe to the wall, were five ſtools, placed for the ten aſſiſtants; and below them, two forms for the ladies of the bedchamber. The coffin was covered with a black velvet pall, adorned with eight eſcutcheons; and, on the head of the coffin, the Princeſs's coronet, upon a black velvet cuſhion.

Saturday, Nov. 11. This evening her late Royal Highneſs Princeſs Amelia-Sophia-Eleonora was privately interred in the Royal vault in King Henry the Seventh's chapel, at Weſtminſter.

About half an hour paſt eight o'clock, the proceſſion began to move, paſſing through the Old Palace-Yard to the ſouth-eaſt door of the Abbey, upon a floor railed in, covered with black cloth, and under an awning, and

lined on each ſide with a party of foot-guards, in the following order:

Knight-Marſhal's men.
Livery-ſervants to her Royal Highneſs.
Gentlemen ſervants to her Royal Highneſs.
Pages of the Preſence, Wm. Stokes, Edward Powell, Eſqrs.
Pages of the Back-ſtairs, Edward Smith, Philip Hewes, Eſqrs.
Page of Honour, Edward Stephens, Eſq.
Phyſician, Dr. Warren.
Chaplain, Dr. Bell.
Equerry.
Secretary, John Turnor, Eſq.
Bedchamber Women (veiled),
Miſs Onſlow—Miſs Howard—Miſs Ruſſell.
Purſuivants of Arms.
Heralds of Arms.
Comptroller, and Treaſurer to her R. H's Houſehold.
Ladies of the Bedchamber, (veiled)
Lady Templetown—Lady Ann Howard—Counteſs of Barrymore.
Norroy, King of Arms.
Ld Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſehold.

A Gent. Uſher, Major Johnſon	Clarenceux, K. of Arms, bearing the Coronet upon a black velvet cuſhion.	Gent. Uſher, Sir W. Fitzherbert, bt.

The Body,

In a crimſon velvet coffin, (carried by Yeomen of the Guard) covered with a black velvet pall, adorned with eight eſcutcheons of her Royal Highneſs's arms, in a lozenge, under a canopy, ſupported by eight Gentlemen Uſhers and Grooms of the Chamber to his Majeſty.

Supporters of the Pall.

Lady Pelham, Lady Howard.		Lady Stawell, Lady Clifford.
A Gentleman Uſher, Major-Gen. Stephens.	Garter Principal King of Arms, with the rod of his office.	A Gentleman Uſher, Colonel Rolt.

Chief Mourner,

Ducheſs of Bolton, (veiled) her train borne by Lady Yonge.

Supporters to the Chief Mourner,

Counteſs Dowager of Suffolk, (veiled.) Ducheſs of Northumberland, (veiled.)

Ladies Aſſiſtants to the Chief Mourner,

Counteſs of Eſſex,	Counteſs of Saliſbury,
Counteſs Waldegrave,	Counteſs Stanhope,
Counteſs of Lonſdale,	Counteſs Harcourt,
Viſcounteſs Howe,	Viſcſs. Hampden.

A Gentleman Uſher, Francis Wadman, Eſq.
Yeomen of the Guard.

N. B. Peers, Peereſſes, Peers Sons and Daughters, and Privy Councillors, were called over according to their reſpective ranks and degrees, and ſeveral attended.

At the entrance of Weſtminſter Abbey, within the church, the Dean and Prebendaries, attended by the choir, received the body, falling into the proceſſion juſt before Norroy King of Arms, and ſo proceeded into King Henry the Seventh's chapel, where the body was depoſited on treſſels, the coronet and cuſhion being laid on the coffin, and the chief mourner and her two ſupporters ſitting at the head of the corpſe; the ladies aſſiſtants, and ſupporters of the pall, on either ſide.

The part of the ſervice before the interment being read, the corpſe was depoſited in the vault, and the Dean having finiſhed the burial-ſervice, Garter proclaimed her Royal Highneſs's ſtile as follows:

"Thus it hath pleaſed Almighty God to take out of this tranſitory life unto his divine mercy, the late moſt illuſtrious Princeſs AMELIA-SOPHIA-ELEONORA, ſecond daughter of his late Majeſty King GEORGE the Second, and aunt of his moſt excellent Majeſty GEORGE the Third, &c."

Genuine Extracts from the WILL *of the late Princeſs* AMELIA.

The town-houſe in Cavendiſh-ſquare, and the houſe at Gunnerſbury, with the furniture of each, are to be ſold, and one moiety ariſing from the ſale is to be appropriated to the uſe of Prince Charles of Heſſe Caſſel; and, after a legacy of four thouſand pounds to Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, and a further legacy of four thouſand pounds to Lady Caroline Waldegrave, ſhall have been paid out of the remaining moiety, the reſidue of the money ariſing from the two houſes, &c. is to be equally divided between her two nephews, Prince Charles and Prince Frederick of Heſſe Caſſel.

What ſums the Princeſs Amelia had in the ſtocks, are diſpoſed of in the following manner:

To Prince Charles of Heſſe	£. 20,000
To Prince Frederic	20,000
To each of the executors for their proper uſe 1000l.	2000

Eight thouſand pounds a year, the produce of other ſums in the ſtocks, are to be paid in annuities to ſeveral Ladies ſpecified in the will; and after their deceaſe to devolve to Prince Charles of Heſſe.

The following may be depended on as ſome of the authentic particulars of the Princeſs's bequeſts, by will, to her ſervants.

Ladies of the Bedchamber.

Years in her ſervice.		£.
21	Lady Anne Howard,	5000
4	Lady Barrymore,	4000
1	Lady Templetown,	2000

Bedchamber Women.

35	Miſs Howard for life,	100 per year.
8	Miſs Ruſſell for life,	300 ditto.

2 Miſs

2 Miſs Onſlow, 200 ditto.
Gentlemen Uſhers.
26 Colonel Rolt, 100
19 General Stephens, 100
19 Capt. Wadman, 100
Chaplain.
24 Dr. Bell, all her books & 100
Page of honour.
Mr. Stephens, jun. 100
Houſekeeper.
1 Mrs. Kewley, 100
Wardrobe Women.
1½ Mrs. Wilſon, 300 and 60l. for life.
15 Mrs. Mavor, 200
Stewards.
25 Mr. Turner, 500 and 150 for 6 years.
13 Mr. Turner, jun. 300
Pages.
40 Mr. Hewes, 300
29 Mr. Smith, 300
Butler.
20 Mr. Powell, 300
Gentleman Porter.
18 Mr. Watts, 200
Cook.
25 Mr. Dawſon, 200
Steward in the Country.
24 Mr. Stokes, 200
Clerk of the Stables.
4 Mr. John Powell, 200
Summer Porter.
11 Mr. Crockett, 200
Coachman.
1 Mr. Kingſton, 50
4 Footmen.
19 Mr. Langford, 50
8 Mr. Mackintoſh, 50
2 Mr. Candy, 50
1 Mr. Gilbert, 50
Under Butlers.
Years wages as follows;
9 Aaron Royce, 30
4 William Meale, 30
Houſe Maids.
2 Eight houſe maids, 9l. each, 72
Baker.
23 Murry Robinſon, 20
Brewer.
19 Thomas Sargent, 20
Dairy Maid.
8 Mary Tindale, 20
2 Gardeners.
21 Mr. Willſon, 80
5 Mr. Price, 80
4 Helpers.
1 a 25 At twenty-pounds each, 100
Bedchamber Womens Maids,
And Footman.
4 Maids.
1 Footman.
2 Lady Waldegrave,
Elizabeth,
And Caroline, 4000 each.
A curious clock, Tompion's maſter-piece, value when made for the Duke of Cumberland, 600
Several old ſervants that uſed to have their ſalaries allowed from 10l. to 200l. no notice taken in the will, ſo that of courſe all unprovided. Names £.
Mr. Shaw, 200
Ann Garnitt, 20
Richard Hopkins, 25
Daniel Trainer, 25
Mary Cupit, 20
A man whoſe arms were ſhot off by firing a cannon, 20
The widow of a labouring man who fell from the houſe, and was killed, 20
Mrs. Jones, late laundry maid, 10
Mrs. Foſs, formerly houſekeeper, 40—380

No mourning mentioned for any of the ſervants—but by petition to Lord Beſborough, mourning was ordered for all the houſhold. The noble Lord was oppoſed in his order, but honourably ſaid, if the Prince of Heſſe refuſed to pay, he would pay the coſt out of his own pocket.

LADY STRATHMORE's SEIZURE by, and DELIVERANCE from, her Huſband Mr. BOWES.

FRIDAY, Nov. 10.

FOR ſome weeks paſt ſeveral ſuſpicious perſons had been ſeen about Lady Strathmore's houſe in Bloomſbury ſquare, and the ſame people had been obſerved to follow her carriage in hackney-coaches. It appears ſhe had been betrayed by one Lucas, a conſtable in the neighbourhood, who had offered his ſervices for ſome time paſt, to occaſionally watch her houſe, to whom ſhe paid twelve ſhillings per week. This morning this man enquired of her coachman if ſhe went out that day, and being informed ſhe did, he offered his ſervice as uſual—for her further ſafety ſhe took the brother to her ſolicitor, Mr. Farrer, and her maid Mrs. Morgan with her. At two o'clock ſhe got to the houſe of Mr. Foſter, in Oxford-ſtreet, when ſhe had no ſooner alighted than ſeveral perſons came into the houſe, which alarmed the lady, and ſhe went into another room and locked the door, while Mr. Foſter went to get aſſiſtance. He was no ſooner gone than the perſon ſhe employed defired the door to be opened, as he came to protect her, which they no ſooner conſented to, than he ſeized

her, saying, "She was his prisoner," that he had a warrant, and he should take her before Lord Mansfield, at Caen Wood, who would undoubtedly give her liberty (but he must do his duty); at the same time he desired Mrs. Morgan to get away, as there was the same against her (in the mean time her Ladyship's coachman and footmen were taken away by false charges by other men). Lady S. consented to go to Lord Mansfield's with the constable and Mr. Farrer. When they got to Highgate, the man who drove the carriage gave the alarm to a gentleman placed near, most probably for that purpose, who, with some others who were waiting at hand, pulled Mr. Farrer out of the coach, and he and three others got in, and drove to Barnet, and there took post horses and a post-chaise and four, and went forward on the North-road.—Though the glasses of the carriage were broke, and a cry of murder was heard by those who passed, yet the carriage was suffered to go on.

16. Mr. Law moved the Court of King's Bench for an attachment against Andrew Robinson Bowes, for not making a return to a writ of Habeas Corpus, commanding him to bring into that Court the body of Lady Strathmore. He stated, that on the 11th an Habeas Corpus was obtained; that the officers who went down to serve the same, learned at a turnpike on the road, that the Lady when passing there seemed in great distress, and struggling apparently gagged. The affidavits on which he grounded his present motion, were those of a tipstaff of the Court (Thomas Ridgeway) and a sheriff's officer who attended him; which state, that they pursued the Lady to Streathlam Castle, in Durham, the seat of Lady Strathmore, and arrived there on the 13th instant; that on knocking at the door, a maid-servant came to the window, and said Mr. Bowes was not there; but not being satisfied with this answer, and insisting that he was in the house, a gentleman came and said he was not to be spoke to; that they then saw Mr. Bowes at the window; that Ridgeway called to him, told him his business, held up the original, and put a copy of it under the outer door, telling him he had so done. Mr. Law said, that full time had been given him to make a return, he therefore hoped the Court would grant an attachment.

Mr. Justice Buller said, it must lie over to the opening of the Court in the morning, as it did not appear that Mr. Bowes had got to Durham in shorter time than Mr. Law had allowed him to make a return.

17. Upon another motion the attachment was granted against Mr. Bowes.

23. Just before the sitting of the Court of King's Bench, Lady Strathmore appeared in Court; and immediately on the arrival of the Judges, Mr. Law, her counsel, moved, That she might exhibit articles of the peace against her husband Mr. Bowes. The articles were then read, which stated a series of cruelties from the time of carrying her off, till her rescue from him. The articles were exhibited against Mr. Bowes, Lucas (the constable) a Mr. Francis Peacock, and several others.

By the articles it appeared, that at the time of carrying her Ladyship off, the parties were all armed. That on the journey Mr. B. several times presented a pistol to her head, to compel her to sign a paper to stop the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, and to acknowledge herself his wife; both which she positively refused; and Mr. Bowes several times beat her on the face and body in a very violent manner. That on the journey, when she called out for assistance Mr. B. thrust a handkerchief into her mouth, and threatened to shoot her. That at Streathlam Castle, Mr. B. again required her to acknowledge her being his wife, with a loaded pistol; and on refusal, told her to say her last prayers, and then violently beat her; but made no indecent attempts whatsoever upon her person.——That once, at one Mr. Bowes's, an attorney, where she was conveyed, Mr. B. with a red-hot poker, threatened if she would not comply and acknowledge herself his wife, he would send for a *Mad-doctor*, and a strait waistcoat, and confine her.—That he declared if he had not succeeded in carrying Lady S. off in the manner he had done, he would have broke open her house by night for the purpose.

Her Ladyship having sworn to these, and many other circumstances of cruelty, and signed the articles, an attachment was immediately granted against Mr. Bowes; and, on Mr. Law's motion, also against Mr. Peacock, and the others concerned in the violent mode of carrying her Ladyship off.

27. A motion was made in the Court of King's Bench by Mr. B.'s counsel, that the attachment ordered to be issued against him might be postponed till the next Term. The grounds of this application were said by the learned gentleman to be an affidavit made by Mr. B. stating, that he had used every means in his power to obey the writ issued by the Court; but that from his ill state of health and various other causes, he had met with obstructions that rendered it impossible for him to obey it before the expiration of the present Term. It also stated, that Lady S. had put herself under the protection of Mr. B. The Court declared the affidavit to be frivolous, and ordered it to be delivered in

and

and filed, which the counsel endeavoured to prevent; but the Judges were peremptory, and it was filed accordingly. The Court then informed Mr. B.'s counsel, that they had come to a resolution, that Mr. B. should give security, himself in 10,000l. and two sureties in 5000l. each, or be committed to prison.

Mr. Law also obtained a rule to shew cause against Peacock, Lucas, and Prevost, his assistant, as also against Mr. Browne his steward, and Mr. Bowes, his attorney; but as it would be impossible, from the distance of their residence, to serve the rule, and receive their return this Term, the rule cannot be made absolute till the next.

28. This day Mr. Bowes was brought before the Court, by whom he was committed to the King's Bench Prison.

Lady Strathmore, last year, in the continual terrors to which she was exposed from Mr. Bowes's repeated declarations that *he would have Lady Strathmore, let the consequence be what it might*, wrote a letter to Lord Mansfield, which was delivered by her Counsel; in which she says,——"I am now irresistibly urged by my too justly grounded terrors, most solemnly to intreat, in the name of that God who abhors every act of cruelty and oppression, that your Lordship will force Mr. Bowes to restore me, should he put his threats into execution, by seizing me himself, or by the crew of ruffians whom he has hired to watch me incessantly. As a preparation against such accident, I therefore beg leave to declare upon my oath, in this manner, or in person (if your Lordship and the forms of law permit it) that I never will, except by force, return to Mr. Bowes; and that if he should, after he has thus seized me, produce any paper signed with my name, which contains a declaration that I am willing to live with him, it must be an absolute forgery, or extracted by the immediate danger my life would be in if I refused to comply; and your lordship may be assured, that I should joyfully snatch the first moment to make my recantation, and expose every fraud and violence which has been practised upon me. A *habeas corpus* would, I hope, have the same effect in my case as in that of *the poor girl**, whom Mr. Bowes carried off; and I have given a written sanction to sue for one, under such circumstances.

"I am, and not without much concern, sensible that I now trespass on all form, and even on that respect which is due to your Lordship, and which no heart is more justly penetrated with than mine; but fear, like death, tramples on all etiquette; and surely never fear was more excusable than that under which I at present drag on my existence, in the hourly expectation of losing it, or, what is ten thousand times worse, of being reduced to endure Mr. Bowes's cruelties, till their excess has put a period to my sufferings, which it was very near doing when I quitted him. I have the honour to be, &c.

M. E. BOWES STRATHMORE."

No. 2, Dyer's-Buildings,
May 27, 1785.

Mr. Bowes and Lady Strathmore were separated by the Courts, and Bowes was bound over for one twelvemonth, his sureties being the Duke of Norfolk and J. Lee, Esq. That he might not involve them in his outrage, he waited till the twelvemonth was expired, and he seized her just before the question of final separation came on in Doctors Commons.

A Very respectable gentleman in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury lately received a letter from Mr. Howard, who is now in the Levant. The following is an extract, dated from Salonica:

"I doubt not, you have been informed of my intention to visit and collect all the plans, regulations, &c. of the principal Lazarettos in Europe. I have been at Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Malta, &c. &c. Several questions (with consulting fees) have been put to the first Physicians of those places, relative to their treatment of persons in the Plague; but thinking I should gain more knowledge in the Greek Hospitals for that disorder, I have been at Zante, Smyrna, Constantinople, and came hither on Saturday in a Greek boat, full of passengers, one of whom being taken ill, he was brought to me, as I always pass for a physician. I felt his pulse, looked at the swelling, and ordered him to keep warm in a little cabbin, as he had caught cold; in two hours after, I sent for a French Captain, desired him to give no alarm, but said that I was persuaded that man had the plague; and on Tuesday after, I saw the grave in which he was buried.

"I visit all the prisons, to inform myself; but my interpreters are very cross with me; I am bound for Scio, as in that island is the most famous Hospital in the Levant. My quarantine of forty days imprisonment, is to be, I hope, at Venice.

"At Smyrna, the Franks, or foreigners houses are shut up; every thing they receive is fumigated, and their provisions pass thro' water: but in Constantinople, where many of the natives drop down dead, houses of the Franks are still kept open. I there conversed with an Italian merchant, on Thursday, and had observed to a gentleman how sprightly he was: he replied, he had a fine trade, and was in the prime of life; but, alas! on Saturday he died, and was buried, having had every sign of the plague."

*Dorothy Stevenson.

31. This night's Gazette contains addreſſes to his Majeſty from the Biſhop and Clergy of the Iſle of Man; the Miniſters and Elders of Perth and Sterling; the counties of Roſs, Denbigh, and King's County; the ſtewartry of Kirkcudbright; and the Superiors of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Munſter.

Nov. 4. Came on before Lord Manſfield and Lord Loughborough, at Serjeant's Inn Hall, the ſecond argument in the writ of error brought by Governor Johnſtone againſt Capt. Sutton, when their Lordſhips decreed the judgment ſhould be reverſed.

(Remainder of this Month's Chronicle in our ext.)

MONTHLY OBITUARY, Oct. & Nov.

October 12.

JOHN MORRISON, Eſq; ſenior aſſiſtant judge of the general court and comptroller of His Majeſty's Cuſtoms for the Bahamas.

20. Captain William Parker, of the Firſt Battalion of the Glouceſterſhire Militia.

Charles Phipps, next Brother to Lord Mulgrave. He was a Captain in the Navy, and Member for Minehead.

Humphry Sturt, Eſq; late Member for the County of Dorſet,

Lately at Broughton Houſe, near Edinburgh, John Campbell, Eſq; Nephew of the deceaſed General John Earl of Crawford.

21. John Rowe, Eſq; of Leigh, near Dunſter, in Somerſetſhire.

Henry Crompton, Eſq; of Biſtern, near Ringwood, Hants.

22. The Rev. John James, Rector of Arthurſt and Kirkandrews upon Eſk, in Cumberland.

At Lincoln, Cecil Willis, D. D. Prebendary of Lincoln and Vicar of Holbeach.

23. Robert Martin, Eſq; late of the College Precincts, Worceſter.

At Derby, Mr. William Duesbury, Proprietor of the China Manufactory of that Town.

25. At Greenwich, in the 88th Year of his Age, Sir Abraham Templar, Knt.

Mr. George Street, many Years a wholeſale Stationer in Bucklerſbury and the Poultry.

Rowland Burdon, Eſq; one of the Proprietors of the Exchange Bank, Newcaſtle.

26. George Saxby, Eſq; aged 72, Receiver General of the Quit Rents in South Carolina.

27. At Chalton, Hants, aged 61, the Rev. William Denſon, more than 30 Years Principal of Magdalen-Hall, Oxford, and Rector of Chalton and Clanfield, Hants.

Lately at Clapham, P. C. Jouvencel, Eſq; of the Privy Seal Office.

28. Henry Cheſter, Eſq; of Milford, in the County of Wilts.

Mr. Biſhop, Maſter of Sir John Caſs's School, Aldgate.

Lately at Surlingham, near Norwich, Mr. Wythe, Attorney at Law, aged 90, formerly Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the County of Norfolk.

29. Matthew Spry, Eſq; many years Surgeon in Warwick Court, Warwick Lane, and one of the Court of Aſſiſtants of the Surgeons Company.

At Hillingdon, in Hertfordſhire, Mr. Robert Hicks, Yeoman, in his 104th Year. His Fourth Wife ſurvives him, who is 92 Years of Age.

Dr. John Campbell, Titular Archbiſhop of Dublin.

30. Miſs Peggy Smith, Niece of Dr. Smith, Maſter of Caius College Cambridge.

Nov. 1. Sir Edward Swinburne, Bart.

2. At Greenwich, Captain George Jebbs, aged 90 Years; upwards of 60 of which he paſſed in the Royal Navy.

Edmund Hopkins, Eſq; late an eminent Merchant, and formerly in Partnerſhip with Alderman Hayley.

The Rev. William Rugge, late Rector of Buckland, in Surry.

3. The Rev. Marmaduke Langdale, the officiating Roman Catholic Prieſt of Wigan, Lancaſhire.

Lately Nathaniel Webb, Eſq; of Saville Row.

4. At Briſtol, Mr. Henry Fawconer, of Cheapſide.

In Berners Street, Major Richard Bally.

5. Colonel Thomas Frazer, Lieutenant Colonel of the Firſt Battalion of the Firſt or Royal Regiment of Foot.

7. At Brocket-Hall, the Seat of Lord Melbourne, in Hertfordſhire, Sir John Elliot, Bart. late an eminent Phyſician in London, and Phyſician to the Prince of Wales.

At Gorhambury, near St. Albans, Lady Grimſton, Wife of the preſent Lord Grimſton, and Daughter and Heireſs of the late ——— Walters, Eſq; of Dorking, in Surry.

Mr. Wenham Powers, Coroner for the Iſle of Ely, and upwards of 50 Years one of the Law Clerks of that Cathedral.

Lady Dent, Wife of Sir Digby Dent, Bart. of his Majeſty's Navy.

Ralph William Grey, Eſq; Juſtice of Peace for Northumberland.

8. Mr. Olive, Organiſt of St. Botolph, Aldersgate.

At the Vicarage Houſe of Hackington, near Canterbury, in the 79th Year of his Age, the Rev. John Bunce, Vicar of that Pariſh, and perpetual Curate of Stodmarſh; the former of which he had held ever ſince the Year 1734, and the latter from the Year 1735, and was the oldeſt Incumbent in the Dioceſe.

General

General John Parſlow, Colonel of the 30th Regiment of Foot.

9. At Weobly, in Herefordſhire, the counteſs of Tyrconnel, mother of the preſent earl.

10. Mr. William Wilſon, lately elected one of the coroners for Middleſex, and deputy clerk of the arraigns for the county of Middleſex.——He is the third coroner for Middleſex, who has died during the laſt ſix months.

11. Major-general James Bramham, his majeſty's chief engineer of Great Britain.

12. Nathaniel Gould, Eſq; late colonel of the third regiment of guards.

William Burleton, Eſq; recorder of Leiceſter.

13. Mrs. Griffiths, laundreſs to the queen.

At Batterſea, Thomas Tritton, Eſq.

At Bath, Mr. Andrew Rymſdyk, portrait painter.

14. Mrs. Hughes, wife of Thomas Hughes, Eſq; of Cheltenham.

William Staniforth, Eſq; of Norton, near Bury, aged 70.

At Nine-wells, in Berwickſhire, John Home, Eſq.

Lately at Reading, in Berkſhire, the Reverend William Williams, of Jeſus College, Oxford, and rector of Yerbeſton, in Pembrokeſhire.

15. At Bath, in the 55th year of his age, Sir Richard Temple, bart. comptroller of the caſh of the revenue of exciſe, and one of the commiſſioners of the navy.

Colonel James Dawſon, late of the 58th regiment.

Lately at Edinburgh, doctor Hope, profeſſor of botanny.

16. Doctor Thomas Knowles, phyſician in Lombard-ſtreet, a quaker, in the 56th year of his age.

At Codnam Hall, Suffolk, Mrs. Ann Bennett, daughter of the late Thomas Bennett, Eſq; maſter in chancery.

At Roſedoc-houſe, Dunbartonſhire, Sir James Colquhoun, of Luſs, bart.

18. In Norfolk-ſtreet, in the Strand, James Cecil, Eſq; in the 75th year of his age.

Mrs. Alſop, relict of Robert Alſop, Eſq.

19. George Thompſon, Eſq; ſenior alderman of Northampton.

The Reverend James Robertſon, A. M. minor canon of St. Paul's, and curate of Chriſt Church, Surry.

20. Mrs. Severn, wife of Mr. Severn, apothecary, Carnaby-ſtreet.

At Brecon, in the county of Hereford, Charles Davids, Eſq; ſuppoſed to be the oldeſt officer of the royal navy.

22. Mr. Richard Hutchinſon, many years office-keeper at the Treaſury.

23. Richard Hall, Eſq; an Eaſt India director.

The lady dowager Falmouth.

BANKRUPTS.

WILLIAM Newman, of Hopkins-ſtreet, Soho, plumber. Thomas Hurdal and Thomas Beattie, of Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, linen-drapers. William Maſterſon, of Clement's-lane, taylor. Thomas Benſon, and Robert Reeve, of Milbank-ſtreet, corn-dealers. Thomas Hobbs, of Fleet-ſtreet, haberdaſher. John M'Mikine, of Mancheſter, dealer. Thomas Calhoun, of Titchfield, and John Nowlan, of Burſledon, Hants, ſhipbuilders. William Calvert, of Liverpool, merchant. John Burgeſs, of Mancheſter, fuſtian-manufacturer. Joſeph Kaine, of North Shields, brandy merchant. John Davies and John Higham, of Chriſt-church, Surry, bakers. George Seaman Inman, of Baldwin's-court, London, Merchant. John Prieſtman, of Maiden-lane, pawnbroker. Samuel Norfolk, of Copdock, in Suffolk, innkeeper. Daniel Hughes, of Liverpool, brewer. Hugh Brodie, of Peckham, in Surry, vintner. John James Maillard, of Briſtol, and Frederick-Yeomans Waſbrough, of Streatham Common, Surry, wax-chandlers. Simon Temple the elder, of South Shields, ſhip-builder. Jean Joſeph Garnier De la Cetree, of Princes-ſtreet, merchant. Henry Hardy, of the Old-Bailey, copper-plate printer. Thomas Thompſon, of Badſey, in Worceſterſhire, dealer. Richard Goodman, of Lidney, in Glouceſterſhire, ſtone-maſon. John Nunes, of Liverpool, and Richard Harrocks, late of Charleſtown, South Carolina, merchants. Joſiah Harrop, of George-yard, warehouſeman. Richard Soar, of Featherſtone-ſtreet, glazier. Dennis Curren, of Princes-ſtreet, ſoap boiler. William Hadkinſon, of Liverpool, merchant. John Wingate, of Wotton Underedge, blanket and rug manufacturer. Henry Bailie, of Vine-ſtreet, money-ſcrivener. Thomas Thorley, of Lombard-ſtreet, wax chandler. John Rout, of Andover, baker. John Harwood, of Cullum-ſtreet, factor. Henry Davis, of Goldſton-ſquare, merchant. Richard Bradbury, of Chippenham, grocer. John Marſhall, of Goſport, wine-merchant. Edward Vizard, of North Nibley, rug-maker. William Oſborne, of Elmdon, Warwickſhire, carrier. Angel Levy, of Swan-ſtreet, Minories, grocer. Edward Gardiner, of Chriſtchurch, Middleſex, dyer.

Thomas

Thomas Cowell, of Preſton, brazier. George Evans, of Stafford, ſcrivener. Thomas Farmer, of Suffolk-ſtreet, brandy merchant. Thomas Hedges, of Piccadilly, ſaleſman. Ellis Williams, of May-fair, linen-draper. Peter Symons the younger, of Billiter-ſquare, ſhip-broker. Henry Dowling, of Princes-ſtreet, perfumer. Thomas Darkin, of Rotherhithe, dealer. Andrew Turnbull, of Crooked-lane, bruſh-maker. Samuel Thomas, of Nantwich, cheeſefactor. John Newton, of Kingſton upon Hull, grocer. James Green, of Birmingham, hoſier. Simon Grayſon, of Leeds, flax-dreſſer. Richard Farrer, of King-ſtreet, coffeeman. William Andrews, of Southampton, money-ſcrivener. John Moore, of Stratford, Eſſex, upholder. Samuel Croſs the younger, and John Kiddell the younger, of Exeter, merchants. John Graham the younger, of Burſlem, potter. George Brathwaite, of Princes-ſtreet, merchant. Nathaniel Matthew, of Exeter, brazier and haberdaſher of ſmall ware. Thomas Hall, of Black-friars-road, dealer. Samuel Sherwin, of Deptford, mariner. John Hogg and John Fox, of Cockſpur-ſtreet, cordwainers. Peter Grigg, of Bath, woollen-draper. Nathaniel Jones, of Bath, perfumer. Francis Drago, of Blackman-ſtreet, tobacconiſt. Stephen Thornhill, of Kingſton-upon-Hull, ſilk mercer. William Sheath, of Newport, wine-merchant. John Weeks Thompſon, of the Strand, apothecary. John Eyles, of Devizes, coach-maker. Francis Sone, of Little Rider-ſtreet, carpenter. Thomas Lutwyche, of Birmingham, grocer. John Robinſon, of Stockton upon Tees, grocer. Joſeph Maidment, of Lyndhurſt, corn-chandler. Thomas Brace, of St. Helen, watchmaker. John Auſtin the younger, of Leeds, merchant.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

HAY-MARKET.

Aug. 26. Summer Amuſements—Minor.
28. Diſbanded Officer—Gretna Green.
29. Tit for Tat—Peep behind the Curtain.
30. Siege of Curzola—Peeping Tom.
31. Tit for Tat—Agreeble Surprize.
Sept. 1. Two to One—Widow's Vow.
2. Tit for Tat—Son in Law.
4. I'll Tell You What—Harlequin Teague.
5. Provok'd Huſband—Peeping Tom.
6. Tit for Tat—Harlequin Teague.
7. Seeing is Believing—Spaniſh Barber—Minor.
8. Diſbanded Officer—Son in Law.
9. Tit for Tat—Dead Alive.
11. Suicide—Harlequin Teague.
12. Tit for Tat—Peeping Tom.
13. Jealous Wife—Harlequin Teague.
14. Spaniſh Barber—Son in Law.
15. Tit for Tat—Agreeable Surprize.

DRURY-LANE.

Sept. 16. School for Scandal—All the World's a Stage.
19. Hamlet—Humouriſt.
21. Country Girl—Who's the Dupe.
23. Strangers at Home—Critic.
26. Trip to Scarborough—High Life below Stairs.
28. Heireſs—Gentle Shepherd.
30. Jealous Wife—Romp.
Oct. 3. Venice Preſerved—Catherine and Petruchio.
5. Tancred and Sigiſmunda—Critic.
7. Clandeſtine Marriage—Arthur and Emmeline.
9. Macbeth—Humouriſt.
10. She Would and She Would Not—Romp.
12. Iſabella—Bon Ton.
14. School for Scandal—Virgin Unmaſk'd.
16. Gameſter—Who's the Dupe.
17. Heireſs—Romp.
19. Percy.—Gentle Shepherd.
21. Twelfth Night—Romp.
23. Grecian Daughter—High Life Below Stairs.
24. Winter's Tale—*Richard Cœur de Lion.*
25. Bold Stroke for a Wife—*Richard Cœur de Lion.*
26. Wonder—Ditto.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Sept. 18. Belles Stratagem—Love in a Camp.
20. Richard III.—Virgin Unmaſk'd.
22. Belles Stratagem—Love in a Camp.
25. Gameſter—Romp.
27. Grecian Daughter—Romp.
29. Double Gallant—Love in a Camp.
Oct. 2. Orphan—Romp.
4. Foundling—Padlock.
6. Jane Shore—Country Wife.
9. Duenna—Omai.
11. Foundling—Padlock.
12. Merchant of Venice—Love-a-la-Mode.
13. Jane Shore—Padlock.
16. *Richard Cœur de Lion*—Romp.
18. Ditto—Country Wife.
19. Ditto—Three Weeks After Marriage.
20. Ditto—Virgin Unmaſk'd.
21. Roman Father—*Richard Cœur de Lion.*
23. Romeo and Juliet—Ditto.
25. Provoked Wife—Ditto.
26. Werter—Ditto.

Liſts of Births, Marriages, and Preferments, are unavoidably deferred to our next.